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THE WANING POWER OF THE PRESS

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After the last ballot had been cast and counted in the recent mayoralty contest in New York, the successful candidate paid his respects to the newspapers which had opposed him. This is equivalent to saying that he paid them to the whole metropolitan press; for every great daily newspaper except one had done its best to defeat him, and that one had given him only a left-handed support. The comments of the mayor-elect, though not ill-tempered, led up to the conclusion that in our common-sense generation nobody cares what the newspapers say.

Unflattering as such a verdict may be, probably a majority of the community, if polled as a jury, would concur in it. The airy dismissal of some proposition as "mere newspaper talk" is heard at every social gathering, till one who was brought up to regard the press as a mighty factor in modern civilization is tempted to wonder whether it has actually lost the power it used to wield among us. The answer seems to me to depend on whether we are considering direct or indirect effects. A newspaper exerts its most direct influence through its definite interpretation of current events. Its indirect influence radiates from the amount and character of the news it prints, the particular features it accentuates, and its method of presenting these. Hence it is always possible that its direct influence may be trifling while its indirect influence is large; its direct influence harmless, but its indirect influence pernicious; or *vice versa*.

A distinction ought to be made here like that which we make between credulity and nerves. The fact that a dwelling in which a mysterious murder has been committed may for years thereafter go begging in vain for a tenant, does not mean that a whole cityful of fairly intelligent people are victims of the ghost obsession; but it does mean that no person enjoys being reminded of midnight assassination every time he crosses his own threshold; for so persistent a companionship with a discomforting thought is bound to depress the best nervous system ever planted in a human being. So the constant iteration of any idea in a daily newspaper will presently capture public attention, whether the idea be good or bad, sensible or foolish. Though the influence of the press, through its ability to keep certain subjects always before its readers, has grown with its growth in resources and patronage, its hold on popular confidence has unquestionably been loosened during the last forty or

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fifty years. To Mayor Gaynor's inference, as to most generalizations of that sort, we need not attach serious importance. The interplay of so many forces in a political campaign makes it impracticable to separate the influence of the newspapers from the rest, and either hold it solely accountable for the result, or pass it over as negligible; for if we tried to formulate any sweeping rules, we should find it hard to explain the variegated records of success and defeat among newspaper favorites. But it may be worth while to inquire why an institution so full of potentialities as a free press does not produce more effect than it does, and why so many of its leading writers to-day find reason to deplore the altered attitude of the people toward it.

Not necessarily in their order of importance, but for convenience of consideration, I should list the causes for this change about as follows: the transfer of both properties and policies from personal to impersonal control; the rise of the cheap magazine; the tendency to specialization in all forms of public instruction; the fierceness of competition in the newspaper business; the demand for larger capital, unsettling the former equipoise between counting-room and editorial room; the invasion of newspaper offices by the universal mania of hurry; the development of the news-getting at the expense of the news-interpreting function; the tendency to remould narratives of fact so as to confirm office-made policies; the growing disregard of decency in the choice of news to be specially exploited; and the scant time now spared by men of the world for reading journals of general intelligence.

In the old-style newspaper, in spite of the fact that the editorial articles were usually anonymous, the editor's name appeared among the standing notices somewhere in every issue, or was so well known to the public that we talked about "what Greeley thought" of this or that, or wondered "whether Bryant was going to support" a certain ticket, or shook our heads over the latest sensational screed "in Bennett's paper." The identity of such men was clear in the minds of a multitude of readers who might sometimes have been puzzled to recall the title of the sheet edited by each. We knew their private histories and their idiosyncrasies; they were to us no mere abstractions on the one hand, or wire-worked puppets on the other, but living, moving, sentient human beings; and our acquaintance with them enabled us, as we believed, to locate fairly well their springs of thought and action. Indeed, their very foibles sometimes furnished our best exegetical key to their writings.

When a politician whom Bryant had criticised threatened to pull his nose, and Bryant responded by stalking ostentatiously three times around the bully at their next meeting in public, the readers of the *Evening Post* did not lose faith in the editor because he was only human, but guessed about how far to discount future utterances of the paper with regard to his antagonist. When Bennett avowed his intention of advertising the *Herald* without the expenditure of a dollar, by attacking his enemies so savagely as to goad them into a physical assault, everybody understood the motives behind the warfare on both sides, and attached to it only the significance the facts warranted. Knowing Dana's affiliations, no one mistook the meaning of the *Sun's* dismissal of General Hancock as "a good man, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, but . . . not Samuel J. Tilden." And Greeley's retort to Bryant, "You lie, villain! willfully, wickedly, basely lie!" and his denunciation of Bennett as a "low-mouthed, blatant, witless, brutal scoundrel," though not

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preserved as models of amenity for the emulation of budding editors, were felt to be balanced by the delicious frankness of the *Tribune's* announcement of "the dissolution of the political firm of Seward, Weed & Greeley by the withdrawal of the junior partner."

With all its faults, that era of personal journalism had some rugged virtues. In referring to it, I am reminded of a remark made to me, years ago, by the oldest editor then living, — so old that he had employed Weed as a journeyman, and refused to hire Greeley as a tramp printer, — that "in the golden age of our craft, every editor wore his conscience on his arm, and carried his dueling weapon in his hand, walked always in the light where the whole world could see him, and was prepared to defend his published opinions with his life if need be." Without going to that extreme, it is easy to sympathize with the veteran's view that a man of force, who writes nothing for which he is not ready to be personally responsible, commands more respect from the mass of his fellows than one who shields himself behind a rampart of anonymity, and voices only the sentiments of a profit-seeking corporation.

Of course, the transfer of our newspapers from personal to corporate ownership and control was not a matter of preference, but a practical necessity. The expense of modernizing the mechanical equipment alone imposed a burden which few newspaper proprietors were able to carry unaided. Add to that the cost of an ever-expanding news-service, and the higher salaries demanded by satisfactory employees in all departments, and it is hardly wonderful that one private owner after another gave up his single-handed struggle against hopeless financial odds, and sought aid from men of larger means. Partnership relations involve so many risks, and are so hard to shift in an emergency, that resort was had to the form of a corporation, which afforded the advantage of a limited liability, and enabled a shareholder to dispose of his interest if he tired of the game. Since the dependence of a newspaper on the favor of an often whimsical public placed it among the least attractive forms of investment, even under these well-guarded conditions, the capitalists who were willing to take large blocks of stock were usually men with political or speculative ends to gain, to which they could make a newspaper minister by way of compensating them for the hazards they faced.

These newcomers were not idealists, like the founders and managers of most of the important journals of an earlier period. They were men of keen commercial instincts, as evidenced by the fact that they had accumulated wealth. They naturally looked at everything through the medium of the balance-sheet. Here was a paper with a fine reputation, but uncertain or disappearing profits; it must be strengthened, enlarged, and made to pay. Principles? Yes, principles were good things, but we must not ride even good things to death. The noblest cause in creation cannot be promoted by a defunct newspaper, and to keep its champion alive there must be a net cash income. The circulation must be pushed, and the advertising patronage increased. More circulation can be got only by keeping the public stirred up. Employ private detectives to pursue the runaway husband, and bring him back to his wife; organize a marine expedition to find the missing ship; send a reporter into the Soudan to interview the beleaguered general whose own government is powerless to reach him with an army. Blow the trumpet, and make ringing announcements every day. If nothing new is to be had, refurbish something so old that people have forgotten it,

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and spread it over lots of space. Who will know the difference?

What one newspaper did, that others were forced to do or be distanced in the competition. It all had its effect. A craving for excitement was first aroused in the public, and then satisfied by the same hand that had aroused it. Nobody wished to be behind the times, so circulations were swelled gradually to tenfold their old dimensions. Rivalry was worked up among the advertisers in their turn, till a half-page in a big newspaper commanded a price undreamed of a few years before. Thus one interest was made to foster another, each increase of income involving also an increase of cost, and each additional outlay bringing fresh returns. In such a race for business success, with such forces behind the runners, can we marvel at the subsidence of ideals which in the days of individual control and slower gait were uppermost? With the capitalists' plans to promote, and powerful advertisers to conciliate by emphasizing this subject or discreetly ignoring that, is not the wonder rather that the moral quality of our press has not fallen below its present standard?

Even in our day we occasionally find an editor who pays his individual tribute to the old conception of personal responsibility by giving his surname to his periodical or signing his leading articles himself. In such newspaper ventures as Mr. Bryan and Mr. La Follette have launched within a few years, albeit their motives are known to be political and partisan, more attention is attracted by one of their deliverances than by a score of impersonal preachments. Mr. Hearst, the high priest of sensational journalism, though not exploiting his own authority in the same way, has always taken pains to advertise the individual work of such lieutenants as Bierce and Brisbane; and he, like Colonel Taylor of Boston, early opened his editorial pages to contributions from distinguished authors outside of his staff, with signatures attached. A few editors I have known who, in whatever they wrote with their own hands, dropped the diffusive "we" and adopted the more direct and intimate "I." These things go to show that even journalists who have received most of their training in the modern school appreciate that trait in our common human nature which prompts us to pay more heed to a living voice than to a talking-machine.

While we are on this theme it may be asked whether the same conditions which brought Greeley and Raymond and Bryant to the fore may not recur and produce successors of their strain. It is hard to imagine such a possibility. Where should we look to-day for moral issues like those which stirred the souls of men as long as Negro slavery survived, and while our republic was passing through its strictly experimental stage? It was the controversies then waged which gave birth, or new life, to newspapers afterward famous. In politics, party lines have crossed and recrossed each other till they are now almost indistinguishable. We have the currency question and the protective tariff, it is true, but both lie too close to the pocket-nerve to be capable of exciting a pure impulse of chivalry. Anti-imperialism seems to have lost its inspiration with the eclipse of Aguinaldo. Woman suffrage and the labor problem involve the expansion of conventional privileges rather than the assertion of natural rights. Civil-service reform is working out its own salvation; so is the restriction of child labor. The Indians are in process of rapid absorption into the body politic. As to the liquor evil, popular opinion seems to favor fighting it with medical science and in the schools rather than by prohibitory legislation. So there is little encourage-

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ment for the journalistic knight-errant anywhere along the line.

The importance of a responsible personality finds further confirmation in the evolution of the modern magazine. From being what its title indicates, a place of storage for articles believed to have some permanent value, the magazine began to take on a new character about twenty years ago. While preserving its distinct identity and its originality, it leaped boldly into the newspaper arena, and sought its topics in the happenings of the day, regardless of their evanescence. It raised a corps of men and women who might otherwise have toiled in obscurity all their lives, and gave them a chance to become authorities on questions of immediate interest, till they are now recognized as constituting a limited but highly specialized profession. One group occupied itself with trusts and trust magnates; another with politicians whose rise had been so meteoric as to suggest a romance behind it; another with the inside history of international episodes, another with new religious movements and their leaders, and so on.

What was the result? The public following which the newspaper editors used to command when they did business in the open, but which was falling away from their anonymous successors, attached itself promptly to the magazinists. The citizen interested in insurance reform turned eagerly to all that emanated from the group in charge of that topic; whoever aspired to take part in the social uplift bought every number of every periodical in which the contributions of another group appeared; the hater of monopoly paid a third group the same compliment. What was more, the readers pinned their faith to their favorite writers, and quoted Mr. Steffens and Miss Tarbell and Mr. Baker on the specialty each had taken, with much the same freedom with which they might have quoted Darwin on plant-life, or Edison on electricity. If any anonymous editor ventured to question the infallibility of one of these prophets of the magazine world, the common multitude wasted no thought on the merits of the issue, but sided at once with the teacher whom they knew at least by name, against the critic whom they knew not at all. The uncomplimentary assumption as to the latter always seemed to be that, as only a subordinate part of a big organism, he was speaking, not from his heart, but from his orders; and that he must have some sinister design in trying to discredit an opponent who was not afraid to stand out and face his fire.

Apropos, let us not fail to note the constant trend, of recent years, toward specialization in every department of life and thought. There was a time when a pronouncement from certain men on nearly any theme would be accepted by the public, not only with the outward respect commanded by persons of their social standing, but with a large measure of positive credence. One who enjoyed a general reputation for scholarship might set forth his views this week on a question of archæology, next week on the significance of the latest earthquake, and a week later on the new canals on the planet Mars, with the certainty that each outgiving would affect public opinion to a marked degree; whereas nowadays we demand that the most distinguished members of our learned faculty stick each to his own hobby: the antiquarian to the excavations, the seismologist to the tremors of our planet, the astronomer to our remoter colleagues of the solar system. It is the same with our writers on political, social, and economic problems. Whereas the oldtime editor was expected to tell his constituency what

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to think on any subject called up by the news overnight, it is now taken for granted that even news must be classified and distributed between specialists for comment; and the very sense that only one writer is trusted to handle any particular class of topics inspires a desire in the public to know who that writer is before paying much attention to his opinions.

The intense competition between newspapers covering the same field sometimes leads to consequences which do not strengthen the esteem of the people at large for the press at large. Witness the controversy which arose a few months ago over the conflicting claims of Commander Peary and Dr. Cook as the original discoverer of the North Pole. One newspaper syndicate having, at large expense, procured a narrative directly from the pen of Cook, and another accomplished a like feat with Peary, to which could "we, the people," look for an unbiased opinion on the matters in dispute? An admission by either that its star contributor could trifle with the truth was equivalent to throwing its own exploit into bankruptcy. So each was bound to stand by the claimant with whom it had first identified itself, and fight the battle out like an attorney under retainer; and what started as a serious contest of priority in a scientific discovery threatened to end as a wrangle over a newspaper "beat."

Then, too, we must reckon with the progressive acceleration of the pace of our twentieth-century life generally. Where we walked in the old times, we run in these; where we ambled then, we gallop now. It is the age of electric power, high explosives, articulated steel frames, in the larger world; of the long-distance telephone, the taxicab, and the card-index, in the narrower. The problem of existence is reduced to terms of time-measurement, with the detached lever substituted for the pendulum because it produces a faster tick.

What is the effect of all this on the modernized newspaper? It must be first on the ground at every activity, foreseen or unforeseeable, as a matter of course. Its reporter must get off his "story" in advance of all his rivals. Never mind strict accuracy of detail — effect is the main thing; he is writing not for expert accountants, or professional statisticians, or analytic philosophers, but for the public; and what the public wants is not dry particulars, but color, vitality, heat. Pictures being a quicker medium of communication with the reader's mind than printed text, nine tenths of our daily press is illustrated, and the illustrations of distant events are usually turned out by artists in the home office from verbal descriptions. What signifies it if only three cars went off the broken bridge, and the imaginative draftsman put five into his picture because he could not wait for the dispatch of correction which almost always follows the lurid "scoop"? Who is harmed if the telegram about the suicide reads "shots" instead of "stabs," and the artist depicts the self-destroyer clutching a smoking pistol instead of a dripping dirk?

It is the province of the champion of the up-to-date cult to minimize the importance of detail. The purpose of the picture, he argues, is to stamp a broad impression instantaneously on the mind, and thus spare it the more tedious process of reading. And if one detail too many is put in, or one omitted which ought to have been there, whoever is sufficiently interested to read the text will discover the fault, and whoever is not will give it no further thought anyway. As to the descriptive matter, suppose it does contain errors? The busy man of our day does not read his newspaper with the same

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solemn intent with which he reads history. What he asks of it is a lightning-like glimpse of the world which will show him how far it has moved in the last twelve hours; and he will not pause to complain of a few deviations from the straight line of truth, especially if it would have taken more than the twelve hours to rectify them.

This would perhaps be good logic if the pure-food law were broadened in scope so as to apply to mental pabulum, and every concocter of newspaper stories and illustrations were compelled to label his adulterated products. Then the consumer who does not object to a diet of mixed fact and falsehood, accuracy and carelessness, so long as the compound is so seasoned as to tickle his palate, could have his desire, while his neighbor who wishes an honest article or nothing at all could have his also. As it is, with no distinguishing marks, we are liable to buy one thing and get another.

The new order of "speed before everything" has brought about its changes at both ends of a newspaper staff. The editorial writer who used to take a little time to look into the ramifications of a topic before reducing his opinions to writing, feels humiliated if an event occurs on which he cannot turn off a few comments at sight; but he has still a refuge in such modifying clauses as "in the light of the meagre details now before us," or "as it appears at this writing," or "in spite of the absence of full particulars, which may later change the whole aspect of affairs." No such covert offers itself to the news-getter in the open field. What he says must be definite, outright, unqualified, or the blue pencil slashes remorselessly through his "it is suspected," or "according to a rumor which cannot yet be traced to its original source." What business has he to "suspect"? He is hired to know. For what, pray, is the newspaper paying him, if not for tracing rumors to their original source; and further still, if so instructed? He is there to be not a thinker but a worker; a human machine like a steam potato-digger, which, supplied with the necessary energizing force from behind, drives its prods under nature's mantle, and grubs out the succulent treasures she is trying to conceal.

Nowhere is the change more patent than in the department of special correspondence. At an important point like Washington, for instance, the old corps of writers were men of mature years, most of whom had passed an apprenticeship in the editorial chair, and still held a semi-editorial relation to the newspapers they represented. They had studied political history and economics, social philosophy, and kindred subjects, as a preparation for their life-work, and were full of a wholesome sense of responsibility to the public as well as to their employers. Poore, Nelson, Boynton, and others of their class, were known by name, and regarded as authorities, in the communities to which they daily ministered. They were thoughtful workers as well as enterprising. They went for their news to the fountain-head, instead of dipping it out of any chance pool by the wayside. When they sent into their home offices either fact or prophecy, they accompanied it with an interpretation which both editors and public knew to be no mere feat in lightning guesswork; and the fame which any of them prized more than a long calendar of "beats" and "exclusives" was that which would occasionally move a worsted competitor to confess: "I missed that news; but if —— —— sent it out, it is true."

When, in the later eighties, the new order came, it came with a rush. The first inkling of it was a notice received, in the middle of one busy night, by a

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correspondent who had been faithfully serving a prominent Western newspaper for a dozen years, to turn over his bureau to a young man who up to that time had been doing local reporting on its home staff. Transfers of other bureaus followed fast. A few were left, and still remain, undisturbed in personnel or character of work. Here and there, too, an old-fashioned correspondent was retained, but retired to an emeritus post, with the privilege of writing a signed letter when the spirit moved him, while a nimbler-footed successor assumed titular command and sent the daily dispatches. The bald fact was that the newspaper managers had bowed to the hustling humor of the age. They no longer cared to serve journalistic viands, which required deliberate mastication, to patrons who clamored for a quick lunch. So they passed on to their representatives at a distance the same injunction they were incessantly pressing upon their reporters at home: "Get the news, and send it while it is hot. Don't wait to tell us what it means or what it points to; we can do our own ratiocinating."

Is the public a loser by this obscuration of the correspondent's former function? I believe so. His appeal is no longer put to the reader directly; he becomes the mere tool of the newspaper, which in its turn furnishes to the reader such parts of his and other communications as it chooses, and in such forms as best suit its ulterior purposes. Doubtless this conduces to a more perfect administrative coördination in the staff at large, but it greatly weakens the correspondent's sense of personal responsibility. Poore had his constituency, Boynton had his, Nelson had his. None of these men would, under any conceivable stress of competition, have wittingly misled the group of readers he had attached to himself; nor would one of them have tolerated any tampering in the home office with essential matters in a contribution to which he had signed his name. Indeed, so well was this understood that I never heard of anybody's trying to tamper with them. It occasionally happened that the correspondent set forth a view somewhat at variance with that expressed on the editorial page of the same paper; but each party to this disagreement respected the other, and the public was assumed to be capable of making its own choice between opposing opinions clearly stated. A special virtue of the plan of independent correspondence lay in the opportunity it often afforded the habitual reader of a single newspaper to get at least a glance at more than one side of a public question.

Among the conspicuous fruits of the new régime is the direction sometimes sent to a correspondent to "write down" this man or "write up" that project. He knows that it is a case of obey orders or resign, and it brings to the surface all the Hessian he may have in his blood. If he is enough of a casuist, he will try to reconcile good conscience with worldly wisdom by picturing himself as a soldier commanded to do something of which he does not approve. Disobedience at the post of duty is treachery; resignation in the face of an unwelcome billet is desertion. So he does what he is bidden, though it may be at the cost of his self-respect and the esteem of others whose kind opinion he values. I have had a young correspondent come to me for information about something under advisement at the White House, and apologize for not going there himself by showing me a note from his editor telling him to "give the President hell." As he had always been treated with courtesy at the White House, he had not the hardihood to go there while engaged in his campaign of abuse.

Another, who had been intimate with

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a member of the administration then in power, was suddenly summoned one day to a conference with the publisher of his paper. He went in high spirits, believing that the invitation must mean at least a promotion in rank or an increase of salary. He returned crestfallen. Several days afterward he revealed to me in confidence that the paper had been unsuccessfully seeking some advertising controlled by his friend, and that the publisher had offered him one thousand dollars for a series of articles — anonymous, if he preferred — exposing the private weaknesses of the eminent man, and giving full names, dates, and other particulars as to a certain unsavory association in which he was reported to find pleasure! Still another brought me a dispatch he had prepared, requesting me to look it over and see whether it contained anything strictly libelous. It proved to be a forecast of the course of the Secretary of the Treasury in a financial crisis then impending. "Technically speaking," I said, after reading it, "there is plenty of libelous material in this, for it represents the Secretary as about to do something which, to my personal knowledge, he has never contemplated, and which would stamp him as unfit for his position if he should attempt it. But as a matter of fact he will ignore your story, as he is putting into type to-day a circular which is to be made public to-morrow, telling what his plan really is, and that will authoritatively discredit you."

"Thank you," he answered, rather stiffly. "I have my orders to pitch into the Secretary whenever I get a chance. I shall send this to-day, and to-morrow I can send another saying that my exclusive disclosures forced him to change his programme at the last moment."

These are sporadic cases, I admit, yet they indicate a mischievous tendency; just as each railway accident is itself sporadic, but too frequent fatalities from a like cause on the same line point to something wrong in the management of the road. It is not necessary to call names on the one hand, or indulge in wholesale denunciation on the other, in order to indicate the extremes to which the current pace in journalism must inevitably lead if kept up. The broadest-minded and most honorable men in our calling realize the disagreeable truth. A few of the great newspapers, too, have the courage to cling still to the old ideals, both in their editorial attitude and in their instructions to their news-gatherers. Possibly their profits are smaller for their squeamishness; but that the better quality of their patronage makes up in a measure for its lesser quantity, is evident to any one familiar with the advertising business. Moreover, in the character of its employees and in the zeal and intelligence of their service, a newspaper conducted on the higher plane possesses an asset which cannot be appraised in dollars and cents. Of one such paper a famous man once said to me, "I disagree with half its political views; I am regarded as a personal enemy by its editor; but I read it religiously every day, and it is the only daily that enters the front door of my home. It is a paper written by gentlemen for gentlemen; and, though it exasperates me often, it never offends my nostrils with the odors of the slums."

This last remark leads to another consideration touching the relaxed hold of the press on public confidence: I refer to the topics treated in the news columns, and the manner of their presentation. Its importance is attested by the sub-titles or mottoes adopted by several prominent newspapers, emphasizing their appeal to the family as a special constituency. In spite of the intense individualism, the reciprocal independence of the sexes, and the

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freedom from the trammels of feudal tradition of which we Americans boast, the social unit in this country is the family. Toward it a thousand lines of interest converge, from it a thousand lines of influence flow. Public opinion is unconsciously moulded by it, for the atmosphere of the home follows the father into his office, the son into his college, the daughter into her intimate companionships. The newspaper, therefore, which keeps the family in touch with the outside world, though it may have to be managed with more discretion than one whose circulation is chiefly in the streets, finds its compensation in its increased radius of influence of the subtler sort. For such a field, nothing is less fit than the noisome domestic scandals and the gory horrors which fill so much of the space in newspapers of the lowest rank, and which in these later years have made occasional inroads into some of a higher grade. Unfortunately, these occasional inroads do more to damage the general standing of the press than the habitual revel in vulgarity. For a newspaper which frankly avows itself unhampered by niceties of taste can be branded and set aside as belonging in the impossible category; whereas, when one with a clean exterior and a reputation for respectability proves unworthy, its faithlessness arouses in the popular mind a distrust of all its class.

And yet, whatever we may say of the modern press on its less commendable side, we are bound to admit that newspapers, like governments, fairly reflect the people they serve. Charles Dudley Warner once went so far as to say that no matter how objectionable the character of a paper may be, it is always a trifle better than the patrons on whom it relies for its support. I suspect that Mr. Warner's comparison rested on the greater frankness of the bad paper, which, by very virtue of its mode of appeal, is bound to make a brave parade of its worst qualities; whereas the reader who is loudest in proclaiming in public his repugnance for horrors, and his detestation of scandals, may in private be buying daily the sheet which peddles both most shamelessly.

This sort of conventional hypocrisy among the common run of people is easier to forgive than the same thing among the cultivated few whom we accept as mentors. I stumbled upon an illuminating incident about five years ago which I cannot forbear recalling here. A young man just graduated from college, where he had attracted some attention by the cleverness of his pen, was invited to a position on the staff of the New York *Journal*. Visiting a leading member of the college faculty to say farewell, he mentioned this compliment with not a little pride. In an instant the professor was up in arms, with an earnest protest against his handicapping his whole career by having anything to do with so monstrous an exponent of yellow journalism. The lad was deeply moved by the good man's outburst, and went home sorrowful. After a night's sleep on it, he resolved to profit by the admonition, and accordingly called upon the editor, and asked permission to withdraw his tentative acceptance. In the explanation which followed he inadvertently let slip the name of his adviser. He saw a cynical smile cross the face of Mr. Hearst, who summoned a stenographer, and in his presence dictated a letter to the professor, requesting a five-hundred-word signed article for the next Sunday's issue and inclosing a check for two hundred and fifty dollars. On Sunday the ingenuous youth beheld the article in a conspicuous place on the *Journal's* editorial page, with the professor's full name appended in large capitals.

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We have already noted some of the effects produced on the press by the hurry-skurry of our modern life. Quite as significant are sundry phenomena recorded by Dr. Walter Dill Scott as the result of an inquiry into the reading habits of two thousand representative business and professional men in a typical American city. Among other things, he discovered that most of them spent not to exceed fifteen minutes a day on their newspapers. As some spent less, and some divided the time between two or three papers, the average period devoted to any one paper could safely be placed at from five to ten minutes. The admitted practice of most of the group was to look at the headlines, the table of contents, and the weather reports, and then apparently at some specialty in which they were individually interested. The editorial articles seem to have offered them few attractions, but news items of one sort or another engaged seventy-five per cent of their attention.

In an age as skeptical as ours, there is nothing astonishing in the low valuation given, by men of a class competent to do their own thinking, to anonymous opinion; but it will strike many as strange that this class takes no deeper interest in the news of the day. The trained psychologist may find it worth while to study out here the relation of cause and effect. Does the ordinary man of affairs show so scant regard for his newspaper because he no longer believes half it tells him, or only because his mind is so absorbed in matters closer at hand, and directly affecting his livelihood? Have the newspapers perverted the public taste with sensational surprises till it can no longer appreciate normal information normally conveyed?

Professor Münsterberg would doubtless tell us that the foregoing statistics only justify his charge against Americans as a people; that we have gone leaping and gasping through life till we have lost the faculty of mental concentration, and hence that few of us can read any more. Whatever the explanation, the central fact has been duly recognized by all the yellow journals, and by some also which have not yet passed beyond the cream-colored stage. The "scare heads" and exaggerated type which, as a lure for purchasers, filled all their needs a few years ago, are no longer regarded as sufficient, but have given way to startling bill-board effects, with huge headlines, in block-letter and vermilion ink, spread across an entire front page.

The worst phase of this whole business, however, is one which does not appear on the surface, but which certainly offers food for serious reflection. The point of view from which all my criticisms have been made is that of the citizen of fair intelligence and education. It is he who has been weaned from his faith in the organ of opinion which satisfied his father, till he habitually sneers at "mere newspaper talk"; it is he who has descended from reading to simply skimming the news, and who consciously suffers from the errors which adulterate, and the vulgarity which taints, that product. But there is another element in the community which has not his well-sharpened instinct for discrimination; which can afford to buy only the cheapest, and is drawn toward the lowest, daily prints; which, during the noon hour and at night, finds time to devour all the tenement tragedies, all the palace scandals, and all the incendiary appeals designed to make the poor man think that thrift is robbery. Over that element we find the vicious newspaper still exercising an enormous sway; and, admitting that so large a proportion of the outwardly reputable press has lost its hold upon the better class of readers, what must

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we look for as the resultant of two such unbalanced forces?

Not a line of these few pages has been written in a carping, much less in a pessimistic spirit. I love the profession in whose practice I passed the largest and happiest part of my life; but the very pride I feel in its worthy achievements makes me, perhaps, the more sensitive to its shortcomings as these reveal themselves to an unprejudiced scrutiny. The limits of this article as to both space and scope forbid my following its subject into some inviting by-paths: as, for instance, the distinction to be observed between initiative and support in comparing the influence of the modern newspaper with that of its ancestor of a half-century ago. I am sorry, also, to put forth so many strictures without furnishing a constructive sequel. It would be interesting, for example, to weigh such possibilities as an endowed newspaper which should do for the press, as a protest against its offenses of deliberation and its faults of haste and carelessness, what an endowed theatre might do for the rescue of the stage from a condition of chronic inanity. But it must remain for a more profound philosopher, whose function is to specialize in opinion rather than to generalize in comment, to show what remedies are practicable for the disorders which beset the body of our modern journalism.

TURTLE EGGS FOR AGASSIZ

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

It is one of the wonders of the world that so few books are written. With every human being a possible book, and with many a human being capable of becoming more books than the world could contain, is it not amazing that the books of men are so few? And so stupid!

I took down, recently, from the shelves of a great public library, the four volumes of Agassiz's *Contributions to the Natural History of the United States*. I doubt if anybody but the charwoman, with her duster, had touched those volumes for twenty-five years. They are an excessively learned, a monumental, an epoch-making work, the fruit of vast and heroic labors, with colored plates on stone, showing the turtles of the United States, and their embryology. The work was published more than half a century ago (by subscription); but it looked old beyond its years — massive, heavy, weathered, as if dug from the rocks. It was difficult to feel that Agassiz could have written it — could have built it, grown it, for the laminated pile had required for its growth, the patience and painstaking care of a process of nature, as if it were a kind of printed coral reef. Agassiz do this? The big, human, magnetic man at work upon these pages of capital letters, Roman figures, brackets, and parentheses in explanation of the pages of diagrams and plates! I turned away with a sigh from the weary learning, to read the preface.

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When a great man writes a great book he usually flings a preface after it, and thereby saves it, sometimes, from oblivion. Whether so or not, the best things in most books are their prefaces. It was not, however, the quality of the preface to these great volumes that interested me, but rather the wicked waste of durable book-material that went to its making. Reading down through the catalogue of human names and of thanks for help received, I came to a sentence beginning: —

"In New England I have myself collected largely; but I have also received valuable contributions from the late Rev. Zadoc Thompson of Burlington; . . . from Mr. D. Henry Thoreau of Concord; . . . and from Mr. J. W. P. Jenks of Middleboro'." And then it hastens on with the thanks in order to get to the turtles, as if turtles were the one and only thing of real importance in all the world.

Turtles no doubt are important, extremely important, embryologically, as part of our genealogical tree; but they are away down among the roots of the tree as compared with the late Rev. Zadoc Thompson of Burlington. I happen to know nothing about the Rev. Zadoc, but to me he looks very interesting. Indeed any reverend gentleman of his name and day who would catch turtles for Agassiz must have been interesting. And as for Henry Thoreau, we know he was interesting. The rarest wood-turtle in the United States was not so rare a specimen as this gentleman of Walden Woods and Concord. We are glad even for this line in the preface about him; glad to know that he tried, in this untranscendental way, to serve his day and generation. If Agassiz had only put a chapter in his turtle book about it! But this is the material he wasted, this and more of the same human sort, for the Mr. Jenks of Middleboro' (at the end of the quotation) was, years later, an old college professor of mine, who told me some of the particulars of his turtle contributions, particulars which Agassiz should have found a place for in his big book. The preface says merely that this gentleman sent turtles to Cambridge by the thousands — brief and scanty recognition. For that is not the only thing this gentleman did. On one occasion he sent, not turtles, but turtle *eggs* to Cambridge — *brought* them, I should say; and all there is to show for it, so far as I could discover, is a sectional drawing of a bit of the mesoblastic layer of one of the eggs!

Of course, Agassiz wanted to make that mesoblastic drawing, or some other equally important drawing, and had to have the fresh turtle egg to draw it from. He had to have it, and he got it. A great man, when he wants a certain turtle egg, at a certain time, always gets it, for he gets some one else to get it. I am glad he got it. But what makes me sad and impatient is that he did not think it worth while to tell about the getting of it, and so made merely a learned turtle book of what might have been an exceedingly interesting human book.

It would seem, naturally, that there could be nothing unusual or interesting about the getting of turtle eggs when you want them. Nothing at all, if you should chance to want the eggs as you chance to find them. So with anything else, — good copper stock, for instance, if you should chance to want it, and should chance to be along when they chance to be giving it away. But if you want copper stock, say of C & H quality, *when* you want it, and are bound to have it, then you must command more than a college professor's salary. And likewise, precisely, when it is turtle eggs that you are bound to have.

Agassiz wanted those turtle eggs when he wanted them — not a minute

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over three hours from the minute they were laid. Yet even that does not seem exacting, hardly more difficult than the getting of hen eggs only three hours old. Just so, provided the professor could have had his private turtle-coop in Harvard Yard; and provided he could have made his turtles lay. But turtles will not respond, like hens, to meat-scraps and the warm mash. The professor's problem was not to get from a mud turtle's nest in the back yard to the table in the laboratory; but to get from the laboratory in Cambridge to some pond when the turtles were laying, and back to the laboratory within the limited time. And this, in the days of Darius Green, might have called for nice and discriminating work — as it did.

Agassiz had been engaged for a long time upon his *Contributions*. He had brought the great work nearly to a finish. It was, indeed, finished but for one small yet very important bit of observation: he had carried the turtle egg through every stage of its development with the single exception of one — the very earliest — that stage of first cleavages, when the cell begins to segment, immediately upon its being laid. That beginning stage had brought the *Contributions* to a halt. To get eggs that were fresh enough to show the incubation at this period had been impossible.

There were several ways that Agassiz might have proceeded: he might have got a leave of absence for the spring term, taken his laboratory to some pond inhabited by turtles, and there camped until he should catch the reptile digging out her nest. But there were difficulties in all of that — as those who are college professors and naturalists know. As this was quite out of the question, he did the easiest thing — asked Mr. Jenks of Middleboro' to get him the eggs. Mr. Jenks got them. Agassiz knew all about his getting of them; and I say the strange and irritating thing is, that Agassiz did not think it worth while to tell us about it, at least in the preface to his monumental work.

It was many years later that Mr. Jenks, then a gray-haired college professor, told me how he got those eggs to Agassiz.

"I was principal of an academy, during my younger years," he began, "and was busy one day with my classes, when a large man suddenly filled the doorway of the room, smiled to the four corners of the room, and called out with a big, quick voice that he was Professor Agassiz.

"Of course he was. I knew it, even before he had had time to shout it to me across the room.

"Would I get him some turtle eggs? he called. Yes, I would. And would I get them to Cambridge within three hours from the time they were laid? Yes, I would. And I did. And it was worth the doing. But I did it only once.

"When I promised Agassiz those eggs I knew where I was going to get them. I had got turtle eggs there before — at a particular patch of sandy shore along a pond, a few miles distant from the academy.

"Three hours was the limit. From the railroad station to Boston was thirty-five miles: from the pond to the station was perhaps three or four miles; from Boston to Cambridge we called about three miles. Forty miles in round numbers! We figured it all out before he returned, and got the trip down to two hours, — record time: — driving from the pond to the station; from the station by express train to Boston; from Boston by cab to Cambridge. This left an easy hour for accidents and delays.

"Cab and car and carriage we reckoned into our time-table; but what we

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did n't figure on was the turtle." And he paused abruptly.

"Young man," he went on, his shaggy brows and spectacles hardly hiding the twinkle in the eyes that were bent severely upon me, "young man, when *you* go after turtle eggs, take into account the turtle. No! no! that's bad advice. Youth never reckons on the turtle — and youth seldom ought to. Only old age does that; and old age would never have got those turtle eggs to Agassiz.

"It was in the early spring that Agassiz came to the academy, long before there was any likelihood of the turtles laying. But I was eager for the quest, and so fearful of failure, that I started out to watch at the pond, fully two weeks ahead of the time that the turtles might be expected to lay. I remember the date clearly: it was May 14.

"A little before dawn — along near three o'clock — I would drive over to the pond, hitch my horse near by, settle myself quietly among some thick cedars close to the sandy shore, and there I would wait, my kettle of sand ready, my eye covering the whole sleeping pond. Here among the cedars I would eat my breakfast, and then get back in good season to open the academy for the morning session.

"And so the watch began.

"I soon came to know individually the dozen or more turtles that kept to my side of the pond. Shortly after the cold mist would lift and melt away, they would stick up their heads through the quiet water; and as the sun slanted down over the ragged rim of treetops, the slow things would float into the warm, lighted spots, or crawl out and doze comfortably on the hummocks and snags.

"What fragrant mornings those were! How fresh and new and unbreathed! The pond odors, the woods odors, the odors of the ploughed fields — of water-lily, and wild grape, and the dew-laid soil! I can taste them yet, and hear them yet — the still, large sounds of the waking day — the pickerel breaking the quiet with his swirl; the kingfisher dropping anchor; the stir of feet and wings among the trees. And then the thought of the great book being held up for me! Those were rare mornings!

"But there began to be a good many of them, for the turtles showed no desire to lay. They sprawled in the sun, and never one came out upon the sand as if she intended to help on the great professor's book. The embryology of her eggs was of small concern to her; her contribution to the Natural History of the United States could wait.

"And it did wait. I began my watch on the 14th of May; June first found me still among the cedars, still waiting, as I had waited every morning, Sundays and rainy days alike. June first was a perfect morning, but every turtle slid out upon her log, as if egg-laying might be a matter strictly of next year.

"I began to grow uneasy, — not impatient yet, for a naturalist learns his lesson of patience early, and for all his years; but I began to fear lest, by some subtile sense, my presence might somehow be known to the creatures; that they might have gone to some other place to lay, while I was away at the schoolroom.

"I watched on to the end of the first week, on to the end of the second week in June, seeing the mists rise and vanish every morning, and along with them vanish, more and more, the poetry of my early morning vigil. Poetry and rheumatism cannot long dwell together in the same clump of cedars, and I had begun to feel the rheumatism. A month of morning mists wrapping me around had at last soaked through to my bones. But Agassiz was waiting,

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and the world was waiting, for those turtle eggs; and I would wait. It was all I could do, for there is no use bringing a china nest-egg to a turtle; she is not open to any such delicate suggestion.

"Then came a mid-June Sunday morning, with dawn breaking a little after three: a warm, wide-awake dawn, with the level mist lifted from the level surface of the pond a full hour higher than I had seen it any morning before.

"This was the day: I knew it. I have heard persons say that they can hear the grass grow; that they know by some extra sense when danger is nigh. That we have these extra senses I fully believe, and I believe they can be sharpened by cultivation. For a month I had been watching, brooding over this pond, and now I knew. I felt a stirring of the pulse of things that the cold-hearted turtles could no more escape than could the clods and I.

"Leaving my horse unhitched, as if he, too, understood, I slipped eagerly into my covert for a look at the pond. As I did so, a large pickerel ploughed a furrow out through the spatter-docks, and in his wake rose the head of an enormous turtle. Swinging slowly around the creature headed straight for the shore, and without a pause, scrambled out on the sand.

"She was about the size of a big scoop-shovel; but that was not what excited me, so much as her manner, and the gait at which she moved; for there was method in it and fixed purpose. On she came, shuffling over the sand toward the higher open fields, with a hurried, determined see-saw that was taking her somewhere in particular, and that was bound to get her there on time.

"I held my breath. Had she been a dinosaurian making Mesozoic footprints, I could not have been more fearful. For footprints in the Mesozoic mud, or in the sands of time, were as nothing to me when compared with fresh turtle eggs in the sands of this pond.

"But over the strip of sand, without a stop, she paddled, and up a narrow cow-path into the high grass along a fence. Then up the narrow cow-path, on all fours, just like another turtle, I paddled, and into the high wet grass along the fence.

"I kept well within sound of her, for she moved recklessly, leaving a trail of flattened grass a foot and a half wide. I wanted to stand up, — and I don't believe I could have turned her back with a rail, — but I was afraid if she saw me that she might return indefinitely to the pond; so on I went, flat to the ground, squeezing through the lower rails of the fence, as if the field beyond were a melon-patch. It was nothing of the kind, only a wild, uncomfortable pasture, full of dewberry vines, and very discouraging. They were excessively wet vines and briery. I pulled my coat-sleeves as far over my fists as I could get them, and with the tin pail of sand swinging from between my teeth to avoid noise, I stumped fiercely, but silently, on after the turtle.

"She was laying her course, I thought, straight down the length of this dreadful pasture, when, not far from the fence, she suddenly hove to, warped herself short about, and came back, barely clearing me, at a clip that was thrilling. I warped about, too, and in her wake bore down across the corner of the pasture, across the powdery public road, and on to a fence along a field of young corn.

"I was somewhat wet by this time, but not so wet as I had been before, wallowing through the deep dry dust of the road. Hurrying up behind a large tree by the fence, I peered down the corn-rows and saw the turtle stop, and begin

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to paw about in the loose soft soil. She was going to lay!

"I held on to the tree and watched, as she tried this place, and that place, and the other place — the eternally feminine! — But *the* place, evidently, was hard to find. What could a female turtle do with a whole field of possible nests to choose from? Then at last she found it, and whirling about, she backed quickly at it, and, tail first, began to bury herself before my staring eyes.

"Those were not the supreme moments of my life; perhaps those moments came later that day; but those certainly were among the slowest, most dreadfully mixed of moments that I ever experienced. They were hours long. There she was, her shell just showing, like some old hulk in the sand alongshore. And how long would she stay there? and how should I know if she had laid an egg?

"I could still wait. And so I waited, when, over the freshly awakened fields, floated four mellow strokes from the distant town clock.

"Four o'clock! Why there was no train until seven! No train for three hours! The eggs would spoil! Then with a rush it came over me that this was Sunday morning, and there was no regular seven o'clock train, — none till after nine.

"I think I should have fainted had not the turtle just then begun crawling off. I was weak and dizzy; but there, there in the sand, were the eggs! and Agassiz! and the great book! And I cleared the fence, and the forty miles that lay between me and Cambridge, at a single jump. He should have them, trains or no. Those eggs should go to Agassiz by seven o'clock, if I had to gallop every mile of the way. Forty miles! Any horse could cover it in three hours, if he had to; and upsetting the astonished turtle, I scooped out her round white eggs.

"On a bed of sand in the bottom of the pail I laid them, with what care my trembling fingers allowed; filled in between them with more sand; so with another layer to the rim; and covering all smoothly with more sand, I ran back for my horse.

"That horse knew, as well as I, that the turtles had laid, and that he was to get those eggs to Agassiz. He turned out of that field into the road on two wheels, a thing he had not done for twenty years, doubling me up before the dashboard, the pail of eggs miraculously lodged between my knees.

"I let him out. If only he could keep this pace all the way to Cambridge! or even halfway there; and I would have time to finish the trip on foot. I shouted him on, holding to the dasher with one hand, the pail of eggs with the other, not daring to get off my knees, though the bang on them, as we pounded down the wood road, was terrific. But nothing must happen to the eggs; they must not be jarred, or even turned over in the sand before they came to Agassiz.

"In order to get out on the pike it was necessary to drive back away from Boston toward the town. We had nearly covered the distance, and were rounding a turn from the woods into the open fields, when, ahead of me, at the station it seemed, I heard the quick sharp whistle of a locomotive.

"What did it mean? Then followed the *puff, puff, puff*, of a starting train. But what train? Which way going? And jumping to my feet for a longer view, I pulled into a side road, that paralleled the track, and headed hard for the station.

"We reeled along. The station was still out of sight, but from behind the bushes that shut it from view, rose the smoke of a moving engine. It was perhaps a mile away, but we were approaching, head on, and topping a little

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hill I swept down upon a freight train, the black smoke pouring from the stack, as the mighty creature pulled itself together for its swift run down the rails.

"My horse was on the gallop, going with the track, and straight toward the coming train. The sight of it almost maddened me — the bare thought of it, on the road to Boston! On I went; on it came, a half — a quarter of a mile between us, when suddenly my road shot out along an unfenced field with only a level stretch of sod between me and the engine.

"With a pull that lifted the horse from his feet, I swung him into the field and sent him straight as an arrow for the track. That train should carry me and my eggs to Boston!

"The engineer pulled the rope. He saw me standing up in the rig, saw my hat blow off, saw me wave my arms, saw the tin pail swing in my teeth, and he jerked out a succession of sharp halts! But it was he who should halt, not I; and on we went, the horse with a flounder landing the carriage on top of the track.

"The train was already grinding to a stop; but before it was near a standstill, I had backed off the track, jumped out, and, running down the rails with the astonished engineers gaping at me, had swung aboard the cab.

"They offered no resistance; they had n't had time. Nor did they have the disposition, for I looked strange, not to say dangerous. Hatless, dew-soaked, smeared with yellow mud, and holding, as if it were a baby or a bomb, a little tin pail of sand.

"'Crazy,' the fireman muttered, looking to the engineer for his cue.

"I had been crazy, perhaps, but I was not crazy now.

"'Throw her wide open,' I commanded. 'Wide open! These are fresh turtle eggs and Professor Agassiz of Cambridge. He must have them before breakfast.'

"Then they knew I was crazy, and evidently thinking it best to humor me, threw the throttle wide open, and away we went.

"I kissed my hand to the horse, grazing unconcernedly in the open field, and gave a smile to my crew. That was all I could give them, and hold myself and the eggs together. But the smile was enough. And they smiled through their smut at me, though one of them held fast to his shovel, while the other kept his hand upon a big ugly wrench. Neither of them spoke to me, but above the roar of the swaying engine I caught enough of their broken talk to understand that they were driving under a full head of steam, with the intention of handing me over to the Boston police, as perhaps the easiest way of disposing of me.

"I was only afraid that they would try it at the next station. But that station whizzed past without a bit of slack, and the next, and the next; when it came over me that this was the through freight, which should have passed in the night, and was making up lost time.

"Only the fear of the shovel and the wrench kept me from shaking hands with both men at this discovery. But I beamed at them; and they at me. I was enjoying it. The unwonted jar beneath my feet was wrinkling my diaphragm with spasms of delight. And the fireman beamed at the engineer, with a look that said, 'See the lunatic grin; he likes it!'

"He did like it. How the iron wheels sang to me as they took the rails! How the rushing wind in my ears sang to me! From my stand on the fireman's side of the cab I could catch a glimpse of the track just ahead of the engine, where the ties seemed to leap into the throat of the mile-devouring monster. The joy

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of it! of seeing space swallowed by the mile!

"I shifted the eggs from hand to hand and thought of my horse, of Agassiz, of the great book, of my great luck, — luck, — luck, — until the multitudinous tongues of the thundering train were all chiming 'luck! luck! luck!' They knew! they understood! This beast of fire and tireless wheels was doing its very best to get the eggs to Agassiz!

"We swung out past the Blue Hills, and yonder flashed the morning sun from the towering dome of the State House. I might have leaped from the cab and run the rest of the way on foot, had I not caught the eye of the engineer watching me narrrowly. I was not in Boston yet, nor in Cambridge either. I was an escaped lunatic, who had held up a train, and forced it to carry me to Boston.

"Perhaps I had overdone the lunacy business. Suppose these two men should take it into their heads to turn me over to the police, whether I would or no? I could never explain the case in time to get the eggs to Agassiz. I looked at my watch. There were still a few minutes left, in which I might explain to these men, who, all at once, had become my captors. But it was too late. Nothing could avail against my actions, my appearance, and my little pail of sand.

"I had not thought of my appearance before. Here I was, face and clothes caked with yellow mud, my hair wild and matted, my hat gone, and in my full-grown hands a tiny tin pail of sand, as if I had been digging all night with a tiny tin shovel on the shore! And thus to appear in the decent streets of Boston of a Sunday morning!

"I began to feel like a hunted criminal. The situation was serious, or might be, and rather desperately funny at its best. I must in some way have shown my new fears, for both men watched me more sharply.

"Suddenly, as we were nearing the outer freight-yard, the train slowed down and came to a stop. I was ready to jump, but I had no chance. They had nothing to do, apparently, but to guard me. I looked at my watch again. What time we had made! It was only six o'clock, with a whole hour to get to Cambridge.

"But I did n't like this delay. Five minutes — ten — went by.

"'Gentlemen,' I began, but was cut short by an express train coming past. We were moving again, on — into a siding; on — on to the main track; and on with a bump and a crash and a succession of crashes, running the length of the train; on at a turtle's pace, but on, — when the fireman, quickly jumping for the bell-rope, left the way to the step free, and — the chance had come!

"I never touched the step, but landed in the soft sand at the side of the track, and made a line for the yard fence.

"There was no hue or cry. I glanced over my shoulder to see if they were after me. Evidently their hands were full, and they did n't know I had gone.

"But I had gone; and was ready to drop over the high board-fence, when it occurred to me that I might drop into a policeman's arms. Hanging my pail in a splint on top of a post, I peered cautiously over — a very wise thing to do before you jump a high board-fence. There, crossing the open square toward the station, was a big, burly fellow with a club — looking for me.

"I flattened for a moment, when some one in the yard yelled at me. I preferred the policeman, and grabbing my pail I slid over to the street. The policeman moved on past the corner of the station out of sight. The square was free, and yonder stood a cab!

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"Time was flying now. Here was the last lap. The cabman saw me coming, and squared away. I waved a paper dollar at him, but he only stared the more. A dollar can cover a good deal, but I was too much for one dollar. I pulled out another, thrust them both at him, and dodged into the cab, calling, 'Cambridge!'

"He would have taken me straight to the police-station, had I not said, 'Harvard College. Professor Agassiz's house! I've got eggs for Agassiz'; and pushed another dollar up at him through the hole.

"It was nearly half-past six.

"'Let him go!' I ordered. 'Here's another dollar if you make Agassiz's house in twenty minutes. Let him out; never mind the police!'

"He evidently knew the police, or there were none around at that time on a Sunday morning. We went down the sleeping streets, as I had gone down the wood roads from the pond two hours before, but with the rattle and crash now of a fire brigade. Whirling a corner into Cambridge Street, we took the bridge at a gallop, the driver shouting out something in Hibernian to a pair of waving arms and a belt and brass buttons.

"Across the bridge with a rattle and jolt that put the eggs in jeopardy, and on over the cobble-stones, we went. Half standing, to lessen the jar, I held the pail in one hand and held myself in the other, not daring to let go even to look at my watch.

"But I was afraid to look at the watch. I was afraid to see how near to seven o'clock it might be. The sweat was dropping from my nose, so close was I running to the limit of my time.

"Suddenly there was a lurch, and I dove forward, ramming my head into the front of the cab, coming up with a rebound that landed me across the small of my back on the seat, and sent half of my pail of eggs helter-skelter over the floor.

"We had stopped. Here was Agassiz's house; and without taking time to pick up the scattered eggs, I tumbled out, and pounded at the door.

"No one was astir in the house. But I would stir them. And I did. Right in the midst of the racket the door opened. It was the maid.

"'Agassiz,' I gasped, 'I want Professor Agassiz, quick!' And I pushed by her into the hall.

"'Go 'way, sir. I'll call the police. Professor Agassiz is in bed. Go 'way, sir!'

"'Call him — Agassiz — instantly, or I'll call him myself.'

"But I did n't; for just then a door overhead was flung open, a great white-robed figure appeared on the dim landing above, and a quick loud voice called excitedly, —

"'Let him in! Let him in. I know him. He has my turtle eggs!'

"And the apparition, slipperless, and clad in anything but an academic gown, came sailing down the stairs.

"The maid fled. The great man, his arms extended, laid hold of me with both hands, and dragging me and my precious pail into his study, with a swift, clean stroke laid open one of the eggs, as the watch in my trembling hands ticked its way to seven — as if nothing unusual were happening to the history of the world."

"You were in time then?" I said.

"To the tick. There stands my copy of the great book. I am proud of the humble part I had in it."

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A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD

GIDEON WELLES

I

[As the war drew to its close, General Sherman, on April 18, 1865, made his famous convention with General Johnston, whereby all Confederate armies still in the field were to disband. This agreement stipulated for the early recognition of the several states in rebellion, by the executive of the United States, and contained other important political features with which it was entirely outside of General Sherman's authority to deal. The articles of agreement were referred to both governments for ratification.]

Friday, April 21, 1865.

Stanton called at my house about 6 P. M. and invited me to a hasty Cabinet convention at 8 P. M. on important matters requiring immediate action. When we had assembled, General Grant and Preston King were also present. Stanton briefly mentioned that General Grant had important communications from General Sherman, and requested that he would read them, which he did. It stated he had made a peace, if satisfactory, with the rebels, etc. This and everything relating to it will be spread before the world. Among the Cabinet and all present there was but one mind on this subject. The plan was rejected, and Sherman's arrangement disapproved. Stanton and Speed were emphatic in their condemnation, though the latter expressed personal friendship for Sherman. General Grant, I was pleased to see, while disapproving what Sherman had done, and decidedly opposed to it, was tender to sensitiveness of his brother officer and abstained from censure. Stanton came charged with specified objections, four in number, counting them off on his fingers. Some of his argument was apt and well; some of it not in good taste, nor precisely pertinent.

It was decided that General Grant should immediately inform General Sherman that his course was disapproved, and that generals in the field must not take upon themselves to decide on political and civil questions, which belonged to the executive and civil service. The military commanders would press on and capture and crush out the rebels.

Monday, April 24, 1865.

On Saturday the 22d I learned that General Grant left in person to go to General Sherman instead of sending written orders. This was sensible, and will insure the work to be well and satisfactorily done. Senator Sumner called on me with inquiries which he heard in the street relative to General Sherman. As he came direct from the War Department I was satisfied that Stanton, as usual, after enjoining strict secrecy upon others, was himself communicating the facts in confidence to certain parties. One or two others spoke to me

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in the course of the afternoon on the same subject.

Sunday morning the papers contained the whole story of Sherman's treaty and our proceedings, with additions, under Stanton's signature. I was not sorry to see the facts disclosed, although the manner and some of Stanton's matter was not particularly commendable, judicious, or correct. But the whole was characteristic, and will be likely to cause difficulty, or aggravate it with Sherman, who has behaved hastily, but I hope not, as has been insinuated, wickedly. He has shown himself a better general than diplomatist, negotiator, or politician, and we must not forget the good he has done, if he has only committed an error; and I trust and believe it is but an error, — a grave one, it may be. But this error, if it be one, had its origin, I apprehend, with President Lincoln, who was for prompt and easy terms with the rebels. Sherman's terms were based on a liberal construction of President Lincoln's benevolent wishes and the order to Weitzel concerning the Virginia legislature, the revocation of which S[herman] had not heard.

[Attorney-General] Speed, prompted by Stanton, who seemed frantic, but with whom he sympathized, expressed his fears that Sherman at the head of his victorious legions had designs upon the government. [Postmaster-General] Dennison, while disapproving what Sherman had done, scouted the idea that he had any unworthy aspirations. I remarked that his armies were composed of citizens like ourselves, who had homes and wives and children as well as a government that they loved.

WILD IDEAS IN THE CABINET

Tuesday, April 25, 1865.

The course and position were discussed to-day in Cabinet with some earnestness. Speed came strongly charged, and had little doubt that Sherman was designing to put himself at the head of the army. Thought he had been seduced by Breckinridge,[1] and was flattering himself that he would be able to control and direct public affairs. Governor Dennison, while censuring Sherman, would not condemn him unheard, — he may have some reasons that we know not of, may have been short of ammunition or supplies.

I suggested that it might be vanity, eccentricity, an error of judgment, — the man may have thought himself to be what he is not, — that I had no fears of his misleading the army, or seducing it to promote any personal schemes of ambition, if he had such. Every regiment, and probably every company, in that army had intelligent men, fit to be legislators; they were of us and a part of us, would no more tolerate usurpation on the part of Sherman than we would.

" Suppose," said Speed, " he should arrest Grant when Grant arrived at Raleigh," etc., etc. Men will have strange phantoms. I was surprised at Speed, but he has, evidently, conversed on this subject before with one or more who have similar opinions. This apprehension which I have sometimes heard intimated has never made a serious impression on me, for I have confidence in our people, and so I have in Sherman, who believed himself to be carrying out the wishes of Mr. Lincoln and the policy of the administration. It is the result of the conference at City Point, and intended to be in furtherance of the proclamation of Weitzel, the revocation of which he has not seen.

In reflecting on this subject, I think we have permitted ourselves, amid great excitement and stirring events, to be hurried into unjust and ungenerous suspicions by the erroneous state-

[1] J. C. Breckinridge, Confederate Secretary of War.

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ments of the Secretary of War. Speed adopts and echoes the jealousies and wild vagaries of Stanton, who seems to have a mortal fear of the generals and the armies, although courting and flattering them. He went to Savannah to pay court to Sherman when that officer was the favored general and supposed to have eclipsed Grant; but the latter having gained the ascendant by the fall of Richmond and the capture of Lee, Stanton would now reinstate himself with Grant by prostrating [*sic*] Sherman.

Tuesday, May 2, 1865.

Stanton produced a paper from Judge-Advocate-General Holt, to the effect that Jeff. Davis, Jacob Thompson, Sanders, and others, were implicated in the conspiracy to assassinate President Lincoln and others. A proclamation duly prepared was submitted by Stanton with this paper of Holt, which he fully endorses, offering rewards for their apprehension. McCulloch and Hunter, whose opinions were asked, went with Stanton without a question. I, on being asked, remarked [that] if there was proof of the complicity of those men, as stated there was, they certainly ought to be arrested, and that reward was proper, but I had no facts.

THE MEANING OF NEGRO SUFFRAGE

Tuesday, May 9, 1865.

A proclamation of amnesty proposed by Speed was considered and, with some changes, agreed to.

The condition of North Carolina was taken up, and a general plan of organization intended for all the rebel states was submitted and debated. No great difference of opinion was expressed, except on the matter of suffrage. Stanton, Dennison, and Speed were for Negro suffrage, — McCulloch, Usher, and myself were opposed. It was agreed on request of Stanton, [that] we would not discuss the question, but each express his opinion without preliminary debate. After our opinions had been given, I stated I was for adhering to the rule prescribed in President Lincoln's proclamation, which had been fully considered and matured, and besides, in all these matters I am for no further subversion of the laws, institutions, and usages of the states respectively, nor for [more] federal intermeddling in local matters than is absolutely necessary, in order to rid them of the radical error which has caused our national trouble. All laws, not inconsistent with those of the conquerors, remain to the conquered until changed, is an old rule.

This question of Negro suffrage is beset with difficulties, growing out of the conflict through which we have passed and the current of sympathy for the colored race. The demagogues will make use of it regardless of what is best for the country, and without regard for the organic law, the rights of the state, or the temples of our government. There is a fanaticism on the subject with some, who persuade themselves that the cause of liberty and the Union is with the Negro and not the white man. White men, and especially Southern white men, are tyrants. Senator Sumner is riding this one idea at top speed. There are others less sincere than Sumner, who are pressing the question for party purposes. On the other hand, there may be unjust prejudices against permitting colored persons to enjoy the elective franchise, under any circumstances; but this is not, and should not be, a federal question. No one can claim that the blacks, in the slave states especially, can exercise the elective franchise intelligently. In most of the free states they are not permitted to vote. Is it politic, and wise, or right even, when trying to re-

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store peace and reconcile differences to make so radical a change, provided we have the authority, which I deny? To elevate the ignorant Negro who has been enslaved, mentally as well as physically, to the discharge of the highest duties of citizenship, especially when our free states will not permit the few free Negroes to vote?

The federal government has no right, and has not attempted, to dictate on the matter of suffrage to any state, and I apprehend it will not conduce to harmony to arrogate and exercise arbitrary power over the states which have been in rebellion. It was never intended by the founders of the Union that the federal government should prescribe suffrage to the states. We shall get rid of slavery by constitutional means. But conferring on the blacks civil rights is another matter. I know not the authority. The President, in the exercise of the pardoning power, may limit or make conditions, and while granting life and liberty to traitors deny them the right of holding office or of voting. While, however, he can exclude traitors, can he legitimately confer on the blacks of North Carolina the right to vote? I do not yet see how this can be done by him, or by Congress.

This whole question of suffrage is much abused. The Negro can take upon himself the duty about as intelligently, and as well for the public interest, as a considerable portion of the foreign element which comes amongst us. Each will be the tool of the demagogues. If the Negro is to vote and exercise the duties of a citizen, let him be educated to it. The measure should not, even if the government were empowered to act, be precipitated when he is stolidly ignorant and wholly unprepared. It is proposed to do it against what have been and still are the constitutions, laws, usages, and practices of the states which we wish to restore to fellowship.

Stanton has changed his position — has been converted — is now for Negro suffrage. These were not his views a short time since. But aspiring politicians will, as the current now sets, generally take that road.

The trial of the assassins is not so promptly carried into effect as Stanton declared it should be. He said it was his intention the criminals should be tried and executed before President Lincoln was buried. But the President was buried last Thursday, the 4th, and the trial has not, I believe, commenced.

I regret they are not tried by the civil court, and so expressed myself, as did McCulloch; but Stanton, who says the proof is clear and positive, was emphatic, and Speed advised a military commission, though at first, I thought, otherwise inclined. It is now rumored the trial is to be secret, which is another objectionable feature, and will be likely to meet condemnation after the event and excitement have passed off.

The rash, imperative, and arbitrary measures of Stanton are exceedingly repugnant to my notions, and I am pained to witness the acquiescence they receive. He carries others with him, sometimes against their convictions as expressed to me.

The President and Cabinet called on Mr. Seward at his house after the close of the council. He came down to meet us in his parlor. I was glad to see him so well and animated, yet a few weeks have done the work of years, apparently, with his system. Perhaps when his wounds have healed, and the fractured jaw is restored, he may recover in some degree his former looks, but I apprehend not.

His head was covered with a close-fitting cap, and the appliances to his

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jaw entered his mouth and prevented him from articulating clearly. Still, he was disposed to talk, and we to listen. Once or twice, allusions to the weight of the great calamity affected him more deeply than I have ever seen him.

Wednesday, May 10, 1865.

Senator Sumner called on me. We had a long conversation on matters pertaining to the affairs of Fort Sumter. He has been selected to deliver an oration on Mr. Lincoln's death, to the citizens of Boston, and desired to post himself in some respects. I told him the influence of the Blairs, and especially of the elder, had done much to strengthen Mr. Lincoln in that matter, while Seward and Scott had opposed.

Sumner assures me Chase has gone into rebeldom to promote Negro suffrage. I have no doubt that Chase has that and other schemes for presidential preferment in hand in this voyage. S[umner] says that President Johnson is aware of his [Chase's] object in behalf of the Negroes, and favors the idea of their voting. On this point I am skeptical. He would not oppose any such movement were any state to make it. I so expressed myself to Sumner, and he assented, but intended to say the Negroes were the people.

Sunday, May 14, 1865.

Intelligence was received this morning of the capture of Jefferson Davis in Southern Georgia. I met Stanton this Sunday P. M. at Seward's, who says Davis was taken disguised in women's clothes. A tame and ignoble letting down of the traitor.

Saturday, May 20, 1865.

General Sherman is here. I have not yet met him, but I understand he is a little irate towards Stanton, and very mad with Halleck. This is not surprising, and yet some allowance is to be made for them. Sherman's motives cannot be questioned, although his acts may be. Stanton was unduly harsh and severe, and his telegram to General Dix and specifications were Stantonian. Whether the President authorized or sanctioned that publication I never knew, but I, and most of the members of the Cabinet, were not consulted in regard to the publication, which was not in all respects correct.

General Grant, who as unequivocally disapproved of Sherman's armistice as any member of the administration, was nevertheless tender of General Sherman, and did not give in to the severe remarks of Stanton at the time. At a later period President Johnson assured me that Stanton's publication was wholly unauthorized by him, — that he knew nothing of it until he saw it in the papers. We were all imposed upon by Stanton, who had a purpose. He and the radicals were opposed to the mild policy of President Lincoln on which Sherman had acted, and which Stanton opposed and was determined to defeat.

Wednesday, June 14, 1865.

At Cabinet meeting General Grant came in to press upon the government the importance of taking decisive measures in favor of the Republic of Mexico. Thought that Maximilian and the French should be warned to leave. Said the rebels were crossing the Rio Grande and entering the Imperial service. Their purpose would be to provoke differences, create animosity, and precipitate hostilities. Seward was emphatic in opposition to any movement. Said the Empire was rapidly perishing, and if let alone Maximilian would leave in less than six months, — perhaps in sixty days, — whereas if we interfered it would prolong his stay and the Empire also. Seward acts from intelligence, Grant from impulse.

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Tuesday, June 20, 1865.

Mr. Seward was absent from the Cabinet meeting. All others were present. The meetings are better and more punctually attended than under Mr. Lincoln's administration, and measures are more generally discussed, which undoubtedly tends to better administration. Mrs. Seward lies at the point of death, which is the cause of Mr. Seward's absence.

The subject of appointments in the Southern States — the rebel states — was discussed. A difficulty is experienced in the stringent oath passed by the last Congress. Men are required to swear they have rendered no voluntary aid to the rebellion, nor accepted or held office under the rebel government. This oath is a device to perpetuate differences, if persisted in.

I was both amused and vexed with the propositions and suggestions for evading this oath. Stanton proposed that if the appointees would not take the whole oath, [they should] swear to as much as they could. Speed was fussy and uncertain. Did not know but what it would become necessary to call Congress together to get rid of this official oath. Harlan[1] believed the oath proper, and that it should stand. Said it was carefully and deliberately framed, that it was designed, purposely, to exclude men from executive appointments. Mr. Wade and Mr. Sumner had this specially in view. Thought there was no difficulty in these appointments except judges. All other officers were temporary, judges were for life. I remarked, that did not follow. If the Senate when it convened did not choose to confirm the judicial appointments — the incumbents could only hold until the close of the next session of Congress. But above and beyond this I denied that Congress could impose limitations and restrictions on the pardoning power, and thus circumscribe the President's prerogative. I claimed that the President could nominate, and the Senate confirm, an officer independent of that form and oath, — and if the appointee took and faithfully conformed to the constitutional oath, he could not be molested. McCulloch inclined to my views, but Stanton insisted that point had been raised and decided, and could not therefore be maintained. I claimed that no wrong decision could be binding, and I had no doubt of the wrongfulness of such a decision, denying that the constitutional rights of the Executive could be frittered away by legislation. There is partyism in all this, — not union or country.

[1] James Harlan, of Iowa, Secretary of the Interior.

AN ESTIMATE OF DUPONT

Friday, June 23, 1865.

Rear-Admiral Dahlgren returned this morning from Charleston. Two years since he left. Simultaneous with his return comes tidings of the death of Rear-Admiral Dupont, whom he relieved, and who died this A. M. in Philadelphia. Dupont possessed ability, was a scholar rather than a hero. He was a courtier, given to intrigue; was selfish, adroit, and skillful. Most of the navy were attached to him, and considered his the leading cultured mind in the service. He nursed cliques.

There are many intelligent and excellent officers, however, who look upon him with exceeding dislike, yet Dupont had, two and three years ago, greater personal influence than any man in the service. He knew it, and intended to make it available in a controversy with the Department on the subject of the Monitor vessels, to which he took a dislike. Although very proud, he was not physically brave. Pride would have impelled him to go into action, but he had not innate daring

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courage. He was determined not to retain his force or any portion of it in Charleston harbor, insisted it could not be done, disobeyed orders, was relieved, and expected to rally the navy and country with him, but was disappointed. Some of his best friends condemned his course. He sought a controversy with the Department, and was not successful. Disappointed and chagrined, he has been unhappy and dissatisfied. I believe I appreciated and did justice to his good qualities, and am not conscious that I have been at any time provoked to do him wrong. He challenged me to remove him, and felt confident I would not do it. I would not have done it had he obeyed orders and been zealous for operations against Charleston. As it was, I made no haste, and only ordered Foote and Dahlgren when I got ready. Then the step was taken. Dupont was amazed, yet had no doubt the navy would be roused in his favor, and that he should overpower the Department. Months passed. He procured two or three papers to speak for him, but there was no partisanship for him in the navy, except with half a dozen young officers, whom he had petted and trained, and a few mischievous politicians.

Returning to Delaware he went into absolute retirement. None missed or called for him. This seclusion did not please him and became insupportable, but he saw no extrication. He therefore prepared a very adroit letter in the latter part of October, 1863, ostensibly an answer to a despatch of mine written the preceding June. This skilful letter I have reason to believe was prepared in concert with H. Winter Davis, and was intended to be used in an assault on me at the session of Congress then approaching. Although much engaged I immediately replied, and in such a manner as to close up Dupont. Davis, however, made his attack in Congress, but in such a way as not to draw out the correspondence. Others remedied that deficiency, and Davis got more than he asked. Dupont sank. He could rally no force, and the skill, and tact at intrigue which had distinguished him in earlier years and in lower rank, was gone. He felt that he was feeble and it annoyed him. Still, his talent was not wholly idle. False issues were put forth, and doubtless some have been deceived by them.

Tuesday, June 27, 1865.

The President still ill, and the visit to the Pawnee further postponed. No Cabinet meeting. The President is feeling the effects of intense application to his duties, and over-pressure from the crowd.

A great party demonstration is being made for Negro suffrage. It is claimed the Negro is not liberated unless he is also a voter, and to make him a voter, those who urge this doctrine would subvert the Constitution, and usurp or assume authority not granted to the federal government. While I am not inclined to throw impediments in the way of the universal, intelligent enfranchisement of all men, I cannot lend myself to beat down constitutional barriers, or to violate the reserved and undoubted rights of the states. In the discussion of this question, it is evident that intense partisanship, instead of philanthropy, is the root of the movement. When pressed by arguments which they cannot refute, they turn and say, if the Negro is not allowed to vote, the Democrats will get control of the government in each of the seceding or rebellious states, and in conjunction with the Democrats of the free states they will get the ascendancy in our political affairs. As there must and will be parties, they may as well form on this question, perhaps, as any other. It is centralization and state rights.

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It is curious to witness the bitterness and intolerance of the philanthropists in this matter. In their zeal for the Negro they lose sight of the fundamental law, of all constitutional rights, and of the civil regulations and organization of the government.

Friday, June 30, 1865.

The President is still indisposed, and I am unable to perfect some important business, that I wished to complete with the close of the fiscal year. There are several radical members here, and have been for some days, apparently anxious to see the President. Have met Senator Wade two or three times at the White House. Complains that the Executive has the control of the government, that Congress and the judiciary are subordinate, and mere instruments in his hands, said our form of government was on the whole a failure, that there are not three distinct and independent departments, but one great controlling one with two others as assistants.

Mentions that the late president called out 75,000 men without authority. Congress when it came together approved it. Mr. Lincoln then asked for 400,000 men and 400 millions of money. Congress gave him five of each instead of four. I asked him if he supposed or meant to say that these measures were proposed without consulting, informally, the leading members of each house. He replied that he did not, and admitted that the condition of the country required the action which was taken, that it was right and in conformity with public expectation.

Thad Stevens called on me on business and took occasion to express ultra views, and had a sarcastic hit or two but without much sting. He is not satisfied, nor is Wade, yet I think the latter is mollified and disinclined to disagree with the President. But his friend Winter Davis it is understood is intending to improve the opportunity of delivering a Fourth of July oration, to take ground distinctly antagonistic to the administration on the question of Negro suffrage.

Saturday, July 1, 1865.

I am this day sixty-three years old, have attained my grand climacteric, a critical period in man's career. Some admonitions remind me of the frailness of human existence and of the feeble tenure I have on life. I cannot expect, at best, many returns of this anniversary, and perhaps shall never witness another.

Monday, July 10, 1865.

I read to the President two letters of Senator Sumner of the 4th and 5th of July, on the subject of Negro suffrage in the rebel states. Sumner is for imposing this upon those states, regardless of all constitutional limitations and restriction. It is evident he is organizing and drilling for that purpose, and intends to make war upon the administration policy and the administration itself. The President is not unaware of the scheming that is on foot, but I know not if he comprehends to its full extent this movement, which is intended to control him and his administration.

THE MEXICAN QUESTION

Friday, July 14, 1865.

Before we left, and after all other matters were disposed of, the President brought from the other room a letter from General Sheridan to General Grant, strongly indorsed by the latter, and both letter and indorsement strongly hostile to the French and Maximilian. Seward was astounded. McCulloch at once declared that the treasury and the country could not stand meeting the exigency which an-

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other war would produce. Harlan in a few words sustained McCulloch. Seward was garrulous. Said if we got in war and drove out the French, we could not get out ourselves. Went over our war with Mexico. Dennison inquired why the Monroe Doctrine could not be asserted. Seward said if we made the threat we must be prepared to maintain it. Dennison thought we might. "How then," said Seward, "will you get your own troops out of the country after driving out the French?" "Why, march them out," said Dennison. Then said S[eward], "The French will return." "We will then," said D[ennison], "expel them again." I remarked [that] the country was exhausted as McCulloch stated, but the popular sentiment was strongly averse to French occupancy. If the Mexicans wanted an imperial government, no one would interfere to prevent them, though we might and would regret it, but this conduct of the French in imposing an Austrian prince upon our neighbors was very revolting. I hoped, however, we should not be compelled to take the military view of this question.

Thursday, July 20, 1865.

The President to-day in Cabinet, after current business was disposed of, brought forward the subject of Jefferson Davis' trial, on which he desired the views of the members. Mr. Seward thought there should be no haste. The large amount of papers of the rebel government had not yet been examined, and much that would have a bearing on this question might be expected to be found among them. Whenever Davis should be brought to trial he was clear and decided that it should be before a military commission, for he had no confidence in proceeding before a civil court. He was very full of talk, and very positive that there should be delay until the rebel papers were examined, and quite emphatic and decided that a military court should try Davis. Stanton did not dissent from this, and yet was not as explicit as Seward.

McCulloch was not prepared to express an opinion, but thought no harm would result from delay.

I doubted the resort to a military commission, and thought there should be an early trial. Whether, if he was to be tried in Virginia, as it was said he might be, the country was sufficiently composed and organized might be a question; but I was for a trial before a civil not a military tribunal, and for treason not for assassination. Both Seward and Stanton interrupted me and went into a discussion of the assassination, and the impossibility of a conviction — Seward taking the lead. It was evident these two intended there should be no result at this time.

THE TRIAL OF DAVIS

Friday, July 21, 1865.

A very warm day. Thermometer 90 and upward. Chief subject at the Cabinet was the offense and the disposition of J. Davis. The President, it was evident, was for procuring a discussion or having the views of the Cabinet. Seward thought the question might as well be disposed of now as at any time. He was satisfied there could be no conviction of such a man, for any offense, before any civil tribunal, and was therefore for arraigning him for treason, murder, and other offenses before a military commission. Dennison, who sat next him, immediately followed, and thought if the proof was clear and beyond question that Davis was a party to the assassination, then he would have him by all means brought before a military tribunal, but unless the proof was clear, beyond a peradventure, he would have him tried for high treason before the highest civil court. When asked what other court

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there was than the circuit court, he said he did not wish him tried before the court of this District. And when further asked to be more explicit on the subject of the question of the murder or assassination, he said he would trust that matter to Judge Holt and the War Department, and, he then added, to the Attorney-General. McCulloch would prefer, if there is to be a trial, that it should be in the courts, but was decidedly against any trial at present — would postpone the whole subject.

Stanton was for a trial by the courts for treason — the highest of crimes, and by the constitution, only the courts could try him for that offense. Otherwise he would say a military commission. For all other offenses he would arraign him before the military commission. Subsequently, after examining the constitution, he retracted the remark that the constitution made it imperative that the trial for treason should be in the civil courts, yet he did not withdraw the preference he had expressed. I was emphatically for the civil court and an arraignment for treason — for an early institution of proceedings — and was willing the trial should take place in Virginia. If our laws or system were defective, it was well to bring them to a test. I had no doubt he was guilty of treason and believed he would be committed wherever tried. Harlan would not try him before a civil court unless satisfied there would be conviction. If there was a doubt he wanted a military commission. He thought it would be much better to pardon Davis at once than to have him tried and not convicted. Such a result he believed would be most calamitous. He would therefore [rather] than run that risk, prefer a military court. Speed was for a civil tribunal and for a trial for treason; but until the rebellion was entirely suppressed he doubted if there could be a trial for treason. Davis is now a prisoner of war and was entitled to all the rights of belligerents, etc., etc. I inquired if Davis was not arrested and a reward offered for him and paid by our government, as for other criminals.

The question of counsel and the institution of proceedings was discussed. In order to get the sense of each of the members, the President thought it would be well to have the matter presented in a distinct form. Seward promptly proposed that Jefferson Davis should be tried for treason, assassination, murder, conspiring to burn cities, etc., by a military commission. The question was so put, Seward and Harlan voting for it — the others against, with the exception of myself. The President asked my opinion. I told him I did not like the form in which the question was put. I would have him tried for military offenses by a military court, but for civil offenses I wanted the civil courts. I thought he should be tried for treason, and it seemed to me that the question before us should first be the crime and then the court. The others assented and the question put was, shall J. D. be tried for treason? There was a unanimous response in the affirmative. Then the question as to the court. Dennison moved a civil court — all but Seward and Harlan were in the affirmative. They were in the negative.

Stanton read a letter from Fortress Monroe saying Davis's health had been failing for the last fortnight — that the execution of the assassins had visibly affected him.

Tuesday, August 8, 1865.

Stanton submitted a number of not material questions, yet possessed of some little interest. Before the meeting closed, the subject of army movements on the plains came up, and Stanton

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said there were three columns of twenty-two thousand troops moving into the Indian country, with a view to an Indian campaign. Inquiry as to the origin and authority of such a movement elicited nothing from the Secretary of War. He said he knew nothing on the subject. He had been told there was such a movement, and Meigs had informed him it was true. Grant had been written to for information, but Grant was away and he knew not when he should have a reply. The expenses of this movement could not, he said, be less than fifty millions of dollars. But he knew nothing about it.

All manifested surprise. The President however made, I observed, no inquiry or any comment. Whether this was intentional reticence, or the result of physical weariness or debility, for he was far from well, I could not determine. I thought it alarming that there should be such an imposing demonstration on the part of the military, and the administration, or executive officer of the War Department, ignorant in regard to it. If so, it is to his discredit — if not true, it is no less so. The only apology or excuse would be that the President had ordered this through General Grant, or assented to it at least. But this would be a slight upon the Secretary of War to which he would not possibly submit.

Following up this subject, Governor Dennison inquired of Stanton in relation to the recent general order dividing the country into eighteen military departments and assigning a multitude of generals to them. The question was mildly, pertinently, and appropriately put, but Stanton evinced intense feeling and acrimony. He said the Postmaster-General must address his inquiries to General Grant respecting that order, and he had no doubt General Grant would have been glad to have had Dennison's advice and discretion on the subject. For his part he had not undertaken to instruct or advise General Grant.

There was a sneer and insolence in the manner, more offensive even than the words. I was on the point of inquiring if the civil administration of the government could not be informed on so important a subject, when Speed, who evidently saw there was feeling, hastened to introduce another topic. I was glad he did so, yet this state of things cannot endure.

I fell in with Dennison, or he with me, when taking my usual walk, and we at once got on to the subject of Stanton's insolent replies to-day. Dennison was, with reason, irritated. Said he had forborne to reply or pursue the subject because his temper was excited and there would have been a scene. He says he has known Stanton well for twenty-five years; that he is a charlatan — and that he wanted D[ennison] to make a sharp reply on Grant, in order that he might report it to that officer and thus create a difference.

Friday, August 11, 1865.

The question of the Indian war on the plains was again brought forward. No one, it appears, has any knowledge on the question. The Secretary of War is in absolute ignorance. Says he has telegraphed to General Grant, and General G[rant] says he has not ordered it. McCulloch wanted to know the probable expense, — the numbers engaged, etc. Stanton thought McCulloch had better state how many should be engaged, — said General Pope had command. Harlan said he considered Pope an improper man, — was extravagant and wasteful. Thought twenty-two hundred instead of twenty-two thousand men was a better and sufficient number.

This whole thing is a discredit to the War Department.

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Tuesday, August 15, 1865.

Stanton says there is to be a large reduction of the force which is moving against the Indians. That by the 1st of October the force will be about 6,000. That large supplies have gone on, but they can be divided or deflected to New Mexico and other points, so that they will not be lost.

This whole proceeding is anything but commendable to the War Department. Stanton professes not to have been informed on the subject, and yet takes credit for doing something in the way of reduction. When questioned, however, he gets behind Grant or Pope or some military officer. An army of twenty-two thousand and a winter campaign, which he said would cost certainly not less than fifty million and very likely eighty or one hundred million all arranged, — a great Indian war is upon us, but the Secretary of War is, or professes to be, ignorant in regard to it, and of course every member of the administration is uninformed. If Stanton is as ignorant as he professes, it is disgraceful and ominous, and it is not less so if he is not ignorant. There are some things which make me suspicious that he is not as uninformed and ignorant as he pretends. This matter of supplies, so ruinously expensive, is popular on the frontiers, with Lane and others in Kansas. I have seen enough of Stanton to know that he is reckless of the public money in fortifying himself personally. These great contracts for supplies and transportation must have been known to him. How far Grant, whom he does not like, has acted independently of him, is a question.

Friday, August 18, 1865.

Senator Doolittle and Mr. Ford, who have been on a mission to the plains, visiting New Mexico, Colorado, etc., had an interview with the President and Cabinet of an hour and a half. Their statement in relation to the Indians and Indian affairs exhibits the folly and wickedness of the expedition, which has been gotten up by somebody without authority or the knowledge of the government.

Their strong protestations against an Indian war, and their statement of the means which they had taken to prevent it, came in very opportunely. Stanton said General Grant had already written to restrict operations; he had also sent to General Meigs. I have no doubt a check has been put on a very extraordinary and unaccountable proceeding, but I doubt if an active stop is yet put to war expenses.

Stanton is still full of apprehension and stories of plots and conspiracies. I am inclined to believe he has fears, and he evidently wishes the President to be alarmed. He had quite a story to-day, and read quite a long affidavit from some one whom I do not recall — stating he had been in communication with C. C. Clay and others in Canada — that they wanted him to be one of a party to assassinate President Lincoln and his whole Cabinet. Dennison and McCulloch and I thought the President seemed inclined to give this rigmarole some credence. I think the story, though plausibly got up, was chiefly humbug. Likely Stanton believes me stupid because I give so little heed to his sensational communications; but really a large portion of them seem to me ludicrous and puerile. He still keeps up a guard around his house, and never ventures out without a stout man to accompany him, who is ordinarily about ten feet behind him. This body-guard is, I have no doubt, paid for by the public. He urged a similar guard for me and others.

(*To be continued.*)

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LAVENDER

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

THERE's a clump of lavender
  In the Convent garden old,
Alive with the pilferer
  Who wears a coat of gold.

He swings and he sways
  As he sucks his sweet,
All through a honeyed haze
  His wings cling and his feet.

By the gray-blue lavender
  Fra Placid comes and goes —
Sets on the grass-plot there
  His linen all in rows.

The Lord God's altar-cloth
  Whereon is laid white bread
For starving souls, and both
  The white wine and the red.

The marble Mother and Child
  Look down from a green space;
Holy and undefiled,
  They give the garden grace.

There, when the dews began
  And the sun ripened the peach,
Fra Placid, Sacristan,
  Laid his fair cloths to bleach.

He laid them in a row
  Between the Sext and None,
Murmured an Ave low —
  The bell clanged; he was gone.

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For hours he dusted and swept,
  Making seemly God's house;
About noontide he slept,
  Lulled by the day's hot drowse.

About the Vesper hour
  He woke and slept again,
Forgetting the sudden shower, —
  The thieving, wandering men.

Until, wide-waked at last,
  The linen came to mind;
He ran with anxious haste,
  Fearing no cloths to find.

There by the lavender
  He spied a wondrous sight:
The pedestal was bare —
  Queen Mary walked in white.

She walked with a still air
  Over the shining grass,
The spikes of lavender
  Bent low as she did pass.

No more in her embrace
  She clasped her sweetest Son —
He leapt on the grassy space
  As a lamb might leap and run.

He skipped like a white lamb
  Upon the daisied sod,
Played many a merry game —
  The little Lamb of God.

He gathered with delight
  The lavender, leaf and flower,
And on the linen white
  He shook it in a shower.

Placid, the Sacristan,
  Fell on his face afraid,

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Tears down his old cheeks ran —
"Dear God, dear God!" he said.

"Dear God, dear God!" he wept;
"See how thy table-cloth
Was well-guarded and kept
While I gave way to sloth."

The bell called him to prayer,
He went obediently.
"'T were well that all my care
Had such sweet strewings," said he.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE

BY JOHN BUCHAN

I

THE phrase was Lady Caerlaverock's. I remember her use of it when, with strained face and anxious eyes, she told me of the deplorable calamity which had befallen her party and her friends. "God's Providence is a terrible thing," she had sighed, believing, I think, that she was quoting Scripture. I have put the phrase at the head of this narrative, because, as it happens, it was also the name of the strange force, drug, or enchantment, which, transmitted from the dim antiquity of the East, played havoc for a season with the sober government of England. The events which I purpose to chronicle were known to perhaps a hundred people in London whose fate brings them into contact with politics. The consequences were apparent to all the world, and for one hectic fortnight tinged the soberest newspapers with saffron, drove more than one worthy election agent to an asylum, and sent whole batches of legislators to continental "cures." But no reasonable explanation of the mystery has been forthcoming until now, when a series of chances has given the key into my hands.

Lady Caerlaverock is my aunt, and I was present at the two remarkable dinner-parties which are the main events in this tale. I was also taken into her confidence during the terrible fortnight which intervened between them. Like everybody else, I was hopelessly in the dark, and could only accept what happened as a divine interposition. My first clue came when James, the Caerlaverocks' second footman, entered my service as valet, and being a cheerful youth, chose to gossip while he shaved me. I checked him, but he babbled on, and I could not choose but

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learn something about the disposition of the Caerlaverock household below stairs. I learned — what I knew before — that his lordship had an inordinate love for curries, a taste acquired during some troubled years as Indian viceroy. I had often eaten that admirable dish at his table, and had heard him boast of the skill of the Indian cook who prepared it. James, it appeared, did not hold with the Oriental in the kitchen. He described the said Indian gentleman as a "nigger," and expressed profound distrust of his ways. He referred darkly to the events of the year before, which in some distorted way had reached the servants' ears. "We always thought as 'ow it was them niggers as done it," he declared; and when I questioned him on his use of the plural, admitted that at the time in question "there 'ad been more nor one nigger 'anging about the kitchen."

Pondering on these sayings, I asked myself if it were not possible that the behavior of certain eminent statesmen was due to some strange devilry of the East, and I made a vow to abstain in future from the Caerlaverock curries. But last month my brother returned from India, and I got the whole truth.

George is a silent creature, who has spent twenty years in various native states as guide, philosopher, and friend to their rulers. What he does not know about India is scarcely knowledge, but he is uncommon slow in imparting his wisdom. On this occasion he was staying with me in Scotland, and in the smoking-room the talk turned on occultism in the East. I declared myself a skeptic, and George was stirred. He asked me rudely what I knew about it, and proceeded to make a startling confession of faith. He was cross-examined by the others, and retorted with some of his experiences. Finding an incredulous audience, his tales became more defiant, until he capped them all with one monstrous yarn. He maintained that in a Hindu family of his acquaintance there had been transmitted the secret of a drug, capable of altering a man's whole temperament until the antidote was administered. It would turn a coward into a bravo, a miser into a spendthrift, a rake into a fakir. Then, having delivered his manifesto, he got up abruptly, and went to bed.

I followed him to his room, for something in the story had revived a memory. By dint of much persuasion I dragged from the somnolent George various details. The family in question were Beharis, large landholders dwelling near the Nepal border. He had known old Ram Singh for years, and had seen him twice since his return from England. He had got the story from him, under no promise of secrecy, for the family drug was as well known in the neighborhood as the nine incarnations of Krishna. George had never repeated the tale, for in a life so full of marvels one more or less mattered little. But he had no doubt about the truth of it, for he had positive proof.

"And others besides me," he said. "Do you remember when Vennard had a lucid interval a couple of years ago, and talked sense for once? That was old Ram Singh's doing, for he told me about it."

Three years ago, it seems, the government of India saw fit to appoint a commission to inquire into land tenure on the Nepal border. Some of the feudal rajahs had been "birsing yont," like the Breadalbanes, and the smaller zemindars were gravely disquieted. The result of the commission was that Ram Singh had his boundaries rectified, and lost a mile or two of country which his hard-fisted fathers had won. I know nothing of the rights of the matter, but there can be no doubt about Ram Singh's dissatisfaction. He conceived himself to have been foully wronged,

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and, the day of force being over, he appealed to the law courts. He failed to upset the commission's finding, and the Privy Council upheld the Indian judgment. Thereupon in a flowery and eloquent document he laid his case before the viceroy, and was told that the matter was closed.

Now Ram Singh came of a fighting stock, so he straightway took ship to England to petition the Crown. He petitioned Parliament, but his petition went into the bag behind the Speaker's chair, from which there is no return. He petitioned the King, but was courteously informed that he must approach the department concerned. He tried the Secretary of State for India, and had an interview with Abinger Vennard, who was very rude to him. He appealed to the Prime Minister, and was warned off by a harassed private secretary. The handful of members of Parliament who make Indian grievances their stock in trade fought shy of him, for indeed Ram Singh's case had no sort of platform appeal in it, and his arguments were flagrantly undemocratic. But they sent him to Lord Caerlaverock, for the ex-viceroy loved to be treated as a kind of consul-general for India. The Protector of the Poor, however, proved a broken reed. He told Ram Singh flatly that he was a belated feudalist, which was true, and implied that he was a land-grabber, which was not true, Ram Singh having only enjoyed the fruits of the enterprise of his forbears. Deeply incensed, the appellant shook the dust of Caerlaverock House from his feet, and sat down to plan a revenge upon the government which had wronged him. And in his wrath he thought of the heirloom of his house, the drug known as "God's Providence."

It happened that Lord Caerlaverock's cook came from the same neighborhood as Ram Singh. This cook, Lal Muhammed by name, was one of a large poor family, hangers-on of Ram Singh's house. The aggrieved landowner summoned him, and demanded as of right his humble services. Lal Muhammed, who found his berth to his liking, hesitated, quibbled, but was finally overborne. He knew all about "God's Providence," and had a fuller understanding than Ram Singh of the encyclopædic incredulity of the English race. The drug wrought no ill to the body, which the law of England rates high; a change of temperament, argued Lal Muhammed, is an offense not known at the Old Bailey. Thereupon he got to business. There was a great dinner next week, — so he had learned from Jephson, the butler, — and more than one member of the government would honor Caerlaverock House by his presence. With deference he suggested this as a fitting occasion for the experiment, and Ram Singh was pleased to assent.

I can picture these two holding their meetings. I can see the little packet of clear grains — I picture them like small granulated sugar — added to the condiments, and soon dissolved out of sight.

II

My wife was at Kissingen, and I was dining with the Caerlaverocks *en garçon*. When I have not to wait upon the adornment of the female person I am a man of punctual habits, and I reached the house as the hall clock chimed the quarter past. My poor friend, Tommy Deloraine, arrived along with me, and we ascended the staircase together. I call him "my poor friend," for at the moment Tommy was under the weather. He had the misfortune to be a marquis, and a very rich one, and at the same time to be in love with Claudia Barriton. Neither circumstance was in itself an evil, but the combina-

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tion made for tragedy. For Tommy's twenty-five years of healthy manhood, his cleanly-made, upstanding figure, fresh countenance and cheerful laugh, were of no avail in the lady's eyes when set against the fact that he was an idle peer.

Miss Claudia was a charming girl, with a notable bee in her bonnet. She was burdened with the cares of the state and had no patience with any one who took them lightly. Her rôle was not unlike that of Mrs. Humphry Ward's heroines, except that she had no tolerance for the conservative tendencies of these ladies. To her mind, the social fabric was rotten beyond repair, and her purpose was frankly destructive. I remember some of her phrases: "A bold and generous policy of social amelioration," "The development of a civic conscience," "A strong hand to lop off decaying branches from the trunk of the state." I have no fault to find with her creed, but I objected to its practical working when it took the shape of an inhuman hostility to that devout lover, Tommy Deloraine. She had refused him, I believe, three times, with every circumstance of scorn. The first time she had analyzed his character, and described him as a bundle of attractive weaknesses. "The only forces I recognize are those of intellect and conscience," she had said, "and you have neither." The second time — it was after he had been to Canada on the staff — she spoke of the irreconcilability of their political ideals. "You are an Imperialist," she said, "and believe in an empire of conquest for the benefit of the few. I want a little island with a rich life for all."

Tommy declared that he would become a Doukhobor to please her, but she said something about the inability of Ethiopians to change their skin.

The third time she hinted vaguely that there was "another." The star of Abinger Vennard was now blazing in the firmament, and she had conceived a platonic admiration for him. The truth is that Miss Claudia, with all her cleverness, was very young and rather silly.

My aunt Emily favored Deloraine's suit, though she warmly applauded Miss Barriton's politics, and she had shown her good-will by asking them both to dine. "O my dear," she whispered to me, "I am sending them down together, but I am afraid it is no use. Mr. Vennard is coming, you see, and Claudia will have eyes only for him, though I don't think he is aware of her existence. What can we do for poor Lord Deloraine?"

Caerlaverock was stroking his beard, legs a-straddle on the hearthrug, with something appallingly viceregal in his air, when Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Cargill were announced. The Home Secretary was a joy to behold. He had the face of an elderly and pious bookmaker, and a voice in which lurked the indescribable Scotch quality of "unction." When he was talking you had only to shut your eyes to imagine yourself in some lowland kirk on a hot Sabbath morning. He had been a distinguished advocate before he left the law for politics, and had swayed juries of his countrymen at his will. The man was extraordinarily efficient on a platform. There were unplumbed depths of emotion in his eye, a juicy sentiment in his voice, an overpowering tenderness in his manner, which gave to politics the glamour of a revival meeting. He wallowed in obvious pathos, and his hearers, often unwillingly, wallowed with him. I have never listened to any orator at once so offensive and so horribly effective. There was no appeal too base for him, and none too august: by some subtle alchemy he blended the arts of the prophet and the fishwife. He had discovered a new kind of language. In-

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stead of "the hungry millions," or "the toilers," or any of the numerous synonyms for our masters, he invented the phrase "Goad's people." "I shall never rest," so ran his great declaration, "till Goad's green fields and Goad's clear waters are free to Goad's people." I remember how on this occasion he pressed my hand with his famous cordiality, looked gravely and earnestly into my face, and then gazed sternly into vacancy. It was a fine picture of genius descending for a moment from his hill-top to show how close he was to poor humanity.

Then came Lord Mulross, a respectable troglodytic peer, who represented the one sluggish element in a swiftly progressing government. He was an oldish man with bushy whiskers and a reputed mastery of the French tongue. A Whig, who had never changed his creed one iota, he was highly valued by the country as a sober element in the nation's councils, and endured by the Cabinet as necessary ballast. He did not conceal his dislike for certain of his colleagues, notably Mr. Vennard and Mr. Cargill.

When Miss Barriton arrived with her stepmother, the party was almost complete. She entered with an air of apologizing for her prettiness. Her manner with old men was delightful, and I watched with interest the unbending of Caerlaverock, and the simplifying of Mr. Cargill in her presence. Deloraine, who was talking feverishly to Mrs. Cargill, started as if to go and greet her, thought better of it, and continued his conversation. The lady swept the room with her eye, but did not acknowledge his presence.

Last of all, twenty minutes late, came Abinger Vennard. He made a fine stage entrance, walking swiftly with a lowering brow to his hostess, and then glaring fiercely round the room as if to challenge criticism. I have heard Deloraine in a moment of irritation describe him as a "pre-Raphaelite attorney," but there could be no denying his good looks. He had a bad loose figure, and a quantity of studiously neglected hair, but his face was the face of a young Greek. A certain kind of political success gives a man the manners of an actor, and both Vennard and Cargill bristled with self-consciousness.

"Well, Vennard, what's the news from the House?" Caerlaverock asked.

"Simpson is talking," said Vennard wearily. "He attacks me, of course. He says he has lived forty years in India, — as if that mattered! When will people recognize that the truths of democratic policy are independent of time and space! Liberalism is a category, an eternal mode of thought, which cannot be overthrown by any trivial happenings. I am sick of the word 'facts.' I long for truths."

Miss Barriton's eyes brightened, and Cargill said, "Excellent." Lord Mulross, who was a little deaf, and in any case did not understand the language, said loudly to my aunt that he wished there was a close time for legislation. "The open season for grouse should be the close season for politicians."

And then we went down to dinner.

Miss Barriton sat on my left hand between Deloraine and me, and it was clear she was discontented with her position. Her eyes wandered down the table to Vennard, who had taken in an American duchess, and seemed to be amused at her prattle. She looked with complete disfavor at Deloraine, and turned to me as the lesser of two evils.

I was tactless enough to say that I thought there was a good deal in Lord Mulross's view.

"Oh, how can you?" she cried. "Is there a close season for the wants of the people? It sounds to me perfectly horrible, the way you talk of government as if it were a game for idle men of the

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upper classes. I want professional politicians, men who give their whole heart and soul to the service of the state. I know the kind of member you and Lord Deloraine like, — a rich young man who eats and drinks too much, and thinks the real business of life is killing little birds. He travels abroad and shoots some big game, and then comes home and vapors about the empire. He knows nothing about realities, and will go down before the men who take the world seriously."

I am afraid I laughed, but Deloraine, who had been listening, was in no mood to be amused.

"I don't think you are quite fair to us, Miss Claudia," he said slowly. "We take things seriously enough, the things we know about. We can't be expected to know about everything, and the misfortune is that the things I care about don't interest you. But they are important enough for all that."

"Hush," said the lady rudely. "I want to hear what Mr. Vennard is saying."

Mr. Vennard was addressing the dinner-table as if it were a large public meeting. It was a habit he had. His words were directed to Caerlaverock at the far end.

"In my opinion this craze for the scientific standpoint is not merely overdone: it is radically vicious. Human destinies cannot be treated as if they were inert objects under the microscope. The cold-blooded logical way of treating a problem is in almost every case the wrong way. Heart and imagination to me are more vital than intellect. I have the courage to be illogical, to defy facts for the sake of my ideal, in the certainty that in time facts will fall into conformity. My creed may be put in the words of Newman's favorite quotation: 'Non in dialectica complacuit Deo salvum facere populum suum' — Not in cold logic is it God's will that his people should find salvation."

"It is profoundly true," sighed Mr. Cargill, and Miss Claudia's beaming eyes proved her assent.

The moment of destiny, though I did not know it, had arrived. The *entrée* course had begun, and of the two *entrées* one was the famous Caerlaverock curry. Now on a hot July evening in London there are more attractive foods than curry seven times heated, *more Indico*. I doubt if any guest would have touched it, had not our host in his viceregal voice called the attention of the three ministers to its merits, while explaining that under doctor's orders he was compelled to refrain for a season. The result was that Mulross, Cargill, and Vennard alone of the men partook of it. Miss Claudia, alone of the women, followed suit. In the fervor of her hero-worship, she ate a mouthful, and then drank rapidly two glasses of water.

My narrative of the events which followed is based rather on what I should have seen than on what I saw. I had not the key, and missed much which otherwise would have been plain to me. For example, if I had known the secret, I must have seen Miss Claudia's gaze cease to rest upon Vennard, and the adoration die out of her eyes. I must have noticed her face soften to the unhappy Deloraine. As it was, I did not remark her behavior till I heard her say to her neighbor, —

"Can't you get hold of Mr. Vennard and forcibly cut his hair?"

Deloraine looked round with a start. Miss Barriton's tone was intimate, and her face friendly.

"Some people think it picturesque," he said in serious bewilderment.

"Oh, yes, picturesque — like a hairdresser's young man!" She shrugged her shoulders. "He looks as if he had never been out of doors in his life."

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Now, whatever the faults of Tommy's appearance, he had a wholesome sunburned face, and he knew it. This speech of Miss Barriton's cheered him enormously.

I do not know how their conversation prospered, for my attention was distracted by the extraordinary behavior of the Home Secretary. Mr. Cargill had made himself notorious by his treatment of "political" prisoners. It was sufficient in his eyes for a criminal to confess to political convictions to secure the most lenient treatment and a speedy release. The Irish patriot who cracked skulls, the Suffragist who broke windows and the noses of the police, the Social Democrat whose antipathy to the Tsar revealed itself in assaults upon the Russian Embassy, the "hunger-marchers" who had designs on the British Museum, all were sure of respectful and tender handling. He had announced more than once, amid tumultuous cheering, that he "would never be the means of branding earnestness, however mistaken, with the badge of the felon."

He was talking, I recall, to Lady Lavinia Dobson, renowned in two hemispheres for her advocacy of women's rights. And this was what I heard him say. His face had suddenly grown flushed and his eye bright, so that he looked liker than ever to a bookmaker who had had a good meeting. "No, no, my dear lady, I have been a lawyer, and it is my duty in office to see that the law, the palladium of British liberties, is kept sacrosanct. The law is no respecter of persons, and I intend that it shall be no respecter of creeds. If men or women break the laws, to jail they shall go, though their intentions were those of the Apostle Paul. We don't punish them for being socialists or suffragists, but for breaking the peace. Why, goodness me, if we did n't, we should have every malefactor in Britain claiming preferential treatment because he was a Christian Scientist or a Pentecostal Dancer."

"Mr. Cargill, do you realize what you are saying?" said Lady Lavinia, with a scared face.

"Of course I do. I am a lawyer and may be presumed to know the law. If any other doctrine were admitted the empire would burst up in a fortnight."

"That I should live to hear you name that accursed name!" cried the outraged lady. "You are denying your gods, Mr. Cargill. You are forgetting the principles of a lifetime."

Mr. Cargill was becoming excited, and exchanging his ordinary Edinburgh-English for a broader and more effective dialect.

"Tut, tut, my good wumman. I may be allowed to know my own principles best. I tell ye I've always maintained these views from the day when I first walked the floor of the Parliament House. Besides, even if I had n't, I'm surely at liberty to change if I get more light. Whoever makes a fetich of consistency is a trumpery body, and little use to God or man. What ails ye at the empire, too? Is it not better to have a big country than a kailyard, or a house in Grosvenor Square than a but-and-ben in Balham?"

Lady Lavinia folded her hands. "We slaughter our black fellow-citizens, we fill South Africa with yellow slaves, we crowd the Indian prisons with the noblest and most enlightened of the Indian race, and we call that empire-building!"

"No we don't," said Mr. Cargill stoutly, "we call it common sense. That is the penal and repressive side of any great activity."

Picture to yourself a prophet who suddenly discovers that his God is laughing at him, a devotee whose saint winks and tells him that the devotion of years has been a farce, and you will

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get some idea of Lady Lavinia's frame of mind. Her sallow face flushed, her lip trembled, and she slewed round as far as her chair would permit her. Meanwhile, Mr. Cargill, redder than before, went on contentedly with his dinner.

I was glad when my aunt gave the signal to rise. The atmosphere was electric, and all were conscious of it save the three ministers, Deloraine, and Miss Claudia. Vennard seemed to be behaving very badly. He was arguing with Caerlaverock down the table, and the ex-viceroy's face was slowly getting purple. When the ladies had gone, we remained oblivious to wine and cigarettes, listening to this heated controversy which threatened any minute to end in a quarrel.

The subject was India, and Vennard was discoursing on the follies of all viceroys.

"Take this idiot we've got now," he declared. "He expects me to be a sort of wet-nurse to the government of India, and do all their dirty work for them. They know local conditions, and they have ample powers if they would only use them, but they won't take an atom of responsibility. How the deuce am I to decide for them, when in the nature of things I can't be half as well informed about the facts!"

"Do you maintain," said Caerlaverock, stuttering in his wrath, "that the British government should divest itself of responsibility for the government of our great Indian dependency?"

"Not a bit," said Vennard impatiently; "of course we are responsible, but that is all the more reason why the fellows who know the business at first-hand should do their duty. If I am the head of a bank I am responsible for its policy, but that doesn't mean that every local bank-manager should consult me about the solvency of clients I never heard of. Faversham keeps bleating to me that the state of India is dangerous. Well, for God's sake let him suppress every native paper, shut up the schools, and send every agitator to the Andamans. I'll back him up all right. But don't let him ask me what to do, for I don't know."

"You think such a course would be popular?" asked a large grave man, a newspaper editor.

"Of course it would," said Vennard cheerily. "The British public hates the idea of letting India get out of hand. But they want a lead. They can't be expected to start the show any more than I can."

Lord Caerlaverock rose to join the ladies, with an air of outraged dignity. Vennard pulled out his watch and announced that he must get back to the House.

"Do you know what I am going to do?" he asked. "I am going down to tell Simpson what I think of him. He gets up and prates of having been forty years in India. Well, I am going to tell him that it is to him and his forty-year lot that all this muddle is due. Oh, I assure you, there's going to be a row," said Vennard as he struggled into his coat.

Mulross had been sitting next me, and I asked him if he was leaving town. "I wish I could," he said, "but I fear I must stick on over the Twelfth. I don't like the way that fellow Von Kladow has been talking. He's up to no good, and he's going to get a flea in his ear before he is very much older."

Cheerfully, almost hilariously, the three ministers departed, Vennard and Cargill in a hansom, and Mulross on foot. I can only describe the condition of those left behind as nervous prostration. We looked furtively at one another, each afraid to hint his suspicions, but all convinced that a surprising judgment had befallen at least two members of His Majesty's government.

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For myself I put the number at three, for I did not like to hear a respected Whig Foreign Secretary talk about giving the Chancellor of a friendly but jealous Power a flea in his ear.

The only unperplexed face was Deloraine's. He whispered to me that Miss Barriton was going on to the Alvanleys' ball, and had warned him to be there. "She has n't been to a dance for months, you know," he said. "I really think things are beginning to go a little better, old man."

III

When I opened my paper next morning I read two startling pieces of news. Lord Mulross had been knocked down by a taxicab on his way home the night before, and was now in bed suffering from a bad shock and a bruised ankle. There was no cause for anxiety, said the report, but his lordship must keep his room for a week or two.

The second item, which filled leading articles, and overflowed into "Political Notes," was Mr. Vennard's speech. The Secretary for India had gone down about eleven o'clock to the House, where an Indian debate was dragging out its slow length. He sat down on the Treasury Bench and took notes, and the House soon filled in anticipation of his reply. Somewhere about half-past twelve he rose to wind up the debate, and the House was treated to an unparalleled sensation. He began with the unfortunate Simpson, and called him a silly old man who did not understand his silly old business. But it was the reasons he gave for this abuse which left his followers aghast. He attacked him because he had dared to talk second-rate Western politics in connection with India.

"Have you lived for forty years with your eyes shut," he cried, "that you cannot see the difference between a Bengali, married at fifteen and worshiping a Pantheon of savage gods, and the university-extension young Radical at home? There is a thousand years between them, and you dream of annihilating the centuries with a little dubious popular science!"

Then he turned to the other critics of Indian administration, his quondam supporters. The East, he said, had had its revenge upon the West by making certain Englishmen *babus*. His honorable friends had the same slipshod minds, and they talked the same pigeon-English, as the patriots of Bengal. Then his mood changed, and he delivered a solemn warning against what he called "the treason begotten of restless vanity and proved incompetence." He sat down, leaving a House deeply impressed and horribly mystified.

The next afternoon when I called at Caerlaverock House I found my aunt almost in tears.

"What has happened?" she cried. "What have we done that we should be punished in this awful way? And to think that the blow fell in this house. Caerlaverock was with the Prime Minister this morning. They are very anxious about what Mr. Cargill will do to-day. He is addressing the National Convention of Young Liberals at Oldham this afternoon, and though they have sent him a dozen telegrams they can get no answer. Caerlaverock went to Downing Street an hour ago to get news."

There was the sound of an electric brougham stopping in the square below, and we both listened with a premonition of disaster. A minute later Caerlaverock entered the room, and with him the Prime Minister. The cheerful, eupeptic countenance of the latter was clouded with care. He shook hands dismally with my aunt, nodded to me, and flung himself down on a sofa.

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"The worst has happened," Caerlaverock boomed solemnly. "Cargill has been incredibly and infamously silly." He tossed me an evening paper.

One glance convinced me that the Convention of Young Liberals had had a waking up. Cargill had addressed them on what he called the true view of citizenship. He had dismissed manhood suffrage as an obsolete folly. The franchise, he maintained, should be narrowed and given only to citizens, and his definition of citizenship was military training combined with a fairly high standard of rates and taxes. I do not know how the Young Liberals received this creed, but it had no sort of success with the Prime Minister.

"We must disavow him," said Caerlaverock.

"He is too valuable a man to lose," said the Prime Minister. "We must hope that it is only a temporary aberration. I simply cannot spare him in the House."

"But this is flat treason."

"I know, I know. But the situation wants delicate handling, my dear Caerlaverock. I see nothing for it but to give out that he was ill."

"Or drunk?" I suggested.

The Prime Minister shook his head sadly. "I fear it will be the same thing. What we call illness the ordinary man will interpret as intoxication. It is a most regrettable necessity, but we must face it."

The harassed leader rose, seized the evening paper, and departed as swiftly as he had come. "Remember, illness," were his parting words. "An old heart trouble which is apt to affect the brain. His friends have always known of it."

I walked home, and looked in at the club on my way. There I found Deloraine, devouring a hearty tea, and looking the picture of virtuous happiness.

"Well, this is tremendous news," I said, as I sat down beside him.

"What news?" he asked with a start.

"This row about Vennard and Cargill."

"Oh, that! I haven't seen the papers to-day. What's it all about?" His tone was devoid of interest.

Then I knew that something of great private moment had happened to Tommy.

"I hope I may congratulate you," I said.

Deloraine beamed on me affectionately. "Thanks, very much, old man. Things came all right, quite suddenly, you know."

V

The next week was an epoch in my life. While Lord Mulross's ankle approached convalescence, the hives of politics were humming with rumors. Vennard's speech had dissolved his party into its parent elements, and the opposition, as non-plussed as the government, did not dare as yet to claim the recruit. Consequently he was left alone till he should see fit to take a further step. He refused to be interviewed, using blasphemous language about our free press; and mercifully he showed no desire to make speeches. He went down to golf at Littlestone, and rarely showed himself in the House. The earnest young reformer seemed to have adopted not only the creed, but the habits, of his enemies.

Mr. Cargill's was a hard case. He returned from Oldham, delighted with himself and full of fight, to find awaiting him an urgent message from the Prime Minister. His chief was sympathetic and kindly. He had long noticed that the Home Secretary looked fagged and ill. Let him take a fortnight's holiday: — fish, golf, yacht — the Prime Minister was airily suggestive. In vain

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Mr. Cargill declared he was perfectly well. His chief gently but firmly overbore him, and insisted on sending him his own doctor. Then Mr. Cargill began to suspect, and asked the Prime Minister point-blank if he objected to his Oldham speech. He was told that there was no objection, a little strong meat, perhaps, for Young Liberals, a little daring, but full of Mr. Cargill's old intellectual power. Mollified and reassured, the Home Secretary agreed to a week's absence, and departed for a little salmon-fishing in Scotland.

"In a fortnight," said the Prime Minister to my aunt, "he will have forgotten all this nonsense; but, of course, we shall have to watch him very carefully in the future."

The press was given its cue, and announced that Mr. Cargill had spoken at Oldham while suffering from severe nervous break-down, and that the remarkable doctrines of that speech need not be taken seriously. As I had expected, the public put its own interpretation upon this tale. Men took each other aside in clubs, women gossiped in drawing-rooms, and in a week the Cargill scandal had assumed amazing proportions. The popular version was that the Home Secretary had got very drunk at Caerlaverock House, and, still under the influence of liquor, had addressed the Young Liberals at Oldham. He was now in an Inebriates' Home, and would not return to the House that session. I confess I trembled when I heard this story, for it was altogether too libelous to pass unnoticed.

A few days later I went to see my aunt to find out how the land lay. She was very bitter, I remember, about Claudia Barriton. "I expected sympathy and help from her, and she never comes near me. I can understand her being absorbed in her engagement, but I cannot understand the frivolous way she spoke when I saw her yesterday. She had the audacity to say that both Mr. Vennard and Mr. Cargill had gone up in her estimation. Young people can be so heartless."

I would have defended Miss Barriton, but at this moment an astonishing figure was announced. It was Mrs. Cargill, in traveling dress, with a purple bonnet and a green motor-veil. Her face was scarlet, whether from excitement or the winds of Scotland, and she charged down on us like a young bull.

"We have come back," she said, "to meet our accusers."

"Accusers!" cried my aunt.

"Yes, accusers!" said the lady. "The abominable rumor about Alexander has reached our ears. At this moment he is with the Prime Minister, demanding an official denial. I have come to you, because it was here, at your table, that Alexander is said to have fallen."

"I really don't know what you mean, Mrs. Cargill."

"I mean that Alexander is said to have become drunk while dining here, to have been drunk when he spoke at Oldham, and to be now in a Drunkards' Home." The poor lady broke down. "Alexander," she cried, "who has been a teetotaler from his youth, and for thirty years an elder in the Presbyterian church! No form of intoxicant has ever been permitted on our table. Even in illness the thing has never passed our lips."

My aunt by this time had pulled herself together.

"If this outrageous story is current, Mrs. Cargill, there is nothing for it but to come back. The only denial necessary is for Mr. Cargill to resume his work. I trust his health is better."

"He is well, but heartbroken. His is a sensitive nature, Lady Caerlaverock, and he feels a stain like a wound."

"There is no stain," said my aunt briskly. "Every public man is a target for scandals, but no one but a fool be-

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lieves them. Trust me, dear Mrs. Cargill, there is nothing to be anxious about now that you are back in London again."

On the contrary, I thought, there was more cause for anxiety than ever. Cargill was back in the House, and the illness game could not be played a second time. I went home that night acutely sympathetic toward the worries of the Prime Minister. Mulross would be abroad in a day or two, and Vennard and Cargill were volcanoes in eruption. The government was in a parlous state.

The same night I first heard the story of the Bill. Vennard had done more than play golf at Littlestone. His active mind — for his bitterest enemies never denied his intellectual energy — had been busy on a great scheme. At that time, it will be remembered, a serious shrinkage of unskilled labor existed not only in the Transvaal but in the new copper fields of East Africa. Simultaneously a famine was scourging Behar, and Vennard, to do him justice, had made manful efforts to cope with it. He had gone fully into the question, and had been slowly coming to the conclusion that Behar was hopelessly overcrowded. In his new frame of mind — unswervingly logical, utterly unemotional, and wholly unbounded by tradition — he had come to connect the African and Indian troubles, and to see in one the relief of the other.

Then, whispered from mouth to mouth, came the news of the Great Bill. Vennard, it was said, intended to bring in a measure at the earliest possible date to authorize a scheme of enforced and state-aided Indian emigration to the African mines. It would apply at first only to the famine districts, but power would be given to extend its working by proclamation to other areas. Such was the rumor, and I need not say it was soon magnified. In a day or two the story universally believed was that the Secretary for India was about to transfer the bulk of the Indian people to work as indentured laborers for South African Jews.

It was this popular version, I fancy, which reached the ears of Ram Singh, and the news came on him like a thunderclap. He thought that what Vennard proposed Vennard could do. He saw his native province stripped of its people; his fields left unploughed and his cattle untended; nay, it was possible, his own worthy and honorable self sent to a far country to dig in a hole. He walked home to Gloucester Road in heavy preoccupation, and the first thing he did was to get out the mysterious brass box in which he kept his valuables. From a pocket-book he took a small silk packet, opened it, and spilled a few clear grains on his hand. It was the antidote.

V

I conceive that the drug did not create new opinions, but elicited those which had hitherto lain dormant. Every man has a creed, but in his soul he knows that that creed has another side, possibly not less logical, which it does not suit him to produce. Our most honest convictions are not the children of pure reason, but of temperament, environment, necessity, and interest. The man who sees both sides of a question with equal clearness will remain suspended like Mahomet's coffin. Fortunately most of us take sides in life, and forget the one we reject. But our conscience tells us it is there, and we can on occasion state it with a fairness and fullness which proves that it is not wholly repellent to our reason. The drug altered temperament, and with it the creed which is mainly based on temperament. It scattered current convictions, roused dormant speculations,

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and, without damaging the reason, switched it on to a new track.

It was just a fortnight, I think, after the Caerlaverock dinner-party, when the Prime Minister resolved to bring matters to a head. He could not afford to wait forever on a return of sanity. He consulted Caerlaverock, and it was agreed that Vennard and Cargill should be asked, or rather commanded, to dine on the following evening at Caerlaverock House. Mulross, whose sanity was not suspected, and whose ankle was now well again, was also invited, as were three other members of the cabinet, and myself as *amicus curiæ*. It was understood that after dinner there would be a settling-up with the two rebels. They should either recant and come to heel, or depart from the fold to swell the wolf-pack of the opposition. The Prime Minister did not conceal the loss which the party would suffer, but he argued very sensibly that anything was better than a brace of vipers in its bosom.

I have never attended a more lugubrious function. When I arrived I found Caerlaverock, the Prime Minister, and the three other members of the cabinet, standing round a small fire in attitudes of nervous dejection. I remember it was a raw wet evening, but the gloom out of doors was sunshine compared to the gloom within. Caerlaverock's viceregal air had sadly altered. The Prime Minister, once famous for his genial manners, was pallid and preoccupied. We exchanged remarks about the weather, and the duration of the session. Then we fell silent till Mulross arrived.

He did not look as if he had come from a sick-bed. He came in as jaunty as a boy, limping just a little from his accident. He was greeted by his colleagues with tender solicitude, — completely wasted on him I fear.

"Devilish silly thing to do to get run over," he said. "I was in a brown study when a cab came round a corner. But I don't regret it, you know. During the past fortnight I have had leisure to go into this Bosnian Succession business, and I see now that Von Kladow has been playing one big game of bluff. Very well; it has got to stop. I am going to prick the bubble before I am many days older."

The Prime Minister looked anxious. "Our policy towards Bosnia has been one of non-interference. It is not for us, I should have thought, to read Germany a lesson."

"Oh, come now," Mulross said, slapping — actually slapping — his leader on the back; "we may drop that nonsense when we are alone. You know very well that there are limits to our game of non-interference. If we don't read Germany a lesson, she will read us one, and a damned long unpleasant one too. The sooner we give up all this milk-blooded, blue-spectacled, pacificist talk the better. However, you will see what I have got to say to-morrow in the House."

The Prime Minister's face lengthened. Mulross was not the pillar he had thought him, but a splintering reed. I saw that he agreed with me that this was the most dangerous of the lot.

Then Cargill and Vennard came in together. Both looked uncommonly fit, younger, trimmer, cleaner. Vennard, instead of his sloppy clothes and shaggy hair, was groomed like a guardsman, had a large pearl-and-diamond solitaire in his shirt, and a white waistcoat with jewelled buttons. He had lost all his self-consciousness, grinned cheerfully at the others, warmed his hands at the fire, and cursed the weather. Cargill, too, had lost his sanctimonious look. There was a bloom of rustic health on his cheek, and a spar-

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kle in his eye; he had the appearance of some rosy Scotch laird of Raeburn's painting. Both men wore an air of purpose and contentment.

Vennard turned at once on the Prime Minister. "Did you get my letter?" he asked. "No? Well you'll find it waiting when you get home. We're all friends here, so I can tell you its contents. We must get rid of that ridiculous Radical 'tail.' They think they have the whip-hand of us; well, we have got to prove that we can do very well without them. They have the impudence to say that the country is with them. I tell you it is rank nonsense. If you take a strong hand with them you'll double your popularity, and we'll come back next year with an increased majority. Cargill agrees with me."

The Prime Minister looked grave. "I am not prepared to discuss any policy of ostracism. What you call our 'tail' is a vital section of our party. Their creed may be one-sided, but it is none the less part of our mandate from the people."

"I want a leader who governs as well as reigns," said Vennard. "I believe in discipline, and you know as well as I do that the Rump is infernally out of hand."

"They are not the only members who fail in discipline."

Vennard grinned.

Cargill suddenly began to laugh. "I don't want any ostracism," said he. "Leave them alone, and Vennard and I will undertake to give them such a time in the House that they will wish they had never been born. We'll make them resign in batches."

Dinner was announced, and, laughing uproariously, the two rebels went arm-in-arm into the dining-room.

Cargill was in tremendous form. He began to tell Scotch stories, memories of his old Parliament-House days. He told them admirably, with a raciness of idiom which I had thought beyond him. They were long tales, and some were as broad as they were long, but Mr. Cargill disarmed criticism. His audience, rather scandalized at the start, was soon captured, and political troubles were soon forgotten in old-fashioned laughter. Even the Prime Minister's anxious face relaxed.

This lasted till the *entrée*, the famous Caerlaverock curry.

VI

As I have said, I was not in the secret, and did not detect the transition. As I partook of the dish, I remember feeling a sudden giddiness and a slight nausea. The antidote, to one who had not taken the drug, must have been, I fancy, in the nature of a mild emetic. A mist seemed to obscure the faces of my fellow guests, and slowly the tide of conversation ebbed away. First Vennard, then Cargill, became silent. I was feeling rather sick, and I noticed with some satisfaction that all our faces were a little green. I wondered casually if I had been poisoned.

The sensation passed, but the party had changed. More especially I was soon conscious that something had happened to the three ministers. I noticed Mulross particularly, for he was my neighbor. The look of keenness and vitality had died out of him, and suddenly he looked a rather old, rather tired man, very weary about the eyes.

I asked him if he felt seedy.

"No, not specially," he replied, "but that accident gave me a nasty shock."

"You should go off for a change," I said.

"I almost think I will," was the answer. "I had not meant to leave town till just before the Twelfth, but I think I had better get away to Marienbad for a fortnight. There is nothing doing

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in the House, and work at the office is at a standstill. Yes, I fancy I'll go abroad before the end of the week."

I caught the Prime Minister's eye, and saw that he had forgotten the purpose of the dinner, being dimly conscious that that purpose was now idle. Cargill and Vennard had ceased to talk like rebels. The Home Secretary had subsided into his old suave, phrasing self. The humor had gone out of his eye, and the looseness had returned to his lips. He was an older and more commonplace man, but harmless, quite harmless. Vennard, too, wore a new air, or rather had recaptured his old one. He was saying little, but his voice had lost its crispness, and recovered its half-plaintive unction; his shoulders had a droop in them; once more he bristled with self-consciousness.

We others were still shaky from the detestable curry, and were so puzzled as to be acutely uncomfortable. Relief would come later, no doubt; for the present we were uneasy at the weird transformation. I saw the Prime Minister examining the two faces intently, and the result seemed to satisfy him. He sighed and looked at Caerlaverock, who smiled and nodded.

"What about that Bill of yours, Vennard?" he asked. "There have been a lot of stupid rumors."

"Bill!" Vennard said. "I know of no Bill. Now that my departmental work is over, I can give my whole soul to Cargill's Small Holdings. Do you mean that?"

"Yes, of course. There was some confusion in the popular mind, but the old arrangement holds. You and Cargill will pull it through between you."

They began to talk about those weariful small holdings, and I ceased to listen. We left the dining-room and drifted to the library, where a fire tried to dispel the gloom of the weather. There was a feeling of deadly depression abroad, so that for all its awkwardness I would really have preferred the former Caerlaverock dinner. The Prime Minister was whispering to his host. I heard him say something about there being "the devil of a lot of explaining" before him.

Vennard and Cargill came last to the library, arm-in-arm as before.

"I should count it a greater honor," Vennard was saying, "to sweeten the lot of one toiler in England than to add a million miles to our territory. While one English household falls below the minimum scale of civic well-being all talk of empire is sin and folly."

"Excellent!" said Mr. Cargill.

Then I knew for certain that at last peace had descended upon the vexed tents of Israel.

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LA MAESTRA

BY CAROLINE MATTHEWS

WERE you ever at Asolo, the Asolo of poet and painter, of queen and peasant? Have you ever seen the Asolan hills touched with crimson and gray? and the Veneto plains, long straight seas of melting blue? and the rows upon rows of mulberry trees, shimmering lines of green? If so, then you too will have known why the Venetians of old so loved this country; why Catherine Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, chose it as her home; why Browning was inspired to write *Pippa Passes;* and why Fortunata of to-day, young, modern, blithe, pedals so gayly each morning off into space, and returns at noon, fresh, and sweet, and rested, from a day's teaching at her district school.

Fortunata is nineteen, and pretty, and the product of modern Italy and its public schools. In type, she scarcely differs from our own college girl. A greater poise of manner; a certain graciousness, due to race; a readier knowledge of how to seize opportunity; and no consciousness, whatever, that her work is life-work or her life a mission, — these are the differences. Wide would she open her beautiful eyes in clear astonishment should one endeavor to tell her of that most nerve-racking of all our teaching problems, moral uplift. She would not even understand it, for she is eminently practical, and dealing always with the present, sees nothing but the present, and lives squarely, generously, gloriously, in the present and for the present only. Why should she trouble her pretty head with problems? There is no reason; and then problems are so dull! Better leave them to Church and State. And she does.

This does not mean that nothing is expected of Fortunata. Much is expected, and much exacted. Obedience to her superiors, devotion to the children under her charge, knowledge of *how to teach*, intellectual growth, all this, — but no " fads," no " experimentation," no juggling with " moral training " or " social problems." She is there to teach, and to teach only. Less initiative is allowed her than is permitted our teachers, but life can thus be taken more quietly — and quiet makes for peace. Fortunata, therefore, will not break down, and become a nervous wreck, and lose her health. No indeed! Fortunata will marry, and bear children, and keep her roses — and still teach! For this is one of the many surprises Italy gives us: its married women are not barred from its schools. One session, mornings in summer, afternoons in winter, and the patriarchal mode of life, so simplify life that the bread-winners, whether married or single, are not overtaxed.

As in type, so in educational opportunity, Fortunata's life parallels closely that of the American country-bred college girl. Asolo is simply a small hill-town, quite distant from the nearest railroad, and to Asolo's communal or district school went the little Fortunata. It was close to her parents' home. In fact, it was part of it, for it was in the very Convent of St. Louis itself, just as her own home was once the sisters' wing of this self-same convent.

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Have you ever thought of this, of how often in the Italy of to-day one sees this very thing — the return of its children to its convents? To be sure the monks and the sisters are no longer there to teach the children. The government or state teachers do this. But the children play as of old in the cloistered courts, and sun themselves (when not engaged in that modern pastime, "supervised play") on the steps, and toddle into the church to help or hinder sacristan or verger, to say a Hail Mary, to gaze at a picture, to rest, to dream. And thus Fortunata passed five blessed years, and went bravely through her five grammar grades.

Any New England child could have done as much in any New England village, but no New England child could have done it so picturesquely. It is the setting that is so totally different. Then, too, the New England child would have had by far the easier task of the two, for she would have been studying in her own language, English, while Fortunata had to study in what was to her quite a new language, Italian. This fact should never be lost sight of in considering Italian educational methods, for it explains much — the greater emphasis, for example, laid upon language, and the superb way in which language is taught. Asolo could give but these five years to the little Fortunata, no more; and Fortunata, being too poor to go to Bassano, one of the Asolan masters was secured at a nominal fee, and Fortunata was carried by a strong, virile touch through the next four years. Every New England girl has had similar opportunity. There is always the minister to fall back upon, should the upper grammar grades and high school be lacking.

Then came to Fortunata long years of normal school and collegiate training, at Padua. Fancy the romance and beauty of being educated at Padua! For the New England girl it would have been Wellesley, or Radcliffe, or possibly Vassar; but Padua is clearly their superior, in that it sends to the schools teachers who are literally masters of *the art of teaching*. How this is done I do not know. But that it is done I do know. Teaching *is* an art in Italy. It must always be so where for the most part it is oral. The teacher thus creates her own art, so to speak, and on her individual power and skill in the use of this art hangs her pupils' success. The Padua girl has had greater stress laid upon "cultural" studies, and she has acquired "style" — otherwise there is enormous similarity between her and our own college girl.

Fortunata thinks some of our customs unpractical. Why, for instance, have a Saturday holiday when one has a Sunday holiday? Why have two holidays at once? I try to explain to her the joy and the freedom that a week-end holiday brings to the teacher; and how our teachers cling to the practice. But Fortunata is not convinced. It would mean, she says, five days of consecutive work, which, of course, in time would wear on the teacher. Better far the Italian method of making a holiday in the middle of the week, on a Wednesday, or on a Thursday.

And the boys are taught by women teachers? Fortunata is aghast. How can they ever become men under such a system? I explain that we ourselves are beginning to doubt whether they can, and that this over-feminization of our teaching corps is a burning question with us at the present day. Thereupon Fortunata brightens up. She sees some hope for us.

And what is moral training? she asks. Is it religious instruction? No. Is it philosophy? No. And then I sink into a sea of confused statement, trying to explain what it is. Fortunata smiles. "Dio mio," she exclaims, "how lucky

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I am not to have to teach it, and how bright the American teachers must be to understand it!"

Fortunata has great faith in the saints, especially in Saint Anthony of Padua. I discovered this one day when driving in one of those curious, saucer-shaped little carriages Asolo affects. We were beyond Possagno, when a glorious thunder-storm burst over our heads. I was terribly frightened, but this did not alter the fact that the storm was superb. We sought refuge in a peasant's house, that of a dear old woman living alone save for two men-servants, and the men wore not trousers but petticoats. They all do here. And the cattle were almost in the house. And the silk-worms on their shelves nearly filled the living-room, They, and a great chimney, and two chairs, and a table, and a dresser, and a shrine to Saint Anthony, did fill it. And the storm increasing, the old woman took from a secret store a blessed candle, and lighting it fastened it in the top drawer of the dresser directly in front of the Saint, and then, with clasped hands, and in the fitful light of fire and candle and lightning-flash, prayed to him that no hail might fall to kill the young grapes. And Fortunata, standing erect in her pretty white frock, what did Fortunata do — Fortunata the product of modern Italy and the new education? Why, Fortunata joined her prayers simply and reverently to those of the old woman, for she too has a vineyard! And the hail came down in rattling volleys of stone; but when at last it ceased, Fortunata, the younger, flung her arms about the older woman and smilingly exclaimed, "How much worse it might have been had Saint Anthony not interfered!"

That Church and State work together, and work harmoniously, for religious instruction, is abundantly evident; but the Veneto is peculiarly Catholic, and the problem is thus simplified. At San Vito, where is Fortunata's school, the priest gives religious instruction once a week. At A——, a town near by, only once a year. This difference in practice is curious. Of course in the latter case the day stands as a red-letter day, and the priest's work is simply that of an examiner, the government or state teachers having already, in a series of daily instructions, prepared the pupils. It was my good luck to stumble across this very day. Such hearty Ave Marias and Pater Nosters as rang out in that little basement schoolroom! Such absolute sympathy was there between children and priest! such pride in their pupils' achievement as was evinced by the teachers! such a jolly good feeling of all-round comradeship! Nothing could have been better, nothing more progressive.

And what is Fortunata's salary? One thousand lire, — a sum not so very different, counted in actual dollars, from the sum the women teachers average in their first year of district-school teaching in certain portions of our own states. Gauging it, however, by its purchasing power, Fortunata's salary has a far higher value than the two hundred dollars and more of the American teacher. But it is not so much the amount of salary as the disposition of it that is the interesting point. Fortunata hands hers to her mother; and Domenica, Fortunata's married sister, who is also a school-teacher, hands hers to her husband. The American, on the contrary, and with the full approval of her public, puts hers into her pocket, so to speak; that is, she keeps it in her own control. "What lack of reverence and respect!" cries the astonished Fortunata.

That in both instances results are similar, though arrived at differently, I have no manner of doubt: for Fortunata is daintiness itself. Her clothes

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are pretty, her hats coquettish, and yes, one day at Bassano, market-day, while I was buying currants and cakes, Fortunata bought a parasol, a pretty, fluffy, white affair! When she marries there will be something in the bank to buy her a wedding frock, to give her a marriage feast, to furnish her rooms (Domenica's are charming, all done in the palest of blues and pinks) at her husband's house. It would, therefore, be a rash person indeed who would say, there being two ways of doing the same thing, and neither one involving any question of moral turpitude, which way was the better way. Given, however, the proverbial kindness and thrift of the Italian parent, the Italian method is not one to be lightly cast aside as untenable. Family good-will is emphasized, and the *dot*, be it ever so small, carries one to one's husband with a gift in one's hand.

If, however, custom forbids to Fortunata the personal control of her income, it gives to her the far larger freedom of complete exemption from household or family care. As a bread-winner she is held in exactly the same esteem as is the man bread-winner. Like him, she has her profession. Like him, she goes out into the world to practice it. Like him, when she returns to her home she returns for rest and recreation. She assumes no household cares. She participates in no household drudgery. Should illness appear, its responsibilities and duties are borne by others, never by her. Nothing short of this would be deemed just. She is given her own bedroom without thought of a younger sister's sharing it. She is given her own sitting-room — kept dark, and fresh, and cool, always ready, and always awaiting her. In it is her writing-table, the simplest possible, with ink and paper, and pens, stacked in orderly array, and never touched by others. In it also is her work-table, with at one end her work-box, together with any pretty little piece of needle or pillow-lace she may be busy about for her own personal adornment, and, at the other end, an orderly little pile of folded garments in coarse colored cottons, her scholars' work; for as one of her school duties is to teach sewing, so another is to prepare this sewing. In this same room, too, is a third table, and by far the largest, standing the length of the room, and on this table Fortunata keeps her silk-worms, for like every other woman in Asolo, she is not above turning a penny when she can, only in her case the industry must always be a neat and attractive one. And silk-worm culture is all this. It is clean, quick, pretty work, taking but forty to forty-five days, and carrying a high net percentage of profit.

Think what our tired over-worked teachers would give for just this privilege that Fortunata so enjoys — complete freedom from household care! Think, too, of the gain to their work! Surely in this one respect, if in no other, Asolo shows a keen intelligence. But then in many ways Asolo is unique. It really delights in honoring women; and as in the past centuries it had its "Lady of Asolo," so in the present day it has its "Lady Sweep." It paid court to the one, and it now believes in the other. Its "Lady Sweep"? Yes, such is her title, and right bravely does she perform her duties. You should see the Piazza of a Saturday afternoon, after she and her hirelings, mere men, have been through it. And this is no light task, for Saturday in Asolo is market-day, and market-day means a cattle and pony fair, as well as the sale of meats and fruits and vegetables.

I discovered the Lady Sweep through avoiding her donkey, a beautiful silver-coated animal, who was forever coming down a street, alone and unattended, as I was going up; when, to

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escape a head-on collision, I was forced into a mad dash for the nearest doorway; or if, by chance, I met him standing still, I had to stop and do a sum in mental arithmetic before I dared undertake the necessary circle to avoid his heels. And — I was always laughed at! Other donkeys might butt into me, and the whole neighborhood came promptly to the rescue; but when it was a question of this silver-coated animal, every one sat tight on his or her door-sill and enjoyed the scene. At last one day, and in sheer desperation, I cried out, "Why don't you drive that donkey off? Why allow him such freedom?" "Touch *that* donkey," they cried in chorus, "why he is an honored guest in every house in Asolo, in every garden too! He would not touch a turnip unasked, and" — this last with supreme reverence — "he is the property of our Lady Sweep!"

And so it proved. And he has his days and hours of work, dragging the one tip-cart in Asolo's municipal street-cleaning service, his sturdy, bright-eyed, much beloved mistress, the Lady Sweep, trotting by his side.

I could never see that Fortunata read. There was no bookcase in her house, there were no piles of classics, or reference works, or novels; no, there was not even a newspaper. And of course there was no library in the town. Yet Fortunata had knowledge of, and could discuss intelligently, any political or social question of the day; she spoke French charmingly and fluently; and she was studying English, and studying it cleverly. That she was quick to seize opportunity there was no doubt. So also were other Asolans, for I remember Fortunata's saying to me one day, "Count C—— desires to call on you." "And why?" I queried. "He wishes to listen to your French," replied, in all simplicity, Fortunata.

So a day was appointed, and the count came, and sat, correctly and stiffly, in a chair straight in front of me, his hat by his side, and I conversed, as he desired, in French, though I felt very much as a talking-machine must feel when a new disk is suddenly and unexpectedly dropped into it. The incident striking me as typical, and the count proving charming (he was but a lad, just returned from his law-studies at Padua), a second afternoon followed, when I was received by his mother and his sisters at his own home.

And how does Fortunata live? So frugally, so primitively, or so it seemed to me, that no American girl would envy her. Has she then no comforts? Scarcely one, judging from our standpoint. Is her house not heated? Certainly not. How then does she keep warm? "Why," cries Fortunata, "it is very simple. The heat comes in from the outside! We leave the windows open." Think of this as a method of heating for a wind-swept Italian hill-town in mid-winter!

Has she electricity, or gas, or lamps? No. Any plumbing, or a bath, or running water? No. Surely she has that crowning glory, that first requisite of all New England housewives, a cooking-stove? No. How then does Fortunata bake and brew? But Fortunata never bakes or brews. It is her mother who cooks, always however in the simplest Italian fashion, a pot of polenta or soup boiling over a mass of blazing fagots, or an egg or a slice of meat frying in oil, in a dish by itself, over two bits of live charcoal. There is never question of roasting or baking. There is no oven. So Fortunata goes without roasts, or hot biscuits, or puddings, or cake, or pies, and seems none the worse for the deprivation. And it is Maddalena the maid — Maddalena, who has already given twenty-two years of faithful service to this one household — who does the washing, and

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the heavier cleaning. It is Maddalena, too, who goes to the well and fetches in great brass buckets, two at a time, every drop of water used in the house. And it is Maddalena who rushes to the Piazza, should a shower come up in the afternoon, with an umbrella for the Signorina, for Fortunata must not get wet. And it is Maddalena who goes to the garden gate and fetches back whatever her young mistress may have in her hand, whether parcel or coat. And again it is Maddalena who goes down to the town in the cool of the evening, and serves as body-guard to Fortunata, if she is spending the evening out. And Fortunata generally spends her evenings out; it is a custom of the country.

And do you think that Fortunata could be made to believe that the furnace, and gas, and running water, and cooking-stove, with its hot bread, and cake, and pies, and occasional roasts, all necessities to the American girl, are in reality at all necessary, or could in any sense be made a fair exchange for the services of her maid, Maddalena? No indeed! Consider, too, which is the more expensive life? And still again, which is the simpler and more restful? For these are all pertinent questions.

Would I like to see her home? asked Fortunata. It proved to be most charming! Characteristic, too, of the country, and an excellent example of the house of the small farmer. There were arched recesses underneath; and a simple stairway with a shrine to Saint Anthony at its base, and again a shrine to Saint Anthony to greet you as you reached its top; and great rooms, two stories of them, opening to right and to left of long, narrow halls; and floors and walls everywhere of stone and cement. And there was a garden; and a winding hillside vineyard; and there were fruit trees, cherry and pear and plum; and roses in plenty; and the quaintest of wells; and a few picturesque Stations of the Cross, done in stone and gay with color, left over from convent days; and the most varied and wonderful of views — but Asolo is one of the fairest spots on God's earth!

And would I like to see her school, and that of Domenica, her sister? Both were in the Pope's country. Oh! what a drive was that! Down from Asolo, past churches, and towers, and villas! Down through the vineyards, out to the plains! There lay Padua to the west, and Venice to the east! One could see each, a haze of blue spires swung across the horizon! And we came to San Vito and to Fortunata's school, the modern square, hygienic, two-room building, next to the Municipio and to the church; and to C——, and looked at Domenica's school; and then on to Riese, and into the Pope's house where he was born and reared, and into the church where he was curate; and we spoke with his nephew, a strikingly handsome man, and with his little great-grand-niece, the dearest tot imaginable; and then we turned, and climbed slowly back, up, and up, and up, past Catherine Cornaro's tower, almost to the Rocca itself; for Fortunata's house overtops everything save the Rocca. And there I left her, with her sunny head thrust out of a window, wishing me a happy farewell. But on my way down to the inn (I was to leave Asolo the next day) I met the gay, glad youth, so tall, so dark, so winning, of whom Fortunata and I had often talked, and to whom I fancied, only fancied, that the Maestra may have given her heart, and I breathed just this one wish — " that it might be."

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JAPANESE LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN

III

EDITED BY ELIZABETH BISLAND

THE influence of circumstance and environment in moulding human impulse and achievement has been so many times convincingly maintained, both before and since Taine applied the theory to literature, that every new proof to the contrary is of interest.

Maimed in his vision while still a lad, almost to the point of total blindness, Hearn struggled the rest of his life with myopia, and walked always in terror of immanent darkness. Yet the general sense left upon the mind by his whole body of work is of color. The brain behind those eyes so near to incompetence was a *seeing* mind, and through an inefficient medium perceived, as few men have done, every iridescence of his world. Not a shimmer or a glory escaped him. From his books might be gathered a delightful anthology of the beauty of tint, of form, of shadow, of line. No loveliness was too subtle, too evanescent, too minute, to be recognized by those dim and straining eyes.

And in these letters, again and again, some fairness, so fine as to go unperceived by the stronger-visioned, is commented upon with strong pleasure. His perception of the delicate groove in the Japanese eyelid, mentioned in the second letter of this third series, is one of those feats of observation which so often startled his better-sighted, but duller-visioned friends. Again, note his "living statues of gold, with *blue hair*, like the Carib half-breeds."

One with the patient curiosity to follow up these revelations of a sort of "second-sight," of delicate intensity, throughout his writings, might find almost sufficient testimony to prove that only through his myopic eyes could one learn wholly to see the complete beauty of the world.

[Received *March* 2, 1894.]

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

I am absolutely unproductive now, hovering between one thing and another, — sometimes angry with men, — sometimes with the Gods. But I think of many things. I have been long writing down extraordinary passages from the compositions of students. Some are simply queer, — some interest because showing a thought that is not as our thought, — some are beautiful, as in the old Chinese utterance about the firmament: —

"What thought is so high as it is, — what mind is so wide?"

What most pleases me are subjects taken from the memories and thoughts of the boys themselves. I have some beauties that I know to be original; and I have often thought of an essay about them. But of a few I am in doubt.

Can this be original? —

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Subject: "What men remember longest."

"When I was only four years old, my dear, dear mother died. It was a winter's day. The wind was blowing through the bushes and trees round our house. There were no leaves on the trees. Quails in the distance whistled with a melancholy sound. I remember that as my mother was lying in bed, a little before she died, I gave her a sweet orange. She smiled and took it and ate it. It was the last time she smiled. From that moment when she ceased to breathe until to-day, sixteen years have elapsed. But to me the time is as a moment. The winds that blew when my mother died, blow still; — the quails utter the same cries — all things are as then. But my mother never will come back again."

KUMAMOTO, *March* 6, 1894.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

Well, I read Loti all through in bed last night — and dropped asleep at last to dream of the *Venise fantasque et tremblotante.*

Before talking of the book especially I want to utter my heterodoxies and monstrosities in your ear. You will not be pleased, I fear; but truth is truth, however far it be from accepted standards.

To me the Japanese eye has a beauty which I think Western eyes have not. I have read nasty things written about Japanese eyes until I am tired of reading them. Now let me defend my seemingly monstrous proposition.

Miss Bird has well said that when one remains long in Japan, one finds one's standard of Beauty changing; and the fact is true of other countries than Japan. Any *real* traveller can give similar experiences. When I show beautiful European engravings of young girls or children to Japanese, what do they say? I have done it fifty times, and whenever I was able to get a criticism, it was always the same: "The faces are nice, — all but the eyes; the eyes are too big, — the eyes are monstrous." We judge by our conventions. The Orient judges by its own. Who is right?

There are eyes and eyes, in all countries — ugly and beautiful. To make comparisons of beauty we must take the most beautiful types of the West and East. If we do this, I think we find the Orient is right. The most beautiful pair of eyes I ever saw — a pair that fascinated me a great deal too much, and caused me to do some foolish things in old bachelor days — were Japanese. They were not small, but very characteristically racial; — the lashes were very long, and the opening also of the lids; — and the feeling they gave one was that of the eyes of a great wonderful bird of prey. — There are wonderful eyes in Japan for those who can see.

The eyelid is so very peculiar that I think its form decides — more than any other characteristic of the far Eastern races — the existence of two entirely distinct original varieties of mankind. The muscular attachments are quite different, and the lines of the lashes, — indeed the whole outer anatomy.

One might ask mockingly whether to Japanese eyelids could be applied the Greek term *charitoblepharos.* I think it could. There is a beauty of the Japanese eyelid, quite rare, but very singular — in which the lid-edge seems double, or at least marvellously grooved — and the effect is a softness and shadowiness difficult to describe.

However, it seems to me that the chief beauty of a beautiful Japanese eye is in the peculiar anatomical arrangement which characterizes it. The ball of the eye is *not* shown, — the setting is totally hidden. The brown smooth skin opens quite suddenly and

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strangely over a moving jewel. Now in the most beautiful Western eyes the set of the ball into the skull is visible, — the whole orbed form, and the whole line of the bone-socket, — except in special cases. The mechanism is visible. I think that, from a perfectly artistic point of view, the veiling of the mechanism is a greater feat on Nature's part. (I have seen a most beautiful pair of Chinese eyes, — that I will *never* forget.)

I don't mean to make any sweeping general rule. I only mean this: "Compare the most beautiful Japanese or Chinese eye with the most beautiful European eye, and see which suffers by comparison." I believe the true artist would say "neither." But that which least shows the *machinery behind* it — the osteological and nervous machinery — now appears to me to have the greater charm. I dare say such eyes as I speak of are not common; but beautiful eyes are common in no country that I have ever visited.

And now I will presume to express my opinion about another heresy, — that a white skin is the most beautiful. I think it is the *least* beautiful. The Greeks never made a *white* statue; they were always painted.

Naturally each race thinks itself the most beautiful. But we must not think about race in such matters at all, — only about color *per se*, and its effect upon the æsthetic *color-sense* in us, derived — as we all know through Mr. Grant Allen's popularization of a most complex subject — from ancestral experience in food-choice. The sensation of a beautiful sunset and that of a ripe apple is not so different in origin as might be supposed.

But to appreciate the beauty of colored skins, it is not simply enough to travel, — one must become familiar with the sight of them through months and years. (So strong our prejudices are!) And at last when you perceive there are human skins of real gold — (living statues of gold, with *blue hair*, like the Carib half-breeds!) — and all fruit-tints of skins, — orange, and yellow, and peach-red, and lustrous browns of countless shades; — and all colors of metal, too, — bronzes of every tone, — one begins to doubt whether a white skin is so fine! (If you don't believe these colors, just refer to Broca's pattern-books, where you will find that all jewel-colors exist in eyes, and all fruit-colors and metal-colors in skins. I could not believe my own eyes, till I saw Broca.) I have seen people who had grass-green emeralds instead of eyes, and topazes and rubies for eyes. And I have seen races with blue hair.

I do *not* think the Japanese skin remarkably beautiful; the "amber" of Arnold's imagination does not exist in this archipelago, — one must go to the tropics for that. The Italian or Spanish brown seems to me much richer and finer. But I am only talking in general. (It seems to me a sort of egg-color. Well, Mahomet says that is the color of the *houris*, — but it is nothing to other colors that exist.)

— Now for jet-black, — the smooth velvety black skin that remains cold as a lizard under the tropical sun.

It seems to me extremely beautiful! If it is beautiful in art, why should it not be beautiful in nature? As a matter of fact, it *is*, and has been so acknowledged, even by the most prejudiced slave-owning races.

Either Stanley, or Livingstone, perhaps, told the world that after long living in Africa, the sight of white faces produced something like fear. (And the Evil Spirits of Africa are white.) Well, even after a few months alone with black faces, I have felt that feeling of uncomfortableness at the sight of white faces. Something ghostly, terrible, seemed to have come into those

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faces that I had never imagined possible before. I felt for a moment the *black man's terror of the white*. At least I think I partly realized what it was.

You remember the Romans lost their first battles with the North through sheer fear. *Oculi cærulii et truces*, — *rutilæ comæ*, — *magna corpora!* — The fairer, — the weirder, — the more spectral, — the more terrible. Beauty there is in the North, of its kind. But it is surely not comparable with the wonderful beauty of color in other races.

. . . . . .

Faithfully,

LAFCADIO.

KUMAMOTO, *March* 19, 1894.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

. . . There is a good deal of thinking — curious thinking — among these men-students. I find the fact of existence is a trouble to not a few. "Why am I in the world. — Please tell me your views." These are the awful questions I am sometimes asked. I cannot forbear to cite a specimen-composition. It is queer, — is n't it?

"For what purpose do men live in this world? From the time a man is born he drinks, eats, speaks, sees, hears, feels happy or sad, sleeps at night, rises in the morning. He is educated, he grows up, he marries, he has sons, he becomes old, his hair turns white, and he dies.

"What does he do all his life? His whole occupation in this world is only to eat and to drink, to sleep and to rise up. Why came he into this world? Was it to eat and drink? Was it to sleep? Every day he does the same thing; — yet he is not tired!

"When rewarded he is glad. When pained he is sad. When he gets rich, he is happy; when he becomes poor, he is very unhappy. Why is he sad or glad about his condition? Happiness and sadness are only temporary. Why does he study hard? No matter how great a scholar he may become, when he is dead, there remains nothing of him — only bones!"

And observe that the author of the above is full of humor, life, and noisy fun. He it was who personated the Minister of France at the late banquet-act.

The composition brought a memory to me. A great crime which terrifies us by the revelation of the beast that hides far down, Minotaur-wise, in the unknown deeps of the human heart, sometimes makes one think like the above composition. All mysteries of pain and sorrow stir up afresh the awful three — Why? Whence? Whither?

Well, there had been a frightful crime committed. I slept and forgot the world and all things in the dead heavy sleep which men sleep in the tropics.

Midnight within forty hours of the Equator; and there was music that made people get out of their beds and cry.

The music was a serenade; — there were flutes and mandolins.

The flutes had dove-tones; and they purled and cooed and sobbed, — and cooed and sobbed and purled again; — and the mandolins, through the sweetness of the plaint, throbbed, like a beating of hearts.

The palms held their leaves still to listen. The warm wind, the warm sea, slept. Nothing moved but the stars and the fireflies.

And the melody said, more plainly than any speech articulate could ever say, —

"Do you not feel the Night in your heart, — the great sob of the joy of it?

"And this strange fragrance that recalls the past, — the love of all the dead who will never love again, — being only dust, — feeding the roots of the palms?"

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And I asked, " Why that wonderful, inexpressible, torturing sweetness of music? "

And they said: " *The murderer of the girl has been acquitted. They are consoling his family!* "

Faithfully,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, KYUSHU, *April* 7, 1894.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

Just back from Shikoku to find your kind letter. I thought of writing you on my journey, but as we rushed from Kumamoto to Kompira-uchi-machi and back in four days, I really could not get a chance to write a decent letter. This is partly about the Adventures of Kaji.

Before he was born, I remember expressing the fear in a letter to you that no child of mine could ever have the wonderful placidity of the little Japanese boy, Kame, whom I compared to a small Buddha. But, although in quite a different way, my boy turns out to be altogether Japanese in this excellent point. He never cries, which you will grant is quite extraordinary, — and is never sick, and likes travel. His adventures gave me proof (such as I could never otherwise have obtained) how much the Japanese love children, and how much deeper and more natural is the common interest of the people in children. Perhaps this may be partly, though not altogether explained, by the custom of early marriages, and the Oriental family structure. With us the long delay of marriages, and the disintegration of the family, and the difficulty of life, have all combined, doubtless, to create that absence of sentiment which renders it difficult for us to be interested at sight in children not our own; and which, by reaction perhaps, helps to make Western children so much naughtier and more troublesome than Oriental children.

On the train from Kumamoto to Moji we travelled with a crowd of furious politicians, — some of whom had evidently been banqueting. They shouted as they talked, and laughed enormously, and made a great ado. This interested Kaji. He looked at them very curiously, and laughed at them; and they stopped talking politics awhile to amuse themselves by watching him. So far as I could judge, Kaji began his travels by introducing peace into the world of politics.

At Moji he was carried all over the hotel, and made much of. We took a steamer the same night, — an abominable steamer (don't forget the name!) the Yodogawa Maru. No first-class cabin, — but a large *chu-to;* all together on the floor. There were perhaps twenty others with us, including a number of sweet women. At least I thought them very sweet, — partly because they were young, pretty, and gentle, — but much more because they begged for a loan of Kaji. He played with them all, and was petted very much. But he showed much more partiality for the men — (I pray the Gods he may always have this disposition; it would save him a universe of trouble); and the men carried him all over the ship, and the Captain descended from his bridge to play with him. Then one old man produced the portrait of his granddaughter, a little girl who he said looked much like Kaji; and the resemblance was really striking. Another passenger gave Kaji a small book to read as soon as he should be able; and little baskets of oranges, boxes of *suchi* and cakes were given us by various persons. Thus, as the " grub " furnished by the steamer was really uneatable, Kaji supplied us with provisions.

Kaji's grandmother, who carried him on her back over most of the distance, insisted upon certain observances.

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There was a wonderful display of phosphorescence that night; the ripples were literally created with fire, — a fire quite as bright as candlelight, — and at the bows of the steamer there was a pyrotechnic blazing and sputtering bright enough to read small print by. Kaji liked the sight, but was not allowed to look long at it; there is some ghostly idea connected with these sea-lights which I could not fully learn. (You know the French phrase, *la mer lampe.*) Well, the sea really did "lamp" that night; I never saw a brighter phosphorescence in the tropics. Even to throw a cigar-butt into the water, made a flashing like a fire-cracker. A tug (Ko-joki) passed us, surrounded by what seemed like a vast playing of Catharine-wheels. And Kaji also is not yet suffered to look much into a looking-glass, — for another ghostly reason which I shall some day tell you about.

At Tadotsu, the crew and passengers all said good-bye to Kaji. The women said, "We shall be lonesome now." Kaji laughed at them till their faces passed out of sight.

The hotel at Tadotsu called the Hanabishi is very, very pretty, — and rather old. The *oshiire* were wonderful; — the *jibukuro* were marvellous; the whole place would have delighted Morse unspeakably. And nowhere else in all Japan did I ever eat such fried fish! — just out of the sea. You know Tadotsu, so I need not describe it. Except for the modern structures, the town is delightful. Settsu said, "I saw this place before in a dream." — I said, "That is because your ancestors visited it so often." Kaji was pleased by the shops, and we bought absurd little toys for him.

But the Kompira-uchi-machi was a greater surprise than Tadotsu. What a delicious town, — what survivals! It was just the day to see such things — a vast warm bath of blue light, cherries and peaches in bloom, long vistas through hazy bursts of pink and white blossom, — all divinely clear. And oh, oh, oh! the queer dear mountain-climbing city, — itself a pilgrim, all robed in blue and white, and shadowed and hatted with unspeakable tiling, — and supporting itself with staffs of bamboo, as it zigzags, singing, up to the clouds! Oh for a photographer that knew his business! — for an artist with a soul to image what cannot be described at all in words! Even Loti could not do it. Neither Nara nor Kitzuki, nor anything in Kyoto, nor anything in Kamakura, can ever compare with the "Saka." The colors, the shadowings, the flutterings of drapery, the riddles of the shops, the look-down over the magical village to the grand blue silhouette of Sannki-Fuji! I saw on the tablets the name of "B. H. Chamberlain, English,"—and I wished so much he were beside me, that I might say those things which moments inspire but which cannot be written or remembered.

Kaji's grandmother, at the bottom of the steps, took off her *zori*, and began the ascent very lightly, with the child on her back. I protested, but Settsu said, "No, that is mother's way; she thinks it wrong to approach a holy place with footgear." People stopped her to look at Kaji and ask questions. *I* was taken for an *Ainoko* by some, — Kaji seems to pass for a Japanese very well. In parts of Oki also I was said to be an Ainoko.

We made a present to the temple, following the example of B. H. Chamberlain, English; and the *miko* danced for us. They were two very pretty girls, — not painted up and powdered like the Nara virgins, but looking like the sisters of the daughters of the Dragon-King in the Urashima pictures. Kaji opened his eyes more widely, and laughed, and

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made one of the *miko* smile, even during her solemn dance. After the dance he became an object of attention. Kaji seemed to like the *miko* better than any other strangers of the fair sex; — for with this exception his friendships are especially masculine. I admired his taste in the case of the *miko*. Besides they were just at the loveable period between girlhood and womanhood, when children are very strongly sympathized with.

Our hotel was the Toraya. You know there are two figures of tigers there, said to have been made by Hidari Jiugoro, and caged in wire nets. (I suspect they are relics of the Buddhist days of Kompira.) And upstairs I found myself looking out upon the street through the legs of another tiger. There are more than one hundred rooms, and a very beautiful garden. What most impressed me was the use of a most beautiful sky-blue plaster for the walls of the back part of the buildings and corridors leading to the *chozuba*. — A lot of *geisha* came and sat down in the gallery to play with Kaji. I hope that will be Kaji's last acquaintance with *geisha*, — although they behaved very prettily with him.

I passed over the wonderful bridge, of course; and down the avenue of stone lanterns; and we ascended the colossal *toro*, and saw the black skillets in which two *go* of *tomoshiabura* are burned every night. But we did not take Kaji upstairs. It would have been dangerous. I observed the curious wind-bells of bronze, hung at the corners of the eaves; the very broad tongue has almost the figure of an inverted fleur-de-lys.

I returned by a much finer boat, — the Odagawa Maru, very comfortable, with a good table. There were many children; and Kaji won many successes. Meanwhile I met one of your old pupils, — a young naval surgeon named Oki, now stationed at Kure, with a prospect of three years study in Germany. A fine, long-limbed young fellow, with heavy eyebrows, and a love of innocent mischief. We talked a good deal together. I also met the new director of the Yamaguchi Higher Middle School — pleasant, cautious, and inquisitively official; there I saw only the surface. Oki seems to me a fine boy. He has just the necessary amount of conceit to help him through the surf of life; and exactly the disposition that will make friends for him among the students of Munich, where he hopes to go.

We were delayed about six hours by a perfectly black night — the hand could not be seen before the face. Kaji gave no trouble at all.

But there are so many risks for a child in travel, that I did not feel quite easy till we got home last night. I send a picture of Kaji. His last friendship on the railroad was with a grim-looking Government surveyor, whose hand he seized from behind, while the man was looking out of the window.

(*Finis first chapter of the Adventures of Kaji.*)

What, after all, is the charm of Kompira's city? Not certainly in any particular thing. It is the result of a great combination of very simple things under a divine sky. This grey day it would look common enough. Another day it would look like the ascent, through blue light and sungold, into the phantom city of the Gokuraku, and the gardens where souls, like Kaji's, are born out of the lotus-flowers, and fed with ambrosia by *miko* having wings. Truly the whole place is a work of art, —with well-chosen Nature for its living pedestal, or canvas.

And that's all about my travels.

. . . . . .

Faithfully,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

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KUMAMOTO, *May* 25, 1894.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

. . . To-day I spent an hour in reading over part of the notes taken on my first arrival, and during the first six months of 1890. Result, I asked myself: "How came you to go mad? — absolutely mad?" It was the same kind of madness as the first love of a boy.

I find I described horrible places as gardens of paradise, and horrid people as angels and divinities. How happy I must have been without knowing it! There are all my illusions facing me, — on faded yellow paper. I feel my face tingle as I study some of them. Happily I had the judgment not to print many lines from them.

But — I ask myself — am I the only fool in the world? Or was I a fool at all? Or is everybody, however wise, at first deluded more or less by unfamiliar conditions when these are agreeable, the idea always being the son of the wish?

Perhaps I was right in one way. For that moment Japan was really for *me* what I thought it. To the child, the world is blue and green; to the old man, grey — both are right.

So with all things. Relations alone exist. The writer's danger is that of describing his own, as if they were common or permanent. Perhaps the man who comes to Japan full of hate for all things Oriental may get nearer to truth at once — though, of course, he will also make a kindred mistake.

KUMAMOTO, *June* 4, 1894.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

. . . Every once in a while, some delightful, earnest, sweet-souled man — a Tempo — comes down here and lectures. He tells the boys of their relation to the country's future. He reminds them of their ancestors. He speaks to them of loyalty and honour. He laments the decay of the ancient spirit, and the demoralizing influence of Western manners and Western religion and Western business methods. And as the boys are good, their hearts get full, and something brightens their eyes in spite of the fashion of impassiveness. But what are their thoughts after?

A striking example was afforded me the other day, by a conversation with the remarkable student I told you of before, — Yasukochi Asakichi.

I will try to reproduce it thus: —

"Sir! What was your opinion of the old-fashioned Japanese when you came first to Japan. Please to be quite frank with me."

"You mean the old men like Akizuki-San?"

"Yes."

"Why I thought them divine, — Kami-Sama; and I think them more divine now that I have seen the new generation."

"Akizuki is a type of the ideal old samurai. But as a foreigner you must have perceived faults."

"How faults?"

"From your Western standpoint."

"My Western standpoint is philosophical and ethical. A people's perfection means their perfect fitness for the particular form of society to which they belong. Judging from such a standpoint the man of the Akizuki type was more perfect than any Western type I have ever met. Ethically, I could say the same."

"But in a Society of the Western type, could such men play a great part?"

"By their unaided exertions?"

"Yes."

"No; they have no business capacity, and no faculty for certain combinations."

"That is true. And in what did their goodness seem to consist to you?"

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"In honour, loyalty, courtesy, — in supreme self-control, — in unselfishness, — in consideration of the rights of others, — in readiness to sacrifice self."

"That also is true. But in Western life are these qualities sufficient to command success?"

"No."

"And the Oriental system of morals cultivated these; and the result of that cultivation was to suppress the individual for the sake of the whole?"

"Yes."

"On the other hand, the Western form of society develops the individual by encouraging selfishness — competition, struggle for gain, — and all that?"

"Yes."

"And Japan, in order to keep her place among nations, must do business and carry on industry and commerce in the Western manner?"

"Perhaps."

"I do not think there is a perhaps. There is only a must. We must have manufactures, commerce, banks, stock-companies — we must do things in the Western way, since our future must be industrial and commercial. If we should try to do things in the old way, we should always remain poor and feeble. We should also get the worst in every commercial transaction."

"Yes."

"Well, how can we do any business, — or attempt any enterprise, — or establish any large system, — or carry on any competition — or do anything on a large scale, — if we live by the old morality?"

"Why?"

"Because if we can do something advantageous to ourselves or our interests only by hurting some one else, we cannot do that according to the old morality."

"Yes."

"But to do business in a Western way we must not be checked by any such scruples; the man who hesitates to obtain an advantage simply because he knows some one else will be injured by it, will fail."

"Not always."

"It must be the general rule when there are no checks upon competition. The cleverest and strongest succeed; the weak and foolish fail; it is the natural law — the struggle for life. Is Western competition based upon love of one's fellow man?"

"No."

"Sir, the truth is that, no matter how good the old morality was, we cannot follow any such moral law and preserve our national independence and achieve any progress. We must try to substitute law for morality."

"It is a bad substitute."

"It is not a bad substitute in England. Besides at last, men, through the influence of law, will learn to be moral by reason, not by emotion. We must forsake our Past (?)"

And I could say nothing.

Heine said (I don't remember where) something about watching people as so many walking numerals. Peripatetic 1 giving an arm to peripatetic 2; 3 and 4 going to church together. To the Japanese official world, all of us foreigners are mere animated numerals. The salary of No. 7 ought to be reduced because it is larger than that of No. 8. There is no other reason.

. . . . . .

Most gratefully,

LAFCADIO.

[No date.]

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

. . . Now about your argument. Indeed, as you say, there is a vast spiritual side to Western life, and noble effort must ever rest upon a spiritual basis, — just as in hard science the most

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material possible fact rests on a metaphysical basis. This has been beautifully proved by Huxley. For when we even touch the question of matter itself scientifically, the thing vanishes further than Berkeley's examination ever went; and leaves us in the presence of nothing but ghostliness.

Unfortunately, however, that is what must be termed a material side to life, — the real materialism. Our civilization, with all its aspirations, is industrial and commercial, — and there is no morality in that competition worth priding ourselves upon. It is n't Yankeedom more than it is Anglodom. See, for a terrible illustration of the facts in the case, Herbert Spencer's essay "The Morals of Trade." Business men know this. The *Eclectics* you sent me contained several awful articles on the same subject, written by Englishmen. The fact seems to me that my young student is altogether right. Without having studied philosophy, he perceives that emotional morality must yield to legal morality; and I am trying to make him consider cosmic law *the* law to study, and he understands. I have English business friends; men who control vast movements of money. They do not hesitate to speak frankly about the cruelties and the bitterness of commercial competition.

Our whole civilization is based upon immorality — if we are to accept either the Buddhist or the Christian system of ethics. *There is a comparative* morality, of course; but he who follows the old code must fail. What you and I love — what we admire — what we aspire after — does not belong to industrialism; yet only by industrialism can any of us — even a Spencer or Huxley or Tennyson — exist. We can do what is beautiful or right — only by the aid of industrialism — unless, like Thoreau, we prefer to live in the woods. A larger morality will come — but only when competition ends. As for the condition of woman in Western lands, I think you refer only to the upper classes. The condition of woman in certain classes is horrible beyond Japanese imagining.

Ever sincerely,
LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, *June 27th*, 1894.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

Your letter came late last night, and made me very glad. It is really nice to be able to think, or at least to feel, as if one's friends were especially cared for by the Gods. I had no idea when I first wrote you on the subject how much real danger there was so near you.

There is no news here to send you, even about that tiresome subject — myself. The heat is great, but heat makes me feel young, although I am this blessed or accursed day exactly forty-four years old (27th June), and if I could be where it is always hot I think I should live to dry up and blow away. Still I can sympathize with your discomfort, — to enjoy great heat we should be able to dress or undress as we please, have freedom from dust, and the luxury of moving water — whether river, lake, or sea. I fear Tokyo has not these.

Liquidly beautiful the sky-fire is, and everything looks sharp as the edge of a sword, and the white clouds seem souls of Bosatsu about to melt into Nirvana. There is pleasure always in this nature — however wearisome the hard work of living (or working) with people who have no souls. For the Japanese officials have none. Imagine people having no sentiment of light — of blue — of infinity! And they cannot feel possibly the beauty of their own day as you or I do. Think of the comparison of Fuji to a white half-open

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inverted fan hanging in the sky. Of course it is pretty; it is even startlingly real; — but what sentiment is there in it? What feeling do mountains give these people? Surely nothing like the thought of Job, — "*He maketh Peace in His High Places.*" What feeling does light give them? — the light which makes us wish to pray — to thank somebody for? Nothing like the utterance of John, — "Verily this is the message we give unto you, — *that God is light!*" What even in their thought of Nature — beautifully as they mock her? Has any among them ever so much as thought the thought of the Bhagavad-Gita, — "I am the breath of winds, the light of waters — MOST ANCIENT AND MOST EXCELLENT OF POETS"?

Never a one! They have lost the child-hearts that the Gods gave them, which were beautiful; and in place of them have something resembling the legendary apples of Sodom — full of bitterness and dust only.

Oh dear! oh dear! I used to think I had no soul; but since coming here I think I have, — that if I try very hard, I could discover it. Converted from various nihilisms I have become. The Western world verily seems to me now not only a Titan world, but a world charged with spirit, like a dynamo with lightning.

Of course there are bottled devils in multitude, as in the Arabian tales of Soliman; but what a magical world it is! — and how much does absolute exile from it mean!

I wonder how I shall feel in another few years. Would that I could go to those zones in which Nature remains primeval, — where light is divine, and where people walk forever with eyes fixed upon the ground, — looking for snakes. Then I should say to the cobra, — "Thou art my sister and my brother. Thou hast a soul. So have I. But I have been among men not having souls."

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, *July* 21, 1894.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

. . . How touching Tolstoi is! Still, the fault of the beautiful religion of the man is simply that it is unsuited to the real order of things. Resentment, as Spencer has not hesitated to point out, is not only essential to self-preservation, but is often a moral duty. Altruistic characters may be regulated by Buddhist or Christian codes of action, — but what about anti-altruistic characters — the Ape-souls and tiger-souls whose pleasure is in malice or destruction? The number is few; — but which of us has not met some, and recognized their capacity for evil? I believe the mass of humanity is good. I think every man must so think who has suffered much, and reached middle life. Nevertheless the sum of this goodness is not so preponderant that we can practically adapt either Tolstoiism or Buddhism to our Western civilization. Indeed no general course of action will suit. The dynamics of ethics must be varied according to class and time. The great fault of all religious systems is their application of a single code to many widely different conditions. For all that, Tolstoi is certainly a light of the world, — a practical Christ in his own life. Curious that in Russia and England, in the same generation, two poets, Ruskin and Tolstoi, should have attempted to follow in practice the teaching: "Sell all thou hast, and give to the poor." The most religious men of the nineteenth century are the infidels — the "atheists and blasphemers."

I wish you could get Minnie Hauk to sing you a *Habanera*, or the Seguidilla (seducing word!) from *Carmen*. I heard her sing it, and the little eddies it made in my soul still thrill. — I can-

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not tell how glad I was to find that Mason had not read Prosper Mérimée's *Carmen*. The opera, lovely as it is, does not give the awful poignancy of the tale — simple and clear beyond description. I am going to send it up to you, with a bundle of other things, as soon as I get back.

This reminds me of a dream I had a few months ago. I was sleeping, after reading *Carmen* for the fifth time, I think — quite a tropical afternoon it was. I entered a patio, — between lemon-colored walls, — there was a crowd and music. I saw no face in the crowd — only felt people were there; — all my eyes and soul were for a gipsy dancing in the midst; — poising, hovering, balancing, tantalizing with eyes and gestures, — and every click of the castanets went into my blood. I woke up and found the clicking of the castanets was only the ticking of the little clock, — strangely exaggerated in the heated silence of the afternoon.

The enormous laughter of the crows every morning amuses me very much. I had not heard anything like it since leaving Izumo. The only striking bit of weirdness in "Shuntoku Maru" is that about indicating the time of the apparition of the boy's dead mother as "the hour when the crows first fly crying abroad, before the breaking of the day."

. . . . . .

Faithfully,
LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, *September* 11, 1894.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

. . . Well, I am sorry you feel vexed about the treaty. There is one thing in it I don't like for my own sake — the question of landholding. It affects the marriage question. I see no way out of the passage, except Japanese citizenship or great riches.

Excuse my hot words on the other side of the treaty question. I could not view from your standpoint, and cannot now, — simply because I can't think England has any real rights here at all. I see her only as a strong robber and an oppressor of weaker races. If I could get that point of view out of my head, I could judge otherwise. But — morally — what right has England to touch Japanese ground at all? And then, the curse of missionaries, the ruin of everything beautiful, the introduction of selfishness, the demoralization of a once happy people — the destruction of another Greece by another Rome — all this is very ugly and very sad. Let us admire Paulus Æmilius; but one street of Corinth or one temple at Olympus was artistically worth a great many Paulus(es). (This is the plural you approve.)

But Lord! Lord! what *is* morality? Nature's law — the cosmic law, is struggle, cruelty, pain — everything religion declares essentially immoral. The bird devours the fly, the cat the bird. Everything has been shaped, evolved, developed, by atrocious immorality. Our lives are sustained only by murder. Passions are given, which, if satisfied, would stifle the earth with population, were there not other passions of cruelty and avarice to counteract them. Perhaps it is the higher morality that the strong races should rob the weak, — deprive them of liberties and rights, — compel them to adopt beastly useless conventions, — insult their simple faith, — force upon them not the higher pleasures, but the deeper pains, of an infinitely more complicated and more unhappy civilization.

There certainly is no answer to this. It is contrary to all our inborn feeling of right. But what is that feeling? Only the necessary accompaniment of a social state. Does it correspond to any supreme law of the universe? — or is it merely relative? We *know* it is

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relative; we don't know anything about the ultimate laws. The God of the Universe may be a Devil, — only mocking us with contradictions, — forcing us through immeasurable pain to supreme efforts, which are to end in nothing but the laughter of skulls in a world's dust. Who knows? — We are only what we can't help being.

From remote time all my ancestors were in the army. Yet to kill the fly that buzzes round me as I write this letter seems to me wrong. To give pain knowingly, even to one whom I dislike, gives more pain to myself. Psychology tells me the why — the origin of the feeling. But not by any such feeling is the world ruled — or will so be ruled for incalculable time. Such dispositions are counted worthless and weak, and are unfitted for the accomplishment of large things. Yet all religions teach the cultivation of the very qualities that ruin us. Clever men always follow the forms and laugh at the spirit. Out of all this enormous and unspeakably cruel contradiction, what is to come? A golden age, some say. But what good will that do us? — and what good will it do any one — since it must pass according to inevitable laws? — I understand the laws, their results. But what is their meaning? What is right? What is wrong? Why should there be laws at all? . . .

Is it selfish to tell you my feelings? It would be, perhaps, if you were feeling gloriously well, — but as you also have some trouble, — perhaps more suffering from illness than you ever speak of, — you will have the grim comfort of knowing that one not sick at all thinks of your existence as the seventh heaven — as the life of Haroun Al Raschid — as the luxury of the most fortunate of the fortunate khalifs of Bagdad.

Faithfully, with best wishes,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, *November* 3, 1894.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

I got your last delightful letter in its Japanese envelope. You thought it was a poor letter; but what you generally think poor I find unusual interest in. There is a deal of concentrated penetrative observation in those hastily written notes of yours which sinks into my mind, and is apt to reappear again, after many days, in some essay of mine — having by that time become so much a part of my own thought that I find it difficult to establish the boundary-line between *meum* and *tuum*. Of course one must have lived a long time in the country to feel your letters in this way.

Aldrich is at the Grand Hotel, or was, until time of this writing. I dropped him a note, expressing the hope that he would meet you and Mason. He can talk Italy to you.

I am glad you agree about the Italian and French character — the depth, subtlety, and amazing latent power of the former; the Greek cast of the latter. Yes, I don't think we should disagree much — except as to my firm conviction of the artistic and moral value of sensuality. You know in this nineteenth century we are beginning to make war upon even intellectual sensuality, — the pleasure in emotional music, — the pleasure in physical grace as a study, — the pleasure in colored language and musical periods. I doubt if this is right. The puritanism of intellect is cultivated to the gain of certain degrees of power, but also the hardening of character, — ultimately tending to absolute selfishness and fixity of mental habit. Too deeply fixed in the cause of life are the pleasures of sense, to be weeded out without injury to the life-centres themselves, and to all the emotions springing from them. We cannot attack the physical without attacking the moral; for evolutionally all the

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higher intellectual faculties have their origin in the development of the physical. . . .

The *finale* of my long correspondence with you on Japanese character is frankly this (I know it is unjust; I know it is small. But I suppose it is natural, — and I am not superior to nature, — besides I see no reason why I should not be in all things frank with you): —

I hate and detest the Japanese.

I refused even to attend a banquet given by a European merchant the other day because there were Japanese present. I wish to make no more Japanese acquaintances. I shall never again be interested in any Japanese of the educated generation. I shall never even receive any of my former pupils. I simply *abominate* the Japanese.

There's a nice confession for the author of *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* to make. But remember — the book was finished a long time ago; and the illusion had not worn off. I should not like now to trust myself to say what I think of the Japanese in their relation to us. I fear the missionaries are right who declare them without honor, without gratitude, and without brains.

D——n the Japanese!

Excepting, of course, the women of Japan who are — well, who are *not* Japanese. They remain angels. Sufficient for this day is the evil thereof.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

(*The End.*)

THE MOTHER

BY HESTER I. RADFORD

You struggled blindly for my soul
And wept for me such bitter tears,
That through your faith my faith grew whole
And fearless of the coming years.

For in the path of doubt and dread
You would not let me walk alone,
But prayed the prayers I left unsaid
And sought the God I did disown.

You gave to me no word of blame
But wrapped me in your love's belief,
Dear love, that burnt my sin like flame,
And left me worthy of your grief.

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INTELLECTUAL LEADERSHIP IN CONTEMPORARY INDIA

BY PAUL S. REINSCH

In the leading European countries, as well as in Japan, there has been an uninterrupted development of national culture, disturbed at times, retarded, warped by external factors, yet in the main a continuous growth. There has at least been no violent break in traditions, from the Nibelungenlied to Hauptmann, from Beowulf to Tennyson, yes, even from Tacitus to Renan, from Aristotle to Lord Kelvin. The literature, science, philosophy, ethics, of to-day are intimately connected with our past traditions, out of which they have been gradually developed. Nor has there ever been a long period of decadence and stagnation; for as the Roman world fell into decay, the vigorous Germanic nations were giving themselves their first schooling in a more progressive civilization. In this the circumstances of the Orient, especially India, have differed widely from our own. There the great things lie in the past, and, for centuries prior to the coming of the British, the national mind, despairing of any higher destiny, or flatly contented, turned its eyes to the past for all guidance and inspiration. It was an era of intellectual languor, satisfied that the best had been said and the greatest achieved, — not a resolute striving for still higher advance. Then suddenly this connection with the past was severed, and the Indian intellect was invaded by the conflicting notions and ideas of European literary culture, imparted in a superficial manner.

It is a fact that the intense curiosity aroused among us by the Orient was in a measure reciprocated with regard to Western learning by a large part of the Indian cultured world, even in the first era of more intimate contact. The Indians were lukewarm in the support of their own traditional culture, and their youth crowded the opening portals of Western learning. Was it a true hunger for mental sustenance, was it idle curiosity, greed for novelty, which affects even the staid and stoic East? or was it even less dignified — connected with the quest for clerical employment?

Enthusiasm for the learning of the conquerors is indeed a frequent phenomenon: as the East Indians were eager to learn English, so are the Filipinos; so the Negroes of North America and of the West Indies yearn for a literary education. Undoubtedly motives of a mixed nature are active in this matter; chief among them, however, being a desire for intellectual equality with the ruling race. In India, where the educational system was made the gateway to preferment in the native civil service, narrowly utilitarian methods and practices soon began to dominate. It is curious to consider the effects produced when a purely cultural factor — literary or artistic — is turned into an instrument for obtaining an extraneous advantage, when it is associated with a utility foreign to itself. In India, education came to be regarded, not as a development and an unfolding of the

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mind, an adaptation to social environment and a fitting for social service, but as a condition to being employed by the government and earning a clerk's salary.

No system could have been more successfully devised for the intellectual emasculation of a race than this "introduction of the Eastern mind to the treasures of our literature and philosophy." Instead of training the power of observation in the bracing discipline of science, developing reason and judgment through social and historical investigation, and using literary studies for the nourishment of the critical and constructive faculties, Indian education has been made up mainly of learning by rote parts of an alien literature and half-understood summaries and abstracts. On account of the utilitarian character of the system, there has not even been an adequate or fruitful study of the classical and vernacular literature of India itself.

In brief, the net result achieved thus far, while the above methods were in use, has been to exaggerate certain native defects of the Indian intellect. Through pursuing dialectic and literary studies for ages, the Indian mind has become remarkably subtle, but also unused to direct observation, untrained in independent judgment, fond of wordy discussions, volatile, and unpractical. Thus by one of those strange paradoxes of which history is so fond, this system, introduced to liberate the Indian mind from the superstitions of a backward learning, has had the result of enslaving rather than setting free, of weakening rather than building up, the intellectual forces of India. At present its defenders and friends are few, but the effects produced will not soon be obliterated, though coming generations be better trained.

Looking now at the present situation of Indian intellectual life, without further emphasis upon the harm directly caused by an unfortunate system, we note as one of its most striking, yet natural, indirect results, an unusual dissociation of the educated from the masses of the people. The educated world is of course everywhere in danger of losing its contact with the broader currents of human life and experience; but in India, where the learned class has been reared upon an alien culture, this detachment is especially noticeable. The intellectual leaders are not fully understood by their own people; in other words, those whose intellectual powers entitle them to leadership have received from their education little assistance toward making such leadership effective. The intimate ideas, images, and notions that appeal to the Indian masses are derived from the Vedas, the Puranas, Kalidasa, not from Burke, Hume, and J. S. Mill. The subject-matter of Indian education is alien, and not of such a nature as to give the minds trained in it that acknowledged and almost irresistible power, which a thoroughly adequate education would bestow. An Indian orator, who wishes to appeal to the masses, must unlearn his alien ideas and steep himself again in the native lore. We know the high motives which led to the establishment of Western learning in India; yet if a follower of Machiavellian statecraft had created the Indian government, he could not have devised a shrewder means of sterilizing natural leadership than by making intellectual culture *alien* and *literary*.

It may here be noted that the actual influence of the educated natives has often been overestimated by the European observer. Their command of the English language enables them to make themselves heard in the world. But, on the other hand, their alien training prevents them from being always the effective interpreters of what the three hundred millions of the In-

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dian masses feel. It is this fact which makes it so difficult for an outsider to form an accurate judgment on Indian political conditions. He may listen to the sober and optimistic reports of the government, or to the contemptuous prejudices of the resident commercial Europeans and their press, or to the strident manifestoes and denunciations of the educated natives. Yet, how is he to form a correct view of the needs and feelings of the silent millions untouched by European culture, patient of conquerors, plodding and poor, but apt to move suddenly with the massive impact of a landslide or the tumultuous sweep of a typhoon? During the last few years, it is true, a great advance has been made in unifying the feelings and sentiments of all classes in India, and in making the leadership of the intellectual and educated more effective. But all the relations of public life in India still suffer from the dualism which has been pointed out.

But while the education in English has raised a wall between the learned and the masses, it has, on the other hand, exercised a unifying effect by giving India a common language; a language, it is true, which is used as their mother tongue by less than one-thousandth of the Indian population, and of which only a slightly larger portion of the natives have a good speaking knowledge; yet throughout the length and breadth of India, the educated classes can now be appealed to in this common vernacular. There has grown up an English native press, comprising some excellent, and numerous indifferent, periodicals and journals: and more than a thousand books are annually published in that language in India. It is the language of the lecture platform, and of the learned and political societies. The speeches in the Indian National Congress, in the general educational and social-reform congresses, are delivered not in Hindi or Bengali or Tamil, but in English. That the growth of a feeling of national unity among the Indian people has been helped by this fact goes without saying; yet the influence is not deep or far-reaching enough to afford a basis for a true national regeneration; for that purpose a native vernacular would be needed.

There is no likelihood that English will become the language of the masses in India, or of any very considerable portion of the population. Nevertheless its status as a literary language of the educated is not without its importance. For one thing, it keeps these classes in touch with European public opinion, and while it arouses in them political aspirations, it also makes them feel wherein their own culture and civilization are defective. Thus it is the native leaders of opinion who are most strenuous in their advocacy of a reform in education, in their demand for scientific training.

English is the language of conscious reasoning, of reflected thought, in India. Though creative literary expression has been attempted in English by Indian writers, they have achieved only a moderate amount of success. They have not come within measurable distance of the creation of a true Anglo-Indian literature, which would express and interpret the inner movement of Indian life, the deeper motives and feelings of the Indian soul. The delightful poems of Toru Dutt, and Ramakrishna's *Tales of Ind* are, after all, exotic. It is but natural that English has not become the language of the heart — of fireside tales and love-songs; still, as an instrument of exposition, argumentation, and description, it is being employed with great aptitude by numerous Indian writers, some of whom occasionally attain the level of the ablest English expository essayists.

Though the critical doorkeepers of

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even the better Indian reviews do not always succeed in shutting out articles of diffuse content and apprentice-like workmanship, a faithful reader of such periodicals as the *Hindustan Review*, the *Indian Magazine*, the *Indian World*, the *Modern Review*, *East and West*, will again and again be rewarded by some article of admirable clearness or true literary charm. This frequent mastery of a strong and nervous English style, which exacts an unfailing homage from those newly acquainted with Indian writing, is the one redeeming result of the educational system, as well as a proof of the adaptiveness of the Indian mind. The style of some of these writers would indeed satisfy the most exacting taste. Their diction is lucid and agreeable, their suggestions are subtle, their grasp of general ideas is impressive, their information wide and varied. They, however, often lack a sense of humor and a just appreciation of values, — which occasionally robs their writings of effectiveness to us.

The means of expression at the command of the Indian educated world are peculiar, in that they consist of a foreign language in which higher education is carried on, and in vernaculars which have but a short and meagre literary history. The older languages in which the treasures of Indian thought and expression repose, are still widely studied, and even employed as a medium for writing. Every year over five hundred Sanskrit books are published in India. Yet, however valuable as a language of classical scholarship, Sanskrit cannot be revived as a vernacular and adapted to the present literary needs of India.

History seems to point to Hindustani as the coming language of India, if, indeed, a common vernacular is finally to be adopted. This language is among the most lavishly endowed in existence. As English rests upon the solid substructure of a sturdy Saxon speech, and has been enriched through Norman French with the treasures of the Latin language, so Hindustani is an idiom based upon Hindi, the popular tongue of Upper India, a vernacular derived from Sanskrit, to which has been added the wealth of Persian and Arabic diction. Both Hindi, in which the Sanskrit element predominates, and Urdu, rich in Persian ingredients, have a noteworthy literature; they converge in Hindustani, in which all this rich inheritance of speech — such is the hope of the lovers of this language—is to be preserved in a tongue subtle and strong, direct, delicate, and expressive, capable of supplying the literary needs of a great nation. A society has recently been formed at Benares (Nagri-Pracharini Sabha) for the purpose of fostering the historic study of Hindi, and of bringing to light earlier manuscripts of literary value.

The conscious effort to develop the literary possibilities of the vernacular languages is of recent origin. It is to a large extent due to the quickening of the Indian intelligence which followed upon the first contact with Western reform ideas in the earlier half of the past century. Of this movement the Brahmo-Somaj was the centre. The men whose mental horizon had been widened by the new ideas, looked, for a medium to communicate the thought that was burning within them, to larger circles of their fellow men. The vernaculars — thus far used chiefly for oral communication — had been employed to a certain extent in poetic expression, but not in serious discussion in written prose. Rammohun Roy, one of the strongest advocates of Western learning and education, at the same time did pioneer service in making of Bengali a literary language. He took the initiative in creating a vernacular press in India. The impulse given by him was quickened by the great scholars Ishwar

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Ch. Vidyasagar and A. K. Dutt, who are generally considered as the real founders of Bengali prose.

Modern vernacular literature thus bears a strong imprint of Western, especially English, models and ideas; it is a reflex result of English education. The dialects of Bengali, Marathi, Urdu, and Hindi, have especially shared in this development. The best known novelist of modern India, Bankim Chandra Chatterji, as well as the poet Rabindra Nath Tagore, and the dramatist Dinabandhu, used Bengali; Tulsi Das, whose works have passed through hundreds of editions, wrote in Hindi; while the Urdu side of Hindustani boasts as leaders of its literary expression the court poets Munshi Ameer Ahmed *Ameer* and Nawab Mirza Khan *Dagh*, in whom lived the traditions of Persian song. Dinabandhu's tragedy, *Nil Darpan*, a counterpiece to Dekker's *Max Havelaar*, is strongly influenced by Western literary forms, though its subject-matter is Indian — the woes and sufferings of peasant existence. The romances of Bankim were inspired by Sir Walter Scott, though the materials from which they are wrought are Indian thought, tradition, and social convention. Such books as *Durgesa-Nandini*, *Kapâla Kundalâ*, *Chandra Shekar*, and *The Poison Tree*, afford an interesting survey of Indian life, traditions, and social ideals. From the point of view of art, their style is so simple and their thought so naïve as to give them an almost archaic flavor.

Bankim's books, *Ananda Math* and *Devi Chau Dhurani*, have become factors in the present unrest in India. The former, a story of a conspiracy to drive out the early English conquerors, contains the original of the national hymn, *Bande Mataram*. The romantic view of Indian history contained in these books has had a powerful influence in arousing the national spirit of India. The relation is not unlike that of early nineteenth-century romanticism to the development of German national life. So strong are the feelings that have been stirred up by these books that the government has been on the verge of forbidding their further publication as seditious, though they were written forty years ago.

Among the activities which radiate from the centres of Indian intellectual life, scientific research is the most slender and fitful. The apparatus of scientific scholarship is almost entirely lacking. The present resources of India are so poor that it has not been possible to establish well-furnished laboratories or even libraries. There is scarcely a high school in the larger cities of the United States which has not a better scientific equipment than can be found at any Indian institution of learning, with one or two exceptions. In all Bengal there are only two or three professors who have been encouraged and placed in a position to do research-work. While in Japan many hundreds of students engage in advanced research, Bengal cannot muster more than a score. Recently a wealthy Parsee, Mr. Tata, following in the footsteps of our own Carnegie, gave some million rupees for the foundation of a scientific institute in Bombay. On a smaller scale, a number of technical schools and scientific institutes have been founded, among them the memorial to Sir Amar Singh, established last year by his brother the Maharajah of Kashmir, at Srinagar. Thus what formerly would have been the occasion for the erection of some merely ostentatious monument, is now transformed into an aid toward higher national efficiency.

Native educational reformers are fully alive to the need of India for scientific research and training. Thus the Mohammedan college at Aligarh (Koil) combines a thorough scientific

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education with the study of the Islamite culture. The projects for a national Hindu university, in every case, include provisions for advanced courses in the natural sciences. The government, too, is beginning to give heed to these demands. It has established a few research scholarships, and seems inclined to give a more scientific turn to education. Yet many Anglo-Indians harbor a strong sentiment against letting the natives share in the scientific command over the forces of nature.

The scientific investigation of historic facts, so closely allied to the method of the natural sciences, has also received little encouragement in India. The Oriental mind is not predisposed to historic studies. True, the past appears all-important, but it is a static past, the age of some great reformer or religious leader, the past as enshrined in the sacred books. Or again, it is the past as idealized in the romantic fiction of a Bankim. As a development of which the present is the natural outcome, and through which alone it can be understood, history has lacked votaries in the East, although the evolutionary conception is clearly enough contained in Buddhist thought. Historic consciousness is one of the most striking characteristics of Western civilization, more especially of Western nationalism.

Among Oriental peoples, it is Japan alone, with its nationalistic spirit, that has anything approaching the Western conception of history. Moreover, special difficulties and discouragements confront the student of Indian history. The documentary records are unreliable and fragmentary. The continuous series of chronicles, charters, and lawbooks, which give a solid foundation to Western historic scholarship, as well as the cultural background provided by the Greek and Roman historians, are lacking in India. A satisfactory tracing in detail of the movements of Indian history is thus rendered almost impossible. There is a great uncertainty about dates and localities, and, although antiquarian details may be agreeable to some minds, there is no powerful fascination in investigations and controversies confined to such matters, with only a remote chance of satisfactory determination.

The deep interest of the more recent development of India has indeed inspired the labors of such men as Romesh C. Dutt (*Economic History of India*), and Pramatha N. Bose (*Hindu Civilization during British Rule*); moreover, with the awakening of a sense of Indian nationality, historic research is being enlivened and roused to greater effort. Little enough encouragement has come from the schools. History is taught, in a cut-and-dried fashion, from outlines and manuals which are mechanically memorized, though only half-understood. In some of the universities it is even possible to take honors in history without having received any university training in Indian history at all.

More has been accomplished on the side of literary history and criticism. The most original and powerful of Indian scholars, Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar and Rajendra Lal Mitra, gave their chief attention to such studies. These men exemplify in their intellectual life the best results of the contact between East and West. With their intelligence quickened and their mind enriched by Western learning, they remained true to their native culture, which they studied from a new point of view. The name, Vidyasagar, — Ocean of Learning, a *nom de guerre*, or might we say *nom de savoir*, like the titles bestowed on great mediæval teachers, — was conferred on its holder by his *alma mater*. With a head resembling that of Esopus as pictured by the Greek sculptor, this Indian scholar, versed in

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all the classic lore of his country, was no less deeply interested in the broad currents of humanity than was the Greek fabulist, nor was he entirely without the other's sense of humor. He found time to become a leader in social-reform movements and to do for the Bengali dialect what Luther had done for his Saxon tongue. Rajendra Lal Mitra, a man of superb bearing, a sinewy and erect body crowned with a leonine head, a man moreover of proud, unbending spirit, was perhaps the greatest Indian scholar and critic of the nineteenth century,—from our point of view at least.

Among the intellectual leaders of New India none have attracted more attention with us in the West than the religious and social reformers. Not only are the expressions of religious sentiment in the Orient in themselves deeply significant to us, but in this case our interest has been intensified because we have believed that we were witnessing an essential modification of Oriental thought consequent upon the contact with Western Christianity. That the Brahmo-Somaj movement was actually inspired by, and received its guiding impulse from, contact with the scientific West, is of course evident; but it is a more doubtful question how far the monotheism of Christianity exerted a distinctive and definite influence, although the Indian rationalist movement is full of assonances to Christian thought in its Unitarian form. The three sects into which the Brahmo-Somaj is now divided, together have less than five thousand members. They are indeed congregations of highly intellectual and *spirituel* people, to be compared with bodies like the old Positivist Society of London. But the movement has nothing of the passionate sweep of a religious reformation. Though its ideas have exerted a great influence upon the thoughtful men of India, yet on the vast surface of the sea of the Indian masses they have produced but a slight ripple. Their real importance must be sought in a powerful liberalizing impetus to Indian thought.

More representative of the older religious spirit of India are the followers of Ramakrishna, among whom the recently deceased Vivekananda was the most engaging figure. He received an English education, and had early in life been attracted by Brahmoism, though he became estranged from that movement through what he called its lack in spiritual depth. In these men the older traditions of Indian religious life were dominant. They withdrew from the world for meditation, they clung to the Vedas as revealed, they rested satisfied with the old philosophy of India. But they saw it with new eyes, they called for a stronger expression of personality, a more active devotion; to use a current word, they were more pragmatic than the older religious teachers of India had been. In this practical tendency the contact with Western civilization made itself felt rather than in the philosophic form of their thought. In the words of Vivekananda, "The best guide in life is strength. In religion, as in everything else, discard everything that weakens you, have nothing to do with it. All mystery-mongering weakens the human brain." Language such as this, which might have proceeded from so radical an energist as Nietzsche, shows how little the vulgar wonders of "theosophy" have in common with the truly important philosophical and religious movements in India. Theosophy, far from discovering for us the light of Asia, deals preferably with half-understood mystic elements, which the leaders of Indian thought look upon as remnants of a darker age now happily outgrown, and never in accord with the true light of Asian thought.

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Religious beliefs are in India so closely bound up with social observances and institutions that the one cannot be modified without directly involving the other. As the organization of the family and of the castes rests upon religious authority, any change in the customs of marriage, family property, and inheritance, inevitably conflicts with some accepted socio-religious dogma, toward maintaining which intact all the conservative forces of society coöperate. The liberalizing of religious belief, and the unfettering of social action, are therefore in India usually two aspects of the same movement: to rationalize religion and to secure a more endurable existence for widows have been purposes constantly allied in practice. Without exception, all religious reformers have been propagandists of social freedom as well — though differing in degree as to the amount of social liberty to be striven for. Vivekananda and his associates, dwelling on the spiritual side of religion, and conservatives in temper, do not expect much from mechanical reform. But Vivekananda himself specifically insisted upon freedom of travel and of diet, and condemned the spirit of all trammeling conventions. Ambitious proposals for new institutional forms of society he encountered with less assurance. The work of the *Somajes* tends toward social reform in a preëminent degree. Even the conservative *Arya Somaj* favors the remarriage of widows and similar reforms of family law. The *Brahmos* wage direct war against the entire caste-system, and it is they who form the real centre for social-reform agitation.

Problems of social life are everywhere interrelated with matters of politics, but in India this connection is especially close; the various fields of human activity have in that country not yet been differentiated as they have been in the West, and the master fact — an alien political dominance — gives a peculiar coloring to all national problems. In recent years political questions have more and more overshadowed all other considerations, and the leaders of native thought have entirely concentrated their attention on political action. In religious and social reform they encounter the sullen indifference of the uneducated masses. They well-nigh despair of accomplishing a regeneration of India in that direction. The social reformers are virtually occupying the same position as that taken by Rammohun Roy seventy-five years ago; they have indeed made progress in securing adherents as well as practical results, but they have not as yet reached the masses of India directly. One of the chief effects of literary education in India is the development of a spirit of skepticism, a questioning of authority. This questioning was at first directed against the authority of native custom and religion. At present it is directed more and more against the authority of the alien government. It is not strange that the Indian youth should apply Edmund Burke's invectives against tyranny to political conditions in India; they are less prone, however, to emulate his sage conservatism.

It would be misleading to attribute the present "unrest" in India to a superficial stirring up of the people by irresponsible agitators. On the contrary, the whole impact of the strain of the attempted adjustment between the old and the new, the East and the West, has now become concentrated upon political relations, and all the latent dissatisfaction of a vast society, poor and dependent, is seeking a vent in political agitation. No police action, no methods of repression, can solve this difficulty; the danger of a catastrophe can be avoided only by far-seeing and statesmanlike action which will create a satisfactory basis for permanent relations

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of confidence and mutual respect, combining the maintenance of British authority with proper concessions to the dignity of Indian national life.

As yet the depths of native life have not been stirred, but signs are plentiful that the patient masses may before long be drawn into the political whirlpool. The intellectual leaders of India have gradually come to the conclusion that their leadership is exposed to sterility on account of the lack of a broad, popular following. They may write and talk to their hearts' content, but their hearers will be only themselves — already persuaded to satiety. Real power over the destinies of their country is denied them by the organization into which Indian political life has been cast through the conquest. They have therefore concluded that all other considerations must be postponed in favor of a crusade for more power in the hands of the native leaders. They are willing to "let up" in their attacks upon native abuse in order to secure the encouraging support and solid backing of their less enlightened fellow subjects. Thus the ardor for social reform wanes, while political excitement is fanned to a white heat.

In a country where the opportunities for exercising a direct influence upon the political destinies of the people are so limited, it is natural that extra-governmental centres and organizations should be created for the discussion and agitation of national policies. Of this nature are the National Congress and the various provincial assemblies, as well as minor clubs and meetings. The entire literary and social life of India has in fact taken on a political tinge. Whenever Indians meet in larger or smaller numbers for the discussion of religion, industry, social reform, or education, they invariably discuss political matters. Thus the platform of such congresses has afforded a great opportunity for achieving a certain amount of national prominence. It is unfortunate for India that this kind of leadership is generally without any regular connection with actual public affairs, that it is not tested in practical administration, as is the political leadership in most other countries. Yet the men who have thus obtained prominence are in many respects worthy of the confidence which has been reposed in them. Their chief weakness has been their national love of generalization, accentuated by lack of training in the responsible conduct of public affairs. The process of meeting year after year to pass the same resolutions and to express the same sentiments, would have cooled the ardor of a less idealistic race; but the leaders of India, undaunted by the present barrenness of their labors, have confidently looked to a more propitious future when the seed they have been sowing shall have grown into fruit. In the words of Ghokale, — "It is for us to serve our country with our failures, it will be for future generations to serve her with their successes."

Yet at present a more impatient mood has seized the Indian world. The British system, with all the fair viceregal promises, has appeared to the natives more and more unyielding and supercilious. So there has arisen a group of violent agitators not satisfied with the methods of intellectual propaganda to which such men as Mehta and Ghokale have adhered. These newer men lack all steadying training, they base their action on abstract opinions without regard to the intricate and delicately adjusted facts upon which the Indian system rests, and their agitation is considered even by Indians as endangering the normal evolution of Indian political life. And yet the existence of such radical and unscrupulous agitators is a direct result of the fruitlessness of the conservative reform movement. The

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leaders of Indian thought have come to feel keenly their lack of the power of positive action; they know that so long as the people remain inert, their congresses may go on meeting year after year, passing the same insistent resolutions, without having as much effect on the government of India as the articles in an English provincial paper. The popular support so essential to a political movement, and through which alone they could bring pressure to bear upon the Indian government, seems denied them so long as they confine their efforts to congressional discussions, to lectures before educated audiences, and to social reform. The masses care not for social reform, nor for political disquisitions. Agitators are needed to stir them up; and we may well imagine that the arguments used by such persons will be more directly *ad hominem* than those contained in Mill on *Representative Government.*

It is a great misfortune to India that her true leaders are unable to reach the masses with the ideals by which they themselves are inspired, while irresponsible agitators are appealing to motives which in turn may arouse forces beyond the control both of the leaders themselves and of the government. That this system should result in a feeling on the part of Anglo-Indians which at times approaches panic, is very easily explainable. The materials dealt with, while ordinarily dormant, are nevertheless extremely explosive.

The present situation in India illustrates some of the unfortunate results of the political dependence of a civilized people. Not only politically, but also in economic matters, India is kept in a state of dependence on the metropole. But the most hopeless feature of the situation is that the men who would naturally be leaders in government and enterprise, find themselves excluded from opportunities for exercising legitimate power in their own country. Such a decapitation of an entire people is a great sacrifice to impose, even in return for the blessings of peace and an efficient policing of the country. The continuance of this policy would mean either the total destruction and degradation of Indian national life, or the end of the British *raj*. The policy of exclusiveness exercises an unfavorable influence on the civil service itself, in that, while a lower type of intelligence — a merely clerical faculty — is encouraged among the native officials, yet these inferior men, being of the soil and knowing local conditions, will necessarily have a great influence in fixing the character of the entire service and the quality of its work. The encouragement of higher types of ability through a greater liberality in official appointments would thus vitalize the service and strengthen its contact with the real forces of Indian life. Yet from the point of view of national destiny, the above considerations are of less importance than the tendency which is thus described by Mr. Ghokale: "A kind of dwarfing or stunting of the Indian race is going on under the present system. We must live all our life in an atmosphere of inferiority, and the tallest among us must bend in order that the exigencies of the system be satisfied."

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WHAT ROAD GOETH HE?

BY F. J. LOURIET

A SMOKY lantern, suspended from the roof by a piece of spun-yarn, described intricate curves in the obscurity of the forecastle. Black chasms gaped on every side. Oilskins and sodden clothing slapped against the walls. The air was impure, saturated with moisture, and vibrant with the muffled roar of the storm outside. A thin sheet of water washed over the floor as the ship rolled.

A sea-chest broke from its lashings, and carried away to leeward. The deck rose, and the chest slipped aft, amid a raffle of wet boots and sou'westers; it sank, and the heavy chest shot forward across the slippery floor, to fetch up sharply against one of the bunks. Again the ship rolled, and the chest glided to leeward. Mutterings came from the chasms, and pale faces, distorted with yawns, appeared above the bunk boards. The owner of the chest awoke and crept stiffly from his bunk; the ship rolled, the water splashed about his feet, and the chest swooped toward him. He made it fast and climbed into his bunk again without drying his feet. The faces had disappeared. The ship rose and fell, the lantern swung, the hanging clothes bulged and flattened and bulged again; gloomy shadows wavered and seemed ever threatening to advance from the walls. The sound of the storm outside was dull and persistent.

Boom! A solemn stroke of the bell on the forecastle-head woke one of the sleepers. He sat up, expectant, for a moment, and then sank back. As he did so the door slid open, the storm bellowed as a man stepped through, and was deadened again as he forced the door to behind him. He vanished into the starboard forecastle, and reappeared with a short pipe that gurgled as he smoked. He seated himself on a chest, and the man who had awakened looked down on him.

"What time is it?" he asked.

The smoker looked up. "That you, Bill? It's gone six bells."

The other grumbled. "I heard one bell from the fo'c's'le-head."

"She rolled bad just now. Tolled the bell herself."

"Humph!" said the man in the bunk thoughtfully.

"Shut up!" called a voice. "I want to sleep."

Bill lowered his voice. "How's the weather?" he inquired, looking down anxiously at the smoker's glistening oilskins.

"Heavy. The Old Man hain't left the deck for a minute."

After that the man in the bunk could not sleep again. He heard the other leave the forecastle, and swear as the flying spray struck his face; he heard a great body of water come over the bows and wash aft; he heard the heavy breathing about him. He lay in his clothing (it was wet and his blankets were wet — "Warm wet, anyhow," he thought), and shivered at the sound of the water washing about in the darkness below him, and at the thought of the weather outside. He counted the minutes grudgingly, and lay dreading

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the sound of the opening door. Wide-eyed, he watched the lantern swinging in the gloom, the pendulous clothing on the wall, the starting shadows, until some one beat frantically on the door, and, staggering into the forecastle, turned up the light and called the watch.

"A-a-a-ll hands! Eight bells there! D' ye hear the news, you port watch? Eight bells there!"

Men stirred and yawned. Tired men kicked off blankets and sat up, swearing. Cramped men eased themselves from their bunks, and pulled on sodden boots. They stumbled about the heaving deck, cursing their cold oilskins, cursing the ship, cursing the sea.

"Come, shake a leg, bullies!" continued the inexorable voice. "Weather bad an' goin' to be worse! Get a move on you, or the mate 'll be for'ard with a belayin'-pin!"

"Anything up?" inquired one.

"Heard the Old Man tell the mate to take in the fore-lower tops'l."

Thereupon they fell anew to cursing the captain, his seamanship, and, above all, his want of knowledge of the weather.

The watch went out into the tumult of the night, out into a chaos of smashing seas and howling wind, out into a furious abyss of darkness and uproar.

They collided blindly with other men; they called out angrily. Great seas crashed over the bulwarks and smothered them; invisible torrents poured off the forecastle-head and washed aft, beating them down, stunning them. From somewhere out of the darkness came the voice of the mate, bawling orders. They felt for the clewlines, making the most of the intervals between the boarding seas. High above them they knew a man was making his way aloft in the darkness to ease up the chain sheets. They hauled and swore, arching their backs against the seas that tore at their gripping fingers and washed their feet from under them. And always the mate's voice sounded, cheerful, threatening, dauntless. Then up into the black night, ratline by ratline, panting, clutching, and climbing; out upon the invisible yard, along invisible footropes, grasping invisible jack-stays; swaying in the darkness, spat upon by the storm, beating the stiff canvas with bleeding hands; unheeding the tumult of the sea, the pounding wind, the lurching yard; with no thought save for the mate's voice below, and the lashing canvas under their hands. From the foretop, as they descended, they looked far down on the narrow hull, rolling, pitching, and shivering, beneath them. Out from the darkness pale seas rushed, roaring, toward the ship; and, roaring, passed to leeward. Seething masses of water rose over the bows, smashed down on the deck, and surged aft, forward, and over the side. Hissing foam creamed about the lee chains; vicious rain-squalls drove across the flooded decks; the cold was penetrating.

In the empty forecastle the lantern swung, the shadows rose and crouched, the voice of the storm sounded deep and steady. Ends of blankets dangled from the deserted bunks and flicked at the murmuring water on the floor. The deck soared and swooped, soared and swooped, minute after minute, hour after hour, and still the lantern swung, and the shadows moved and waited.

The door slid back, the storm bellowed, and three men staggered into the forecastle, bearing another. They laid him awkwardly in one of the lower bunks, and stood for a moment looking down at him. The ship rolled, and the shadows on the wall started as if they, too, would gather around that gloomy berth. Again the deck dropped, the shadows retreated, and the three men turned and left the forecastle.

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The man in the bunk lay inert, as they had left him. His body sagged lumpishly to the roll of the ship. A dark stain appeared and spread slowly on the thin pillow.

A little later another man entered. He came to the edge of the bunk, and gazed for a few minutes, then deliberately removed his dripping oilskin coat and sou'wester. The man in the bunk began to moan, and the other leaned over him. The moans continued, and the watcher sat down on a chest beside the bunk. Soon the sufferer's eyes opened and he spoke.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Lie quiet, Bill," the other cautioned. "It's gone six bells."

"My head hurts," complained Bill. He tried to raise it, and moaned a little.

The elder man placed a hand gently on his shoulder. "Don't you worry," he said. "You got hurted a little when the spar carried away. That's all."

"Spar!" repeated Bill, and pondered. "What watch is it?"

"Middle watch."

"I thought I been on deck," said Bill. "It was blowin'." His hands were groping about. "Who bandaged my head?"

"The steward. They carried ye down into the cabin, first. Want a drink, Bill?"

Bill assented, and the other, bracing himself against the chest, lifted the injured man's head slightly and he drank.

"I may as well go to sleep," he said, and closed his eyes. Instantly he reopened them. "Why ain't you on deck, Jansen?" he asked.

"The Old Man sent me in to sit by you." Jansen fingered his long gray beard, and the bright eyes under the shaggy brows blinked uneasily. "You see, it's this way, Bill. You was hurt, an' the Old Man thought mebbe you'd want something." He looked at the swinging lantern as if seeking inspiration. "Anything I can do for ye, Bill?" he asked at last.

The other stirred. "I can't move me legs," he complained.

"Mebbe the spar hurt your back a little," suggested Jansen timidly. "You remember, don't ye, Bill?"

Again the injured man pondered. "Me back's broke?" he said finally, and Jansen nodded.

"Me back's broke, an' me head's broke," Bill went on, "an' there's a pain in me side like Dago knives."

"D' ye want another drink?" asked Jansen.

"It's eight bells, an' my watch below for me," said Bill; and again Jansen nodded.

Silence fell. The muffled roar of the storm, the plunging forecastle, the waiting man on the chest, the dim light, the swinging lantern, the pendulous clothing, and the shadows, all seemed accessory to the great event about to take place.

"The pain in me side is awful!" groaned Bill, and Jansen shivered.

"The Old Man said he'd come for'ard as soon as he could leave the poop," he said, as if hoping there might be comfort in the thought.

"I don't need him," gasped the sufferer. "I'm goin', I think."

Old Jansen folded his hands, and repeated the Lord's Prayer. Then he leaned forward. "Is — is there anybody ashore you'd want me to write to?" he asked.

"No," answered Bill between his moans. "Me mother's dead, an' there's nobody else that matters. I never was no good to any of 'em."

After a time the moans ceased. A great sea boomed on the deck outside, and washed aft. The lantern swung violently, and the ship's bell tolled. Jansen looked into the bunk; Bill's eyes were fixed on him.

"I want to ask you, Jansen," he said

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in a low voice. "D' ye think there is any chance for me?"

The other hesitated. "I — I'm afraid not," he stammered.

"I don't mean a chance to live," explained Bill. "I mean, d' ye think I've got to go to hell?"

Jansen's tone grew positive. "No," he said, "I don't."

"I wisht there was a parson here," muttered the man in the bunk. "There used to be a old chap that come regular to the Sailors' Home — gray whiskers, he had, an' a long coat — I wisht he was here. He'd tell me."

The man on the chest listened, his elbows on his knees, his head on his hands.

"I shook hands with him many a time," continued Bill. "He'd tell me —"

Jansen started, and looked up. His bright, deep-set eyes had taken on a look intent, glowing.

"Shall I read to ye a bit?" he asked. "I've got a book — it might strike ye — now."

"All right," said Bill indifferently.

The old man crossed the forecastle, opened his chest, and, delving deep into its contents, brought forth a small, thin book.

It had seen much usage; the binding was broken, the leaves were stained and torn. The old man handled it tenderly. He held it high before him that the light from the swinging lantern might fall upon the text, and read stumblingly, pausing when the light swung too far from him, and making grotesque blunders over some of the long words.

"What is that book?" asked Bill after a time. "It ain't the Bible?"

"No," said Jansen. "It ain't the Bible."

"Then who is it says them things?" demanded Bill. "He talks like he was Everything."

Jansen lowered the book. "I don't exactly understand what they call him," he answered, "they give him so many names. But I reckon nobody but God talks like that, whatever they call him."

"Where did you get it? the book, I mean," persisted Bill.

"I was cleanin' out a passenger's cabin, two voyages back, an' I found it under the bunk. I've been readin' it ever since. It's all full o' strange, forrin names, worse 'n the ones in the Bible."

"Well, neither of 'em stands to help me much," commented Bill. "I ain't never been good. I've been a sailorman. That book" — he broke off to groan as the ship rolled heavily, but resumed — "that book says same as the Bible, that a man's got to be pious an' do good an' have faith, an' all that, else he don't have no show at all."

"Listen!" said Jansen. He turned the pages, and read a few lines as impressively as he could.

"That sounds easy," said Bill. "But I ought to ha' knowed about that before. It's no good desirin' anything now. It's too late. He'd know I was doin' it just to save my own skin — my soul, I mean."

"Bill," said Jansen, "I'm goin' to ask you something." He closed the little book over one finger, and leaned towards the bunk. "Do you remember how you come to be hurted this way?"

"The spare spar that was lashed to starboard fetched loose, an' I tried to stop it," answered Bill readily. "I see it comin'."

"Why did you try to stop it?"

"Well, a big sea had just washed the Old Man down in the lee scuppers, an' if the spar had struck him it would ha' killed him."

"It's killed you, Bill," said Jansen. "Did n't you think o' that?"

"Me!" exclaimed Bill scornfully. "Who's me?"

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"But why did you want to save his life?" insisted Jansen.

"The ship 'ud stand a likely chance in a blow like this without a skipper, would n't she?"

"Then you thought —"

"Thought nothin'! There was no time to think. I see the spar comin' an' I says, 'Blazes! That'll kill the skipper!' an' I tried to stop it."

"You ain't sorry you did it?"

"Sorry nothin'. What's done's done."

"See here, Bill," said old Jansen earnestly. "I'll tell you what you did. You did your duty! An' you laid down your life for another. You saved the captain's life, an' mebbe the ship, an' all our lives through him. An' you did it without thought o' reward. Don't you s'pose you'll get a little credit for that?"

"I'm thinkin'," said Bill. He lay silent for a minute. "Read that again," he requested.

Old Jansen did so, and after a pause he added, "Now, if I was you I would n't worry no more about hell. Just make your mind as easy as you can. That's a better way to go."

"I've got that," said Bill. "It's all right. Go on; read to me some more."

Jansen lifted the book and resumed his reading. He turned the pages frequently, choosing passages with which he was familiar. The other moaned at intervals. With every roll of the ship, water plashed faintly underneath the bunks. The lantern swung unwearied, and sodden clothing slapped against the walls. Dark shadows rose and stooped and rose again as if longing and afraid to peer into the narrow berth. The sound of the storm outside was grave and insistent.

The reader came to the end of a passage, and laid the book on his knee. Suddenly he realized that the moans had ceased. He leaned over and looked at the man in the bunk. He was dead.

Old Jansen sat motionless, deep in thought. At length he reopened the little book, and read once more the lines which he had already repeated at the dying man's request:—

> He is not lost, thou son of Prithâ! No!
> Nor earth, nor heaven is forfeit, even for him,
> Because no heart that holds one right desire
> Treadeth the road of loss!

He closed the book and again meditated. Later he rose, replaced the book in his chest, drew the dead man's blanket over his face, and went out on deck.

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THE FUTURE OF HIGH FINANCE

BY ALEXANDER D. NOYES

I

In the numerous reflections and comments evoked by the death of Edward H. Harriman, the consideration to which the interest of the community was chiefly directed was the effect on what might be called the politics of the railway and Stock-Exchange situation, of the removal of so conspicuous a figure in both fields. The death of a reigning sovereign, of a military conqueror, of a statesman dominant in the realm of international diplomacy, is followed by a hasty survey of the situation as it existed before his death, and as it is likely to shape itself afterward. Study and inquiry address themselves to determining how much of that situation had been the outcome of natural causes, how much the artificial creation of a single powerful will and personality, and how much the temporary result of compromise or intrigue. When operations of such magnitude have been conducted by one man, and by a man of powerful will and dictatorial temper, the scope of inquiry is very similar.

The question whether the situation in regard to the mutual relations of the powerful railway corporations and the groups of financiers who control them, can remain what it was before, is canvassed eagerly, and in Wall Street anxiously. With popular interest focused so intensely on this consideration, the larger question, what the career of the departed financier signifies to the financial history and financial tendencies of the day, is slower in receiving consideration. It is this latter question which I shall discuss in the present article.

Before entering on that general discussion, however, it will be necessary to see exactly what was the situation which existed at Harriman's death, and was largely brought about through his personal energies. Harriman became a conspicuous figure on the financial stage unusually late in life. His opportunity came with the railway bankruptcies of 1893, the era of reconstruction which ensued, and the country's extraordinarily sudden industrial revival. In 1893 and the two succeeding years, one-fourth of the country's railway capitalization had passed into receivers' hands. Here was at once the opening for the constructive and operating genius which is Harriman's most honorable title to renown. With the abrupt return of American prosperity, and with the increased traffic, easy credit, and seemingly limitless facilities for capital, there came the opening for the far-reaching ambitions, the bold experiments with capital, and the mastership of other financial interests, with which his career is chiefly associated in the public mind.

Acting at first merely as agent for an immensely wealthy group of capitalists commonly known as the "Standard Oil clique," who were casting about, in the heap of prostrate corporations, for an inviting field of investment, Harriman undertook to reconstruct the bankrupt Union Pacific property. His achievement in setting it physically and financially on its feet was unques-

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tionably brilliant. It is possible that his personal part in the successful undertaking may have been exaggerated, later on, in the public mind; for the change in underlying conditions of the country traversed by that railway was fundamental, and it is greatly to be doubted if any human being could have foreseen them.

Harriman himself, in 1896, cannot possibly be said to have reckoned on them. Nevertheless, in this windfall of good fortune Harriman took his chance; and the credit usually awarded by the world to a great experiment which succeeds even better than its author had imagined, rightly belongs to him. His genius in practical railway administration has been acknowledged by all competent critics. For mastery of the problems of developing and utilizing such new traffic resources as presented themselves, and for judgment in the still more exacting questions of the extent to which the surplus profits of a year should be reinvested in the property, he stands undoubtedly in the first rank of our Captains of Industry.

II

All this had in very large measure been achieved before Harriman began to cut a figure in the grand strategy of American finance. That later phase of his career began in the period which we nowadays chiefly associate with the monstrous "promotion mania" of 1901. Purchase of the parallel Southern Pacific Railway, through money raised on Union Pacific bonds, was his first spectacular achievement. Relatively speaking, it was a wise and prudent measure. The Southern Pacific owned the Central Pacific Railway, which, ever since 1866, had been the direct connecting link between the Union Pacific's main-line western terminus in Utah, and the Pacific coast. To acquire the Central Pacific and thus complete a logical east-and-west through line from the Missouri River to the coast, it was necessary to do what Harriman did, early in 1901, and buy up Southern Pacific itself.

But the ease with which this $75,000,000 purchase was effected, in the extraordinarily favorable money and investment markets of the year, stimulated imagination and ambition. When the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways, against Harriman's protest, bought the $110,000,000 Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, without inviting Union Pacific to participate in the "deal," Harriman set out audaciously to buy control of the $155,000,000 Northern Pacific property itself. In the contest with the Hill-Morgan interests for control, he actually raised on Union Pacific's notes secured by unissued treasury securities, money enough to buy $78,000,000 of the stock.

Eventually he was beaten in this second undertaking to capture a rival railway; but the readiness with which the money market had equipped him for the venture served only to increase his ambition and his daring. Selling for cash, in the open market, the holdings in Northern Pacific which had failed to give control, and borrowing $75,000,000 additional capital on the notes of Union Pacific, Harriman went to work, in 1906, to buy up stock in from half a dozen to a dozen other railway systems, some of them on the Atlantic coast and hundreds of miles away from Union Pacific's terminus. The notes were subsequently funded into permanent securities, and there seemed no limit to the process.

His dominating will, and perhaps even more the fear of what he would do next with his Fortunatus purse, made him, even where Union Pacific had secured but a small minority of the stock of these railways, a controlling power

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in their affairs. It now became possible for Wall Street to declare that Harriman was the personal dictator of seventy-five thousand miles of railroad, — one-third of the total mileage in this country, — besides having a dominant voice in the management of four ocean-steamship lines, two trust companies, and three banks. The Interstate Commerce Commission, in an official report, declared that, had he acquired the Northern Pacific also, it "would have subjected to a common will and policy nearly one-half of the territory of the United States." His counsel, Mr. William Nelson Cromwell, endeavoring in 1907 to suppress certain hostile activities in the shareholders' meeting of a smaller Harriman corporation, soothingly pointed out that Harriman "moves in a world into which we may not enter." He aspired to control the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and had the boldness, on the heels of the scandals of 1905, when Hyde had sold his majority interest in the Equitable stock to Ryan, to say to the latter, "I will take half your stock; I don't know what it cost, nor care."

To this extraordinary power over railway finance and the money market, Wall Street added implicit belief in Harriman as a Stock-Exchange speculator on an extensive scale. Achievements in that field are naturally not spread on the record as are exploits in railway financiering. Even Congressional committees have been slow in unearthing such particulars since the famous cross-questioning of Jay Gould on the witness-stand, thirty or forty years ago. But Wall Street has its own way of learning facts in matters of this sort, even when it cannot produce the legal proof; and a conviction amounting to certainty existed that in 1906, when $131,000,000 of Union Pacific's treasury funds were being tossed into purchase of railway shares on the Stock Exchange, Harriman and his Union Pacific associates were speculating heavily on their own account. In 1908, when daring Stock-Exchange speculations were conducted on the basis of the country's recovery from panic, not only Wall Street, but the European markets, openly ascribed the personal initiative to Harriman. A "Harriman market," indeed, became a familiar term to describe a great stock speculation marked by particular qualities of audacity, dash, and sudden realizing sales.

III

What would become of this extraordinary "personal control" of the country's railways, banks, and steamship lines, was now the first question to be asked. It has already been in some part answered. Jay Gould in 1880 was described as controlling every transcontinental railway line, except two minor roads west of the Missouri River; but his heirs to-day have no important interest in any of them. The reason was that Gould's possession was based on such power over other men as enabled him to group and manage numbers of separate owners of large blocks of the shares of the properties in question. His death ended the pact; new combinations were created, and except for three or four less important properties, the "Gould system" became a thing of the past in railway finance.

It is wholly probable that the "Harriman system" will similarly dissolve into something like its original elements — indeed, so far as regards the acquisitions of 1906, the dissolution process has already begun. The Union Pacific itself has chosen a close associate of Harriman's to succeed him as its president, and the Baltimore and Ohio and the Illinois Central, captured by Harriman in 1906 and 1907, have replaced him in their boards by a "Har-

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riman man." But the New York Central, the Pacific Coast Company, and the Western Union, on all of whose directing boards Harriman had been a conspicuous figure, have elected men of other affiliations to occupy the vacant chair; and the National City Bank has chosen a partner in the house of Morgan to fill Harriman's place in its directory. How much further the railway combinations, built up under Harriman's personal régime, are destined to fall apart, is a matter for the future. The probability of continued disintegration is not diminished by the fact that pressure, both of indignant public opinion and of threatened legislation and litigation, points to the forced separation of the Union Pacific Railway from some at least of the $200,000,000 other railway stocks which it still holds in its treasury.

IV

Such dissolution of a railway empire is in accordance with experience; it is also an altogether reassuring fact. But it does not by any means settle the larger question, to what extent the career of Harriman does or does not mark out the nature of our financial history in the years ahead of us. I have thus far restricted my review of the situation to that part of it wherein Harriman individually played a part. But, as every one conversant with our recent financial history is aware, the movement to bring great American enterprises and industries under the control of a single group of men had a very much larger scope than the Harriman undertakings.

Harriman's scheme of personal control may, indeed, be described as an alternative expedient, adopted when another and different scheme, with the same objective point, had apparently broken down. In 1900 and 1901, it was the "holding company" which was to serve the purpose. The "billion-dollar Steel Corporation" of 1901 was such a holding company; the eighteen or nineteen constituent corporations, whose ownership it acquired through purchase of their stock with its own securities, are still intact, although subject, since the Circuit Court's decision of November 20, to the United States Supreme Court's application of the anti-trust law. The $100,000,000 "Shipping Trust" of 1902 is another: the White Star and the other steamship lines whose stock it owns still perform certain corporate acts on their own account. The $153,000,000 Amalgamated Copper Company of 1899, which, through its agencies, fixes the price of copper for some half-dozen powerful copper-producing companies, thereby largely controlling the price of copper for the trade, is merely a corporation which owns shares in those smaller companies and draws dividends as its subsidiaries earn and pay them. It was merely extending the holding-company plan a bit when the deadlock in the "Northern Pacific corner" of 1901 was broken by the formation of the $400,000,000 Northern Securities Company, with no ostensible purpose save to hold the bulk of the outstanding Northern Pacific and Great Northern stock, purchased with its own shares.

To what lengths the holding-company expedient would have been extended, had nothing occurred to check its adoption throughout corporate industry, it is difficult to say. The counsel of the Northern Securities himself admitted to the United States Supreme Court, in 1903, that the same machinery might conceivably be employed to buy up all the railways in the country, and to lodge control of them in the hands of three or four individuals. Largely because of this admitted fact, the highest court declared the device adopted

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by that company to be repugnant to the law, and the $400,000,000 holding company was by law dismantled. With the ambitions of our powerful financiers blockaded in that direction, it was left for Harriman to try the experiment of personal control through an inverted pyramid of credit, based on a great corporation chartered for other purposes.

The results of that second experiment we have already seen. The situation left after Harriman's death does not prove that the same expedient may not again be employed by other aspiring autocrats. But the disintegration of the chain of corporations thus acquired, the pretty plain signs that a reckoning with the courts and legislatures was not far away, and the doubts of the very financiers engaged in the experiment, as to whether a structure thus built up was secure against future shocks to credit, make the immediate revival of the Harriman plan a doubtful recourse. One does not need to be very old in Wall-Street experience to recognize that McLeod completely wrecked the Philadelphia and Reading Railway in 1893 by a series of experiments almost exactly parallel to Harriman's. Financial conditions in 1906 have slight resemblance to those of 1893; but there is no sure guarantee against the longer future.

It is, therefore, a matter of singularly interesting conjecture, what the next chapter in the movement for control of the many by the few will be. But the fact that the purpose has not been relinquished makes it worth while to ask again just what is involved in any such undertaking. The case of the holding companies is typical. It is quite beyond dispute that the purpose of these companies was, first, to acquire control of the underlying properties, for given financial interests, by a smaller personal investment than outright purchase by individuals would necessitate; second, to seat such interests so firmly in control that they could not be dislodged. A primary and fundamental purpose of guaranteeing "harmony in the industry" was indeed asserted by the authors of all the experiments in question; but this was virtually conditioned on their own continued control of things.

As for the motive of insuring a management against removal under any and all circumstances, Mr. J. P. Morgan testified on the witness-stand, in 1902, his conviction that enormous capitalization of a holding company was chiefly desirable because such a capital stock would make contests for control impracticable, and because, therefore, "stability of control" would be guaranteed. I need not discuss at length the inherent weakness of this theory, even on the supposition of a competent management elected at the start. It is enough to say that the necessary sequel to Mr. Morgan's own proposition would be a perpetual and self-perpetuating management; that we are summoned to take for granted the wisdom and honesty, not only of an existing directorate, but of its successors, to the end of time; and, finally, that it is tacitly assumed, in the case of a conceivably incompetent or unscrupulous future management, that the shareholders will possess no power to remove them.

In 1901, there were those who were ready to accept such conditions for the future; but even the greatest holding companies have been making history since then. The stupid blunders of the Amalgamated Copper Company, in the management of its subsidiaries' trade in 1901 and 1906, taught something. The original organization of the Shipping Trust has long been classed by the markets as a chapter of misjudgment. The verdict of the financial community long ago stamped as gravely mistaken policies the four per cent

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dividend on the Steel Corporation's common stock at the very beginning of its career, and the attempt of 1903 to turn $200,000,000 of its stock into mortgage bonds.

Of Harriman's experiments, it need only be recalled that, while his use of Union Pacific's credit for the purchase of $78,000,000 Northern Pacific stock turned out a lucky venture from the Stock-Exchange point of view, and realized on the subsequent liquidation of the shares a handsome profit, his $131,000,000 purchases of stocks in 1906 resulted within a year, by his own admission in an annual report, in a paper loss of $23,149,000. The values quoted at the height of panic, during October, 1907, measured a loss of no less than $40,000,000. The experiment was a blunder of the most serious sort, from the usual penalties of which his company was saved only by the exceptional immunity of its own territory from the panic shock, and by the real resources accumulated by Union Pacific in the days before Harriman began to speculate in the market with its credit.

V

Considerations such as these make it necessary to consider under what sort of auspices our industries and our corporations would be lodged, in case the recent experiments in "concentrated control" were to be indefinitely pursued. This brings up a highly interesting phase of contemporary financial history, involving certain practical problems, regarding which the financial world is to-day in a singular condition of bewilderment.

A term which has become extremely familiar, these past half-dozen years, in the vernacular of financial markets, but which, so far as I know, is not contained in any English dictionary, is that of "high finance." The term is indigenous to France: in the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*, "*haute finance*" is described as applied to "*ceux qui font des grandes affaires d'argent.*" The definition is possibly too comprehensive: it would fit a colossal swindler or speculator — as well as the great bankers and capitalists whose names are household synonyms for conservatism. As we shall see, there has been much the same difficulty in the later popular application of the term. It was taken over in its French form into the phraseology of Lombard Street, two or three generations ago, by way of describing the powerful London houses which occupied the position of arbiters and intermediaries between the money market and the great states and enterprises which had to resort to it, and, in the form of "high finance," it reappeared on the American markets when the functions which the term described became matters of everyday discussion.

The *haute finance* of French and English money markets was the epitome of conservatism. The words were used, even on the Stock Exchange, in a tone of awe. Men of affairs were perfectly well aware what bankers and what banking-houses made up even the inner circle of high finance. Socially and individually, members of that circle were as accessible as other business men. But the public conviction that the actions and policies of these houses were inspired, not only by intimate knowledge of the inner affairs of finance, but by the strictest conservatism, gave to high finance as an institution a dignity which no individual classed in its membership could alone have enjoyed. It was to the high finance that powerful governments resorted, when war was threatening and the exchequers had to learn where the war-loans could be placed. The selling of investment securities — which has become traditionally a warning, more or less distinct as the

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case might be, of such an impending event in national politics — was usually the realizing process whereby high finance, and the institutions affiliated with it, were converting investments into cash by way of preparation for the public loans. To this same high finance came corporations requiring new capital in large amounts.

The problem in these cases, as in the case of imperative government demands, was to adjust the request for capital to the resources of the market. Contrary to the ideas of many people, an existing supply of capital is at no time inexhaustible. Sudden and unexpected demands, on an investment market where capital was already actively employed, involved displacement. Some other borrowers would have to go without or get less than they expected, or else, through a more or less automatic lowering of prices for other investments, some part of the capital already placed must be released. It was the part of high finance to prepare for such contingencies and to provide for the unexpected wants with a minimum of strain on the existing situation. In the case of a speculative mania, it was its business, so far as possible, to curb the excesses of the markets and to husband its own available resources against the credit crisis to which such speculation pointed. In the case of panic itself, it was the office of high finance to meet the emergency, provide for urgent needs, and avert the general insolvency which might otherwise be threatened.

The scope of operations indicated was confined to no one market: it was world-wide, and therefore high finance became necessarily an international institution. Berlin would borrow enormous sums from Paris when German trade activity had strained the German markets, as in 1898. Paris would borrow in similar amounts from London when, as in 1882, financial crisis confronted the Paris markets and credit was shaken throughout France. London would borrow from Paris, as it did in 1899, when war was impending, the English markets were collapsing, and capital was needed instantly for the British war-loans. Enormous sums of capital were therefore shifting from market to market, and to effect such transfers, credit in its highest form had to exist between the circles of high finance in the various money-centres. It has been said by bankers of high international position that it was possible for as much as $50,000,000 to be borrowed for such purposes, on its simple note, by a banking-house in one country from banking-houses in another.

It is easy to see what qualities were required from banking interests coöperating in such undertakings, and guarding the world's credit-system as a whole. Conservatism in its highest form was an absolute prerequisite; experience, intimate knowledge of an existing situation, and possession of the absolute confidence of capitalists and institutions in the community about them, were equally essential, and were more or less conditioned on the extent to which the first-named quality prevailed. It did not follow that no lapse from these exacting standards ever happened in the circles of high finance. Prior to 1857, the London house of Overend, Gurney & Co. would possibly have been included in this high sphere of banking by the average Londoner. "No cleverer men of business," writes Walter Bagehot in his *Lombard Street*, "cleverer, I mean, for the purposes of their particular calling, could well be found than the founders and first managers of that house; but in a very few years the rule in it passed to a generation whose folly surpassed the usual limit of imaginable incapacity." The London panic of 1857 told the rest of the story. In a less degree, it may be said that the rashness

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and misjudgment of the banking-house of Baring Brothers, during London's "Argentine craze" of 1889 and 1890, marked another lapse in high finance. But instances of this sort were as rare as they were discreditable, and the term of high finance, with the attributes popularly ascribed to it, continued to picture to the public mind an unchanged and enduring institution.

VI

This sketch of what may still be called the European conception of high finance is not less interesting in view of the very singular change which seems to have come over the attitude of the American markets, and of the American people at large, in regard to that institution. President Roosevelt, in one of his public addresses of 1907, referred to high finance as a term of time-honored distinction which had been brought in this country into actual disrepute. Mr. Roosevelt will scarcely be cited as an expert authority on financial problems, but in this assertion he may fairly be said to have voiced the feeling of the day, even in Wall Street.

This is what a recognized financial authority, removed even from local or political prejudice in the matter, has had to say on the same points. The London *Economist*, writing editorially, after our market's wild exploits of 1901, of the passing of control in American railway enterprises from adventurers of the Jay Gould stripe to banking interests in the field of high finance, remarked that recent events had disclosed a situation "which may be but little less harmful to real investors than the depredations of the 'bosses.'" Discussing the severe and world-wide money squeeze of 1905, the same authority declared that the real cause of the stringency was the Wall-Street speculation and the consequent "locking-up of the funds of the banks in Wall Street by the financial magnates who control those institutions." And again, in describing the panic of 1907, the *Economist* declared that "the financial crisis in America is really a moral crisis," caused by the public's discovery of the imprudence and recklessness of "the leading financiers who control banks, trust companies, and industrial corporations."

Clearly, these are not references to financial brigands and adventurers. Rightly or wrongly, but in either case explicitly, the *Economist* frames an indictment against American high finance. The conservative source from which the accusation comes is so far removed from the field of "muckraking" or "yellow journalism" as to render off-hand dismissal of the charges unjustifiable. In recent years, moreover, the published comment of the London and continental money markets, in the most serious European journals, has been largely to the purport that the policy of the highest financial circles in the United States has been so venturesome in conception, and so completely indifferent to the derangement of the American and other money markets, that in its periods of ambitious speculation, it constituted a menace to all the markets of the world.

Two different positions may be held in regard to a judgment of this sort. It may be accepted as pointing to real and important changes which have befallen twentieth-century finance, or it may be rejected as imputing to our American financiers actions and motives which belong to people wholly outside their membership. Whichever position be adopted, it will certainly be worth while to inquire as to the basis for such declarations. What will probably first impress the mind of any one making such an inquiry is that, ten years ago, accusations of the sort were not only not made, but would have been incon-

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ceivable. Even in the general public's mind, the high finance of the American markets was at that time regarded in exactly the same light as the high finance of Europe. The United States had had its chapters of extravagant and demoralizing speculation, of railway "looting," and unprincipled promotion. These, in periods of credit inflation and unsettlement of financial ideas, have been a characteristic of all young financial communities, and of our own perhaps as distinctly as of any other.

Our Jay Goulds and our Jim Fisks, with their followers, operated on a reckless scale in the Stock Exchange; they controlled railways whose finances they manipulated to suit themselves; they aspired on occasion to the control of banks and newspapers, and when they died, they sometimes left fortunes of fifty or eighty millions to their families. But except in the sense that they handled enormous sums of money, it would never have occurred to any one, even in 1869, to consider these personages as members of the circles of high finance as we have interpreted the term. It was in fact a very low and vulgar finance in which they exhibited their activities, and the public knew it. To have ranked them as anything but financial adventurers, or to have spoken of them as a part of the body of great financiers in whose hands the credit of the American market ultimately rested, would have been to commit the absurdity of which a certain Lord Mayor of London was guilty, fourteen years ago, when he gave a dinner at the Mansion House to the successful gold-mine speculator, "Barney" Barnato, and invited the Rothschilds and Hambros to participate in the function.

Behind these sinister figures which crossed the stage of Wall-Street speculation in our later paper-money days, and apart from them, were grouped conservative financiers of the same type as those who constituted the high finance of Lombard Street; and no small part of their duties at that time was to protect the security and money markets against the designs of the millionaire adventurers. Precisely the same line of distinction could be drawn, throughout the much later periods of 1893 and 1895, and the subsequent years when protection of a collapsing public credit, and reconstruction of a group of insolvent railway systems, called for exercise of the highest powers of financial conservatism and sagacity, and for possession, in the largest measure, of the confidence of prudent home and foreign investors. The work of financial rehabilitation, pursued under such auspices between 1894 and 1900, was a most gratifying exhibition of the traditional qualities of high finance.

VII

It was in 1900 that this phase of the situation first appeared to change. During 1901 and since that time, it will hardly be denied that our greatest banking-institutions and our greatest banking-houses became in a sense identified — certainly so in the view of Wall Street and the general public — with the promoting and speculating movement of the day. At the same time, our men of enormous inherited or invested fortune, such as, in European markets, would have grouped themselves around the conservative institutions which embody high finance, entered the field of Stock-Exchange speculation and manipulation on a scale which made the exploits even of the Goulds and Fisks appear as small affairs.

It is scarcely necessary to repeat the well-known story. The "underwriting syndicates" with ultra-respectable connections; the access indirectly obtained to trust funds of life-insurance companies which were forbidden by law

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to embark their funds in enterprises of the sort; the expedients employed to tempt the already excited outside investing public into the arena of stock speculation — all this is a nine-year-old tale with which every one is familiar. The more significant fact, perhaps, was that in powerful banking circles — where, had all this occurred in Europe, one might confidently have looked for words of disapproval, caution, and rebuke — criticism of these excesses in the markets was received either with resentment, or with the calm explanation that we were living now in a new era of economics and finance, where former precedent counted for little or nothing.

Equally striking and significant were the expedients adopted to sustain the speculation thus provoked. Not only were the resources of domestic banks drawn upon until the resultant liabilities repeatedly ran beyond the ratio of cash reserves prescribed by law, but credit was raised in Europe, a foreign floating indebtedness of admittedly unprecedented volume being thereby repeatedly created. The time arrived when this attitude of the most powerful banking interests became a matter of everyday remark, at home and abroad. The so-called "rich men's panic" of 1903, an altogether humiliating experience, was made up of forced liquidation by the very richest. The panic of 1907 was preceded by similar convulsive liquidation by some of the wealthiest men in the United States, who, twenty years ago, would almost certainly have been ranked in the inner circle of conservative high finance.

More impressive than any other incident of the period, in the light it threw on the nature of the situation, was the attitude of the great lending institutions, home and foreign. Not only in Europe, but in New York itself, it had been previously an accepted tradition of the money market that, when Stock-Exchange speculation went beyond reasonable bounds, and especially when demands for credit by the Wall-Street speculators had visibly impaired the position of the local banks, energetic measures would be taken by those institutions to put a quietus on the movement by restricting accommodation. In 1905, when stock speculation at Berlin grew as wild as it was in New York City, the Imperial Bank of Germany raised its official discount rate to six per cent, the highest figure ever reached by it up to that time, outside of actual panic years, and the president of the bank publicly stated, as a reason for the advance, that "excesses of speculation on the Bourse had unduly increased the demand for money," and that "it was the duty of the Reichsbank to put a damper on the movement."

The great New York banks pursued no such policy, though the excesses of speculation were greater that year in New York than at Berlin; they continued to supply the speculators until their surplus reserves were exhausted at the moment of the greatest need of bank funds to finance the movement of the crops. What the New York banks would not do, in relation to a Wall-Street speculation, the Bank of England found itself forced to do when powerful international banking-houses proceeded to make high bids for enormous sums of the London market's capital, apparently to sustain the Wall-Street speculation. Twice — in 1906 and in 1909 — this great state bank had recourse to extreme expedients to prevent further advance of credit, by the European money market, to the powerful Wall-Street borrowers. On both occasions, the aspect of the matter most novel in the experience of our market was that the large banking interests in New York, instead of quietly coöperating in this effort of foreign high

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finance to restrain excesses in credit exploitation, appeared to take the ground that such action, by such institutions as the Bank of England, was either an impertinence or a confession of weakness, and as such might be disregarded.

VIII

The facts which I have cited are so familiar nowadays that it has seemed hardly necessary to recapitulate them. They had, no doubt, a psychological as well as purely financial cause. They may be explained in large measure by the genuine and quite unprecedented prosperity of the United States, which was reflected, as prosperity always is, by enthusiastic speculation. But they were also reasonably to be ascribed to what a French critic of economics of high standing has called the "financial megalomania" of our capitalists. The phenomena bear close relation to the inquiry with which we started out — namely, to what extent a career such as Harriman's is an omen for the country's financial future, and what problems will arise hereafter, if his exploits in the credit market really foreshadowed the next chapter in our financial history.

These questions are likely to be tested during the next year or two. All that can now confidently be said is, that the practices referred to have already had a distinctly unfortunate effect on the position occupied by the American market in relation to financial Europe, and that the public mood is such that resumption of the process of exploiting corporation credit, on the scale and for the purposes of 1901 or 1906, will almost certainly encounter obstacles in the courts and the legislatures. President Taft's lately-announced policy of restricting ownership by railways of stock in other railway corporations, and of conferring on the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to veto issues of new securities, except for the business requirements of the issuing corporation, is one illustration of what the progress of events may bring. Such a restriction will, to many minds, seem superfluous and irritating, since, in theory at least, the directors of a great corporation are assumed to act with the widest knowledge and with the best interests of their properties in view. But the "Harriman episode," taken along with the other tendencies of the day which we have reviewed, does not show that the theory can be safely left to operate alone.

Not the least interesting aspect of the situation is the bearing of all these recent phenomena on the movement to establish a central bank of issue. Mr. Taft, in his Boston speech of September 14, pronounced it an "indispensable requirement" that such an institution "shall be kept free from Wall-Street influences." But this is not in all respects so simple an achievement as might be imagined. In more than one quarter, it has been asked with much concern, since the discussion opened, how far we could be assured that a central bank would use its necessarily great power over the American money market as we have seen the great state banks of Europe to have done, — deliberately to place impediments in the way of the extravagant use of credit for exploiting and promoting schemes of powerful interests in the market; and whether it could be surely guaranteed beforehand that such power might not be used, as even the United States Treasury's great powers have been used on certain well-remembered occasions, to smooth the path of a daring and dangerous experiment in the field of speculation.

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THE COLOR OF MUKDEN

BY ELIZABETH WASHBURN WRIGHT

MANCHURIA means an interminable brown plain, — dry stubble, endless empty furrows to be filled, by and by, with millet (*kaoliang*), waving, wonderful, green plumage, high as a man and higher, in which four years ago the Japanese hid whole armies of their troops.

To-day it is the emptiest, most silent spot in Asia. It spreads out flat and tranquil in unthinkable forgetfulness. The sun beats down fiercely out of a deep unbroken field of turquoise blue. The air is biting cold. A sudden breath of it is like a slap. A great tingling follows, and a sense of extraordinary buoyancy. One feels impelled to laugh, to shout, to strike out, to do violent things. To sleep, or sit with folded hands, would drive one mad. There is that in the air which compels like the lash of a whip.

Over this brown waste, sheltering a million seedlings, trails an endless line of native life. A dull blue, curiously blunt outline; wheelbarrow-men with sprawling legs and arms wide-outstretched, coolies with bamboo poles slung across their shoulders, innumerable mules cased like warriors in brass-studded bridles and head-pieces, donkeys picking little steps with litters on their backs, with wide-toppling loads, with native women sitting astride far back upon their tiny haunches.

These Manchu people are a big, bold-faced race, with brown skins whipped dull red by the northern winds. Shapeless bundles of them, hoods pulled over ears, stand at the stations and stamp their feet and beat their arms and watch the train come in. A straggling line of native soldiers in bungling black uniforms, their heads wound tightly in black turbans, a great splash of blood-red lettering across their breasts, present arms rigidly, with bayonets fixed, as the train pulls in and draws out. There is nothing else to see all day, a few mud-made villages, the wide sweep of the bare brown plain, the biting blue sky, and the little human trail of life trudging its endless silhouette.

Mukden came at nightfall. There was nothing to see of it but its lights, irregular and scattered. We left the train, and for two miles or more drove through the clear cold air that cut like a knife but held the freshness and sweetness of frozen flowers — something indescribably crisp and clean. The sky was shining black, like jet, with brilliant, swiftly-twinkling stars. Closely muffled figures appeared noiselessly at our sides and disappeared. Clumsy rickshaws passed us, their ironbound wheels ringing out sharply on the hard stone road. Each coolie held a little lantern, swinging in his hand, and these made bobbing luminous spots in the bright blackness of the night. One's senses groped out in a blind, helpless way for bearings, for the familiar, the accustomed.

Suddenly there was wafted the illusive, sweetish, distinctive scent of another race, as distinct in its difference as speech or dress. One reached out eagerly, sniffed, hesitated — and memory cried out triumphantly, "Japan!"

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There was nothing to see but indistinct rows of low dwellings with opaque translucent screens tightly drawn. It was Japan, of course, settling in the wake of the vanquished Russians. Vague silhouettes moved across these dimly-glowing squares. It was not needed that a *samisen* should of a sudden send a minor chord groping into the night.

In the morning all that had suggested Japan, or anything we knew, had vanished. We were in a wide, flat, gray town, covered all over, as it were, by one huddling roof. A centuries-old, slow town, crude in structure, bungling in outline; a northern town built by dogged, big-boned northern men.

This was the first impression; but walking in the streets one saw great splashings of vermilion and gold, and, over all, the aching, vivid, turquoise sky. These crude, bold colors gasped at one another and quickened one's heart-beats even as the vigor of the air had done, and the breadth of the plains and the indescribable blue above.

The street life was nondescript, neutral; mule-carts and mangy donkeys, lean, sniffing pariah dogs. The natives, great bundles of blue-gray rags, all one tone, clumsy hoods dragged over their ears, with curious, outstanding, fur-lined flaps, like wings. And some with little ear-muffs shaped like hearts, rimmed with fur and embroidered in gay colors. They wore black-velvet and black-leather boots, soft things like gloves, that made no noise. The narrow street seemed crowded with their bulk. Carts of fodder of kaoliang, dried, yellow, rustling stuff, brushed the crowd to right and left.

Most of the shops were wide open to the street. There were booths of food, cooking and spitting in pans of boiling fat, shoeshops with mammoth boots of gold and painted lacquer hanging from the curling eaves. Monstrous fans five feet across, with gilded sticks and roses painted pink and red on black, hung from other shops. Carved gold and deeply fretted woodwork topped other houses, and golden rearing dragons, with wide-reaching, trembling antennæ. Long narrow boards of black shining lacquer splashed with bold gold Manchu letters, and red boards streaked with black, dangled from many eaves. Strange square-cut blood-red shirts swung out on iron bars far over the street.

It was a curious effect that one looked at, with a sensation one might almost say of hunger. The street itself was gray and neutral; dun-colored mules, dun-colored walls, dun-colored natives, and the sudden terrific splashing of gold, and spatter of red, fresh and clean and beautiful as blood. And at the end of the street the dull red gateway, low and curving, through which only foot-traffic might pass, and that almost with bended head.

About the town spread high, smooth, beautiful walls of gray, with regular indented battlements. They meant strength, and protection, and dignity; and over each deeply-cut gateway sprang a wonderful three-storied bell-tower, like the flare of a great brilliant flower blooming in the heart of a desert. These towers were colored fiercely vermilion, with golden dragons writhing and lifting at their four corners; then came the smooth lift of plain red surface with square openings, tiers on tiers. The roof was smooth and slanting, row on row of shining tiles of green. From every pointed cave hung a little golden bell. These beautiful gateways blossomed out in half a dozen places, in the heart of the city, and at intervals on top of those smooth, austere gray walls.

This love of fundamental color must be in the very bones of the Manchus, something that the freedom of their

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roving lives has forced them to express — the limitless sweep of the plains, the lash of the northern wind. It is shouted out of them, and stands for the primitive strength and vitality of the North. For two hundred years and more this rude northern race has ruled in China. It is this forceful, vivid blood that filled the veins of that wise, wicked, wonderful old woman, who for half a century held the destiny of an empire in her tiny yellow palm.

The Manchu tombs and temples lie out across the plains, — three miles, as our sleigh slipped over them. Dry grasses, and weeds like little feathers, stuck up through the snow, and stiff, stunted bushes. Here and there were rusty hemlocks and oak trees holding fast in their empty branches enormous balls of mistletoe — mistletoe with orange-red berries. These people have an intuitive sense of color and effect. Our eyes for miles had known almost an unbroken field of white, the dazzling glare of it, and, bowling over all, the masterful blue of the sky. In the middle of this blank page, as it were, there sprang up suddenly a passionate red gateway, the *pai-lou*, with its triple entrances, its cross-beams, and curling eaves. A gray wall flanked it on either side, and leaning heavily upon the walls were the curving branches of pine trees, resting there in their great age.

We were in a grove of pine trees, through which gleamed red temples, low and spreading, with beautiful roofs of royal yellow. It was a silent place. We walked into the deserted court and looked down an avenue flanked on either side by crouching, grotesque marble beasts. These fanciful, beautiful temples, carved and gilded, held great monoliths imprisoned, upright *steles* borne on the backs of sprawling marble tortoises. We peered through the red bars at these curious symbols, climbed innumerable little steps to other temples, heard our footfalls echo in the marble court, and drank in color, red and gold, blue and yellow, with a background of dense dark green.

The treetops were full of a constant murmuring. A kite wheeled and whistled in the blue sky above our heads. Two native pilgrims approached the temples, bowing low, step by step.

Every year some prince of the blood comes to Mukden to offer up prayer and incense to his ancestors in these beautiful red temples lying out in the white snow. Last year the Empress-Dowager herself had planned to visit this ancient capital of her forefathers. A great clearing and rebuilding and a flood of vermilion lacquer followed this vaguely expressed wish, — and then the Empress died.

But the old palaces which she was to have occupied have been rescued from ruin, and their lovely grace and brightness give delight to the few who chance to visit them. This glowing group of red and gold and royal yellow lies in the heart of Mukden. They are not palaces as we know them, but low, single-storied buildings, with beautiful straight beams and curling eaves, suggesting and probably copied from the ancient Tartar tents.

Behind these fragile lacquered walls is hidden an untold wealth of treasure, the sacking of which was so feared by the Chinese that they brought their war with Japan to a halt. There was a great unbolting and unlocking of the red doors and a tearing away of absurd paper seals, before we could gain admittance; two soldiers, with bayonets fixed, standing meanwhile by our sides.

Treasure after treasure, endlessly wrapped and packed with little papers of camphor, was placed for a moment for inspection on a sort of yellow lacquer counter. Golden helmets, ruby-set and sapphire-starred, royal coats

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of yellow satin embroidered solidly in seed pearls, daggers with diamond hilts, priceless kakemonas painted by China's greatest artists, and others painted with a needle cunning as a brush. All these things, and many others, were shown us in this temple storehouse piled to the eaves with cabinets and boxes.

We walked at last out of that cold, dim treasure-house, into the court, full of melting snow and blinding sunlight, and across it into the audience-chamber, where that audacious, ivory-colored, paint-enameled Manchu princess had meant to hold her court. It was dark as we stepped in from the dazzling light — but full of the gleam of gold: eaves gold, walls gold, and in the centre of the room a raised and canopied dais. On this, before a monstrous screen, stood the throne — a giant's chair of gleaming old gold lacquer, a deep shining seat, smooth as a mirror, wide enough and deep enough to seat three men — a royal, five-clawed dragon rampant on arms and back.

The whole chamber was carpeted with a thick and brilliant rug of royal yellow, and this yellow, newly laid, and newly woven tapestry, was covered inch-deep with the dust and dirt of months, — feathers, broken birds' nests, bits of earth; and as we looked in amazement we heard a stir and movement above our heads, where amid the golden eaves the fowls of the air were nesting unmolested.

We followed our guide into the gloom and deathlike chill of still another wonder-house, and paused on the threshold in amazement. The place was lined with cabinets and shelves, and there, row on row, piled and stacked, was an array of imperial porcelains, each bit a fortune in itself; bowls and basins and vases of matchless " blue and white," ginger-jars with lovely plum pattern, clear white with rich blue medallions, curious old vases of Persian blue, — form and pattern Persian, — plain blue and " powder blue." There they stood, great toppling columns of them; rice-bowls, tea-bowls, ordinary vessels of everyday use, cast as it were in gold, and piled as unconcernedly as coarse hotel crockery bought by the ton.

One end of the room was packed in yellow: rice-bowls, soup-basins, tiny *sam-shu* cups, frail as eggshell, piled by the dozens — or hundreds rather: the pure undecorated royal yellow, half mustard, half canary, with the imperial dragon swimming beneath the glaze.

There were big vases of a glistening bronze, of swelling and perfect proportions, with iridescent gleams of flame and peacock green, dim and drowning. There were others of sea-green, of a pure and delicate wash, others again pale blue, the very ghost of a summer's sky, with outlines simple and demure. One's fingers itched for the feel of them, the sliding surface and the satisfying shape. There were gourd-like vases running through every tone of purple and thick brown, and ending in petunia and amethyst and rose. There were scores of deep cream pieces, and biscuit boldly crackled. There were vases black as night and glossy. *Famille verte*, in pairs, with handles and quaint decorations, each color distinct and pure.

We found four shelves of precious "peach-blow," — slender little vases, identical in form, some placid and perfect peach, some a trifle pale, others ruddy, but all of the surface of satin and without a flaw. There were thirty in the group, a common sisterhood, doubtless of one firing, and probably akin to the "peach-blow" in the "Walters" collection — identical as it is in shape and color. On another shelf were as many little " peach-blow " boxes, varying as a flame varies in tone and intensity.

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Above was another room, crowded as that below. More "blue and white," some wondrous *sang de bœuf*, pulsing, throbbing tones, red and thick as blood-clots. On the same shelf stood a pair of vases of greenish-blue, with a glaze brilliant as enamel, and crushed into it a warm fawn-color, like a turquoise matrix, mixed and melted. Hundreds of bowls again of dazzling white, thin and exquisite, each piece with the clear chime of a bell — rice-bowls, wine-cups, tea-bowls, fish-bowls, repeated and repeated. Near them were dozens again of cups and bowls, "apple green" this time, the royal dragon sprawling round the brim half smothered in the paste — and so it went.

Finally we dragged ourselves away, out again into the dazzle of the snow and the bold blue sky, and faced once more those amazing dwellings of vermilion lacquer.

What was the sum of it all? It made one pause and consider. A race that can think in such fearless, fundamental colors, without fuss, or futile decoration? And one sees this legend repeated again and again on every side, in the hard, enduring things of stone, the blunt monoliths, the time-serving tortoise. Every symbol of the land pointing alike to fundamental, enduring things, — patience, labor, discrimination. This chaotic, inchoate, centuries-old China — what is the meaning of it all? It is a thing to make one think — to think mightily, and think again.

We left Mukden at sunset and turned into the street, to be smitten mute by a crushing sense of color. The world to the west was one gorgeous conflagration — an intense, molten, blinding flame. Every tone in the street paled and faded. One paused, stunned and helpless, with a sense, rather than sight, of dim blunt figures looming up confusedly along the whole length of the way. Bewildered and half-blinded, we strove to advance against this crushing color in the west. But with the world black and swimming, we dropped our gaze and turned in desperation to a side lane for escape. A spell had fallen on the noisy thoroughfare — utter silence, save for the jangling bell of a mule that stubbornly pursued his course. His long black ears, as we turned for a last look, stood out in comical and wagging silhouette against that background of boiling gold.

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THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

IX

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

AND now on the very heels of Humphreys's dispatch, his trusted aide, Colonel Morgan, reports that the enemy are advancing on the Brock Road. This news set Hancock's ardent nature on fire and I think I can see him as it burst into flame; for during one of the charges at Spottsylvania I was near him and felt the blaze of his fierce activity. He orders Birney to send a brigade at once to Gibbon (bear in mind that it is a little after nine, and that we have seen that Birney has need of every man along his bullet-sheeted front). Birney detaches Eustis's brigade of the Sixth Corps, and starts it toward the junction. A few minutes, and Hancock tells Carroll to send a regiment now; and, probably hearing another of Custer's guns, he sets the resolute Brooke in motion, and with him Coulter, who has gathered the remains of Baxter's brigade, the one which the light-haired and light-mustached, medium-sized and trim Kershaw first struck in Lee's appalling hour. Before Eustis reaches the junction, along comes Leasure's delayed brigade of Stevenson's division, and Hancock tells them to keep right on down the Brock Road and help Gibbon; — Eustis, now on hand and seeing Leasure's column hurrying by, knows he must not break through, and halts. Hancock, having a moment to think, concludes that Gibbon, aided by Tidball with practically all the artillery of the corps, can take care of Longstreet, and directs Eustis to countermarch and go back to his fellows under Wadsworth and Birney.

Only a moment's respite for Hancock, and here comes ill-faced Trouble again. What is it, creature? Humphreys orders you to take immediate steps to repair the break the enemy has made through Warren's left (referring to Cutler). Off he propels an aide to Birney to send two brigades to his right to fill Cutler's gap. And that order is no sooner sent than here comes a message from Meade, saying that he hopes that nothing will delay or prevent his attacking simultaneously with Burnside!

Meet Longstreet as he comes up the Brock Road! attack simultaneously with Burnside! detach two brigades from Birney to fill a gap! Surely Hancock's measure of trials was pressed down and running over; and lo! Longstreet was not on the Brock Road at all, there was no gap in Warren's lines, and Burnside was nowhere near attacking, simultaneously or otherwise. Meade ought to have remembered how long it took "Old Burn" to get ready at Antietam.

But cheer up, gallant Hancock! The hour-glass of your tormenting perplexities is about run out. Gibbon has discovered at last (10.10 A. M.) that the enemy he had seen looming up on the Brock Road are several hundred whitish, hospital-bleached convales-

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cents, who, by some stupid, neglectful provost-marshal at Chancellorsville, have been allowed to follow the corps' march of the day before around by way of Todd's Tavern.

On the convalescents' crossing into his lines I have no doubt that the wrinkle-browed and closely-cropped, reddish-bearded Gibbon breathed a long, deep sigh of relief. Nor have I any doubt that when Hancock got the news, the recording angel suddenly found himself busy, and, when his pen could n't keep up, looked downward, — apparently there was no end to the emphatic procession in sight, — and, feeling kindly toward Hancock, knowing he was a brave, big-hearted fellow who would reach his hand compassionately to a stricken enemy, and that he had been badly pestered, closed the books and deliberately turned on an electrical buzzer, and cut off all communication with the Wilderness. And behold, when the books were opened again, some great hand, on the plea of the Centurion, I have no doubt, had written "Excused" after every one of the entries.

Meanwhile the lull that has heretofore been referred to is going on, and Wadsworth has dismounted and is alone with Monteith of his staff, who says, "He [Wadsworth] told me that he felt completely exhausted and worn out, that he was unfit (physically) to command and felt that he ought in justice to himself and his men to turn the command over to Cutler. He asked me to get him a cracker, which I did."

And while this gray-haired patriot and gentleman and the North's nearest aristocrat and nobleman is resting for the minutes that are left of his cultivated and heroic life, let us see what advantage Longstreet was taking of this ominous lull.

General M. L. Smith, a New Yorker and a distinguished graduate of West Point, doing engineer duty with Lee's army, had examined our left, and, finding it inviting attack, so reported to Longstreet. Now, there is on Longstreet's staff a tall, trim, graceful young Georgian, with keen dark eyes and engaging face, whose courage and ability to command Longstreet knows well, for he has been with him on every one of the big fields. His name is Sorrel, and his gallant clay, the long, pendulant, gray Southern moss swaying softly over it, is lying in the cemetery at Savannah. His *Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer* has for me, like all the books I love, a low, natural, wild music; and, as sure as I live, the spirits who dwell in that self-sown grove called Literature were by his side when he wrote the last page of his *Recollections*, and his pen kept step with his beating heart. Longstreet, on hearing Smith's report, called Sorrel to him, and told him to collect some scattered brigades, form them in a good line on our left, and then, with his right pushed forward, to hit hard. "But don't start till you have everything ready. I shall be waiting for your gun-fire, and be on hand with fresh troops for further advance," said Longstreet.

Sorrel picked up Anderson's, Wofford's, Davis's of Heth's, and Mahone's brigades, and led them to the old unfinished railroad bed; and, having stretched them out on it, formed them, facing north, for advance. Of course, had Gibbon obeyed Hancock's order, this movement of Sorrel's would not have been feasible; as it was, the coast was clear. On Birney's left, as everywhere along the front, our forces were in several lines, and those of the first had changed places with the second, taking advantage of the little fires at which they had boiled some coffee to boil some for themselves; for many of the troops had not had a bite since

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half-past three in the morning, and it was now past eleven. Save the skirmish-line, both lines were lying down, and not expecting any danger, when suddenly, from the heavy undergrowth, Sorrel's three widely-winged brigades burst on their flank with the customary yell, and before our people could change front, or, in some cases, even form, they were on them. Fighting McAlister tried his best to stay the tempest, and so did others, many little groups of their men selling their lives dearly; for the color-bearers planted their banners on nearly every knoll, and brave young fellows would rally around them; but being overpowered, panic set in, and the lines melted away.

As soon as Carroll, Lewis A. Grant, Birney, Webb, and Wadsworth heard Sorrel's quick volleys, they were all on their feet at once, for the character of the firing and the cheers told them that Peril had snapped its chain and was loose. In a few minutes fleeing individuals, then squads, and then broken regiments, began to pour through the woods from the left.

Kershaw and Field, being notified by Longstreet to resume the offensive as soon as they should hear Sorrel, now pressed forward, seriously and exultingly active. Wadsworth, to stay the threatening disaster (for that lunatic, Panic, travels fast, and every officer of experience dreads its first breath), flew to the Thirty-seventh Massachusetts at the head of Eustis's brigade, which was just getting back from the junction, and ordered Edwards, a resolute man, to throw his regiment across the front of Field, who, with several pieces of artillery raking the road, was advancing. The Thirty-seventh moved quickly by flank into the woods, and then, undismayed, heard the command "Forward." And with it went my friends, Lieutenants Casey and Chalmers, and that pleasant and true one of many a day, Captain "Tom" Colt of Pittsfield, whose mother was a saint. "You have made a splendid charge!" exclaimed Wadsworth, and so they had — the ground behind them showed it; they thrust Field back, gaining a little respite for all hands before disaster; and very valuable it proved to be, for some of the broken commands thereby escaped utter destruction.

While Field and Kershaw assailed Carroll, Birney, and Wadsworth fiercely, fire was racing through the woods, adding its horrors to Sorrel's advance; and with the wind driving the smoke before him, he came on, sweeping everything. In the midst of the raging havoc, Webb, under instructions from Wadsworth, now in an almost frantic state of mind, is trying to align some troops beyond the road so as to meet Sorrel, whose fire is beginning to scourge the flanks of Carroll and the Green Mountain men, through whom and around whom crowds of fugitives, deaf to all appeals to rally, were forcing their way to the rear. But the organizations, so severely battered in the morning, were crumbling so fast, and the tumult was so high, that Webb saw it was idle to expect they could hold together in any change of position; he returned to his command, and quickly brought the Fifty-sixth Massachusetts, Griswold's regiment, alongside the road. Fortunately his Nineteenth Maine, withdrawn during the lull to replenish its ammunition, had been wheeled up by the gallant Connor at the first ominous volley from the South. They had barely braced themselves on the road before Carroll, and then the old Vermont brigade, had to go; and now Connor and Griswold open on Sorrel, checking him up roundly.

Seeing his lines falter, Sorrel dashed up to the color-bearer, "Ben" May of the Twelfth Virginia, and asked for the colors to lead the charge. "We will fol-

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low you," avowed the smiling little youth spiritedly, refusing to give them up; and so they did, he and his regiment. Meanwhile, Wadsworth at Webb's right, and only a few paces behind some troops, is flamingly urging them on. Hidden by smoke and woods, Mahone is coming directly toward him, and at the short range of twenty yards pours in a volley. Wadsworth's men go down and he with them, his brain spattering the coat of Earl M. Rogers, his aide at his side. The rein of Wadsworth's horse, after the general fell, caught in a snag, and, Rogers's horse having been killed by the volley, he vaulted into the saddle, and escaped through the flying balls. Wadsworth lies unconscious within Mahone's lines; his heart, that has always beaten so warmly for his country, is still beating, but hears no response now from the generous, manly, truth-viewing brain. I believe that morning, noon, and night the bounteous valley of the Genesee, with its rolling fields and tented shocks of bearded grain, holds Wadsworth in dear remembrance.

Everything on the right of the Nineteenth Maine, Fifty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Massachusetts is gone, and they, with fragments of other gallant regiments that have stood by them, will soon have to go, too, for Sorrel comes on again with a rush. Griswold, pistol in hand, advances the colors to meet him, and is killed almost instantly; Connor, on foot and in the road, is struck and, as he falls, Webb calls out, "Connor, are you hit?" "Yes, I've got it this time." And his men sling him in a blanket and carry him to the rear. Webb, seeing the day is lost, tells the bitterly-tried regiments to scatter, and the wreckage begins to drift sullenly far and wide, some in Cutler's tracks, and some toward where Burnside is still pottering; but naturally the main stream is back on both sides of the Plank to the Brock Road, and there it straggles across it hopelessly toward Chancellorsville.

All of Hancock's right wing smashed to pieces! And the Plank Road is Lee's! Yes, the Plank Road is Lee's, — and the Brock, the strategic key, is within his grasp too! For Longstreet, followed by fresh brigades at double-quick, is coming down the Plank Road determined to clinch the victory!! His spirits are high, and Field's hand still tingles with his hearty grasp congratulating him on the valor of his troops. Jenkins, a sensitive, enthusiastic South Carolinian, "abreast with the foremost in battle and withal an humble Christian," says Longstreet, has just thrown his arms around Sorrel's shoulder, — for the graceful hero has ridden to meet his chief, and tell him the road is clear, — and says, "Sorrel, it was splendid, we shall smash them now." And then, after conferring with Kershaw, who had already been directed to follow on and complete Hancock's overthrow, Jenkins rides up to Longstreet's side and with overflowing heart says, "I am happy. I have felt despair of the cause for some months, but am relieved and feel assured that we shall put the enemy back across the Rapidan before night." Put the enemy back across the Rapidan! The Army of the Potomac defeated again, and Grant's prestige gone!!

Yes! It is a great moment for Jenkins and for them all. The cloudy sky that has been so dark has rifted open, and the spire of the Confederacy's steeple dazzles, once more in sunshine. And while it dazzles and youth comes again into the wan cheek of the Confederacy, gaunt Slavery, frenzied with delight over her prospective reprieve, snatches a cap from a dead, fair-browed Confederate soldier, and clapping it on her coarse, rusty, gray-streaked mane, begins to dance in hideous glee out on

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the broom-grass of the Widow Tapp's old field.

Dance on, civilization's most repugnant and doomed creature! From amid the oaks the inexorable eye of the Spirit of the Wilderness is on you! Dance on! For in a moment Longstreet, like "Stonewall," will be struck down by the same mysterious hand, by the fire of his own men, and the clock in the steeple of the Confederacy will strike twelve. And, as its last stroke peals, knelling sadly away, a tall spare figure, — where are the tints in her cheeks now? — clad in a costly shroud, and holding a dead rose in her hand, will enter the door of History. And you, *you*, Slavery, will be dying, gasping, your glazing eyes wide open, staring into the immensity of your wrongs. And when your last weary pulse has stopped, and your pallid lips are apart and set for good and all, no friendly hand will be there to close them, — oh, the face you will wear! — the eye of the Spirit of the Wilderness will turn from you with a strange, impenetrable gleam. For White and Black, bond and free, rich and poor; the waving trees, the leaning fields with their nibbling flocks, the mist-cradling little valleys with their grassy-banked runs, gleaming and murmuring in the moonlight; the tasseling corn and the patient, neglected, blooming weed by the dusty roadside, — all, all are the children of the same great, plastic, loving hand which Language, Nature's first and deepest interpreter, her widely listening ear catching waves of sound from the immeasurable depths of the Firmament, reverently called God; all, all are bound by common ties.

The first warning that Hancock had that something serious had happened was the sight of Frank's brigade, and the left of Mott's division, tearing through to the Brock Road on Barlow's right. But now the full stream of wreckage begins to float by him at the junction, and he realizes that disaster has come to his entire right front. "A large part of the whole line came back," says Lyman. "They have no craven terror, but for the moment will not fight, nor even rally. Drew my sword and tried to stop them, but with small success."

Colonel Lyman, a tall, lean man with a gracious, naturally cordial manner, an energetic and careful observer, and far away the best educated officer connected with any staff in the army, rode in and reported the state of affairs to Meade, who at once, realizing the appalling possibilities, directed Hunt to place batteries on the ridge east of the run, the trains at Chancellorsville to fall back to the river, and Sheridan to draw in his cavalry to protect them. "Grant, who was smoking stoically under a pine," says Lyman, "expressed himself annoyed and surprised that Burnside did not attack — especially as Comstock was with him as engineer and staff officer to show him the way."

Meanwhile men were pouring from the woods like frightened birds from a roost. The tide across the Brock Road was at its height, and it was only when Hancock appealed to Carroll, who had halted his brigade on arriving at the road, to give him a point for rallying, that he and his staff met with any encouragement. "Troops to the right and left of the brigade," states the historian of the Fourth Ohio, "were falling rapidly back beyond it." Carroll rode among the dispirited, trailing groups, shouting, "For God's sake, don't leave my men to fight the whole rebel army. Stand your ground!" For he expected Lee to strike at any moment. But how strange! Why do his fresh troops not come on and burst through while Hancock, Carroll, Lyman, and Rice, and scores of officers, are trying to rally the men? Leasure, from his position down

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the Brock Road, with deployed brigade, his right one hundred paces from the breastworks, has traversed the entire front, encountering but a single detached body of the enemy. What does the continuing silence mean? Certainly something mysterious has happened. Why do they lose the one great chance to complete the victory?

A few words will explain it all. The Sixty-first Virginia, of Mahone's brigade, had approached within forty or fifty yards of the road, and, through the smoke and intervening underbrush, seeing objects emerging on to it from the bushes on the opposite side, mistook them for enemies and let drive a scattering volley. What they saw was a part of their fellow regiment, the Twelfth Virginia, who with the colors had crossed the road in pursuit of Wadsworth's men and were returning. The volley intended for them cut right through Longstreet, Kershaw, Jenkins, Sorrel, and quite a number of staff and orderlies, who just then came riding by, killing instantly General Jenkins, Captain Foley, several orderlies, and two of the Twelfth's color-guard. But of all the bullets in this Wilderness doomsday volley the most fated was that which struck Longstreet, passing through his right shoulder and throat, and almost lifting him from his saddle. As the unfortunate man was reeling, about to fall, his friends took him down from his horse and propped him against a tree. Field, who was close by, came to his side, and Longstreet, although faint and bleeding profusely, told him to go straight on; and then dispatched Sorrel with this message to Lee: "Urge him to continue the movement he [Longstreet] was engaged on; the troops being all ready, success would surely follow and Grant, he firmly believed, be driven back across the Rapidan."

They carried Longstreet — thought at the time by all to be mortally wounded — to the rear, and just as they were putting him into an ambulance, Major Stiles, from whom I have already quoted, came up; and, not being able to get definite information as to the character of his wound, only that it was serious, — some saying he was dead, — turned and rode with one of the staff who in tears accompanied his chief.

"I rode up to the ambulance and looked in," says the Major. "They had taken off Longstreet's hat and coat and boots. I noticed how white and domelike his great forehead looked, how spotless white his socks and his fine gauze undervest save where the black-red gore from his throat and shoulder had stained it. While I gazed at his massive frame, lying so still except when it rocked inertly with the lurch of the vehicle, his eyelids frayed apart till I could see a delicate line of blue between them, and then he very quietly moved his unwounded arm and, with his thumb and two fingers, carefully lifted the saturated undershirt from his chest, holding it up a moment, and heaved a deep sigh. He is not dead, I said to myself."

Longstreet was taken to the home of his friend, Erasmus Taylor, not far from Orange Court House, and, as soon as he could stand the journey, to a hospital in Lynchburg. Although not fully recovered from his wounds, he rejoined the army about the last of October, after it had taken what proved to be its final stand before Richmond.

Field, it appears from one of his letters, joined Lee and Longstreet when they reached him on their way to the front, and rode beside Lee. On coming to an obstruction of logs that had been thrown across the road by their troops in the early morning, or later by ours, Lee stopped, while Field, at his suggestion, gave the necessary orders for the removal of the logs so that the two guns which were following them could pass.

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Meanwhile Longstreet with his party rode on, and within fifty yards met with the fate already chronicled. Had the road been clear, Lee would have been with them and received the fire of that fateful volley. But fortunately, not there, not in the gloom of the Wilderness, but at his home in Lexington and after his example had done so much to guide the Southern people into the paths of resignation and peace, was his life to end.

When the nature of the Wilderness is taken into account, the situation into which Lee was plunged in a twinkling, so to speak, by the wounding of Longstreet, was, in the military sense, one of formidable confusion. Behind him in the narrow road, clogged throughout by prisoners, limping wounded, and stretcher-bearers, — who that saw them once will ever forget the pale faces and appealing eyes of their burdens? — were the guns and Jenkins's big brigade marching in column. Field's and Kershaw's divisions were advancing in two or more lines of battle at right angles to the road. On Lee's right, and also parallel to the road, were Sorrel's flanking brigades, all in more or less disorder, moving by flank to the rear for the time being, preparatory to the execution of Longstreet's order for a second attack on Hancock's left, every step they take bringing them and the advancing organizations nearer utter confusion. Moreover, and adding greatly to his difficulties, the woods were enveloped in heavy, obscuring smoke.

Such were the circumstances into which Lee was suddenly thrown at that hour of momentous importance. It was an unusual and chafing trial, — I recall no instance during the war when any commander of a large army found himself in a like situation, — one that took him out of his sphere of general command and imposed upon him the burden of details which ordinarily falls on subordinates who, as a rule, from their intimate relations with officers and troops, can more readily deal with them than the commander himself. No doubt Longstreet's plans were told to Lee by Sorrel and Field, but, whatsoever they were and whomsoever he should designate to carry them out, obviously nothing could be done till the lines were untangled; and so he directed Field to re-form them with a view to carrying the Brock Road, on which his heart was resolutely set.

Field at once began his troublesome task, and, while he is getting his troops ready for the ordeal, Lee giving him verbal orders from time to time, let us turn to the operations of our cavalry, which, for the first time in the history of the Federal army, was on the immediate field with the infantry in a well organized and compact body and under an impetuous leader. Grant had called Sheridan to the command from the western army, and no mistake was made in his choice.

In his relentlessness, boisterous jollity in camp, and in a certain wild, natural intrepidity and brilliancy in action, Sheridan came nearer the old type of the Middle Ages than any of the distinguished officers of our day. I need not give details as to his appearance, for his portrait is very familiar. The dominating features of his fleshy face with its subdued ruddiness were prominent, full, black, flashing eyes, which at once caught your attention and held it. His forehead was well developed, a splendid front for his round, cannon-ball head. Custer insisted on introducing me to him at City Point after his Trevilian Raid — Sheridan was in his tent, bareheaded, and writing, when we entered. He gave me his usual spontaneous, cordial greeting and searching look, and soon thereafter was off for the Valley, where he won great honors, breaking the clouds that were hanging

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so heavily over our cause, lifting the North from a state of despondency and doubt into one of confidence in its final success, and giving Grant a relief from his burden which he never forgot. Sheridan and Meade — nature had cast them in very different moulds — soon clashed, and before we reached Spottsylvania the slumbering fire of their mutual and natural incompatibility burst into flames.

It is not my desire to stir the embers of old controversies, but my impression is that, great as Sheridan was, he never could have permanently maintained pleasant official relations with his fellow commanders on any field: he had to be in chief control, tolerating no restraint from equals. Grant alone he bowed to, and the reason Grant admired him and allowed him free rein was that Sheridan did not hesitate to take a bold initiative.

Sheridan early in the morning of the 6th put the cavalry in motion, and Custer's successful fight with Fitz Lee's division in the forenoon on Hancock's left has already been mentioned. I wish my readers could have known Custer, felt the grasp of his hand, seen his warm smile, and heard his boyish laugh. And then, too, if they could have seen him lead a charge! his men following him rollickingly with their long red neckties (they wore them because it was a part of his fantastic dress) and as reckless of their lives as he himself of his own. Really, it seemed at times as if the horses caught his spirit and joined in the charge with glee, the band playing and bugles sounding. There never was but one Custer in this world, and at West Point how many hours I whiled idly away with him which both of us ought to have given to our studies. But what were the attractions of Mechanics, Optics or Tactics, Strategy or Ordnance, to those of the subjects we talked about: our life in Ohio, its coon-hunts, fox-chases, fishing-holes, muskrat and partridge-traps, what "Bob" said and what "Dick" did under certain amusing circumstances; in fact, about all that stream of persons and little events at home which, when a boy is far away from it for the first time, come flowing back so dearly.

It was his like, I have often thought, which inspired that lovable man and soldier, "Dick" Steele, to say in the *Spectator*, when descanting in his own sweet way on the conversation and characters of military men, "But the fine gentleman in that band of men is such a one as I have now in my eye, who is foremost in all danger to which he is ordered. His officers are his friends and companions, as they are men of honour and gentlemen; the private men are his brethren, as they are of his species. He is beloved of all that behold him. Go on, brave man, immortal glory is thy fortune, and immortal happiness thy reward."

Reader, let me confide! there are two authors in the next world whom I have a real longing to see; one is Steele, — poor fellow so often in his cups; and the other, he who wrote the Gospel of Saint John and saw the Tree of Life.

Custer, after throwing his old West Point friends, Young and Rosser, back from the Brock Road and Hancock's left, sought connection with the ever-trusted Gregg, then at Todd's Tavern confronting Stuart, whose whole force was dismounted and studiously kept under cover, protected everywhere by hastily constructed defenses. That Stuart at this time had some plan in hand is revealed by a dispatch to him from Lee's chief of staff, dated 10 A. M., to the effect that Lee directed him (Marshall) to say that he approved of Stuart's designs and wished him success. Probably what he had in mind was one of his usual startling raids; but whatever it was, Gregg prevented him from un-

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dertaking it by holding him fast to his lines, thereby retaining the cross-roads at the Tavern and securing the left of the field.

At one o'clock Humphreys, acknowledging a dispatch, tells Sheridan that Hancock's flank had been turned and that Meade thought he had better draw in his cavalry so as to secure the protection of the trains. Accordingly Sheridan drew in from Todd's Tavern and the Brock Road. Wilson was brought up to Chancellorsville, and the enemy that night pushed forward almost to the Furnaces, about halfway between Todd's Tavern and Sheridan's headquarters at Chancellorsville. Thus by the time Field was ready, the Brock Road beyond Hancock's left, covering ground at once dangerous to the army if it stood still, and absolutely essential if it tried to go ahead, was abandoned. In regaining it the next day, which had to be done to carry out Grant's onward, offensive movement, Sheridan had to do some hard fighting, and met with very severe losses, the responsibility for which became the occasion of an acrimonious dispute that broke out between his own friends and the friends of Meade as soon as Sheridan's autobiography appeared. Death had overtaken Meade some years before the book was published. Perhaps he was misled by Sheridan's dispatch as to positions of the cavalry, but I have never felt that Meade's friends were quite fair to Sheridan in blaming him for falling back, since the plain purport of the orders, as I interpret them, was for him to take no responsibilities that would endanger the safety of the trains by being too far extended. To be sure, it so happened that the trains were secure; Lee's great chance, that hovered for a moment like a black thundercloud over the Army of the Potomac, passed by; and if Sheridan had left Gregg at Todd's Tavern, which, as we see now, he might have done, the door to Spottsylvania would in all probability have been wide open for Warren. As it was, Warren found it shut.

But let us go to the trains at Chancellorsville, some of which had already started for Ely's Ford to recross the Rapidan, and for whose protection all this giving up of ground had to be done. And, in explanation of their movement, allow me to say that no one scents danger so quickly as quartermasters in charge of trains. While the commander is thinking how he can get ahead through danger, they are busy thinking how they can get back out of danger. For, as a rule, quartermasters hear very little of the good, but all of the bad news from the slightly wounded and the skulkers who, sooner or later, drift back to the trains, the latter invariably telling the same sad, unblushing story, that their commands are literally cut to pieces. A real adept skulker or coffee-boiler is a most interesting specimen; and how well I remember the coolness with which he and his companion (for they go in pairs) would rise from their little fires on being discovered and ask most innocently, "Lieutenant, can you tell me where the —— regiment is?" And the answer, I am sorry to say, was, too often, "Yes, right up there at the front, you damned rascal, as you well know!"

Of course, they would make a show of moving, but they were back at their little fire as soon as you were out of sight.

That mid-day — I mean just after Hancock's overthrow, before Sheridan got his orders — not only the skulkers but many a good soldier whose heart was gone, made his way to the trains at Chancellorsville; and the quartermasters had good reason to take their usual initiative toward safety, northward in this case, to Ely's Ford, expecting every minute to hear the "rebel"

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yell; for there was presageful honesty in the face and story of more than one who came back. Even the ammunition-train of the Second Corps, which as a rule stood to the last, was affected by the contagious panic and joined the anxious procession. At about six o'clock Sheridan, impressed by the state of affairs, told Humphreys that unless the trains were ordered to cross the river, the road would be blocked and it would be impossible for troops to get to the ford. What would have happened that afternoon among the trains had Longstreet not been wounded and had his troops broken through?

Meanwhile Field, under the immediate eye of Lee, was getting his men ready to renew the contest. Knowing the situation and the country as we do, it is not surprising that there was delay, or to learn from the report of the First South Carolina, one of the regiments which planted their colors on Hancock's first line of works, that there was much wearisome marching and countermarching before they all got into place for the attack. What were left of the Texans, G. S. Anderson's and Jenkins's brigade of South Carolinians, now commanded by Colonel John Bratton of the Sixth of Field's own division, he put in several lines of battle, for it was on that side of the Plank Road that the main assault was to be made. Kershaw, by Lee's direct orders, was, with three of his brigades (Humphreys', Bryan's, and Henagan's), moved beyond them, even till his right rested on the unfinished railway. His other brigade (Wofford's) was detached to help Perry stop Burnside, who, while Field was forming, had finally gotten under headway. The only good, so far as I can see, that Burnside did that day was to detach these two brigades from Lee at a critical time.

At last, after three or four precious hours had been consumed in disentangling and getting ready, four brigades of R. H. Anderson's fresh division and Longstreet's old corps which had broken through Sickles's at Gettysburg and Rosecrans's at Chickamauga, were under way for another trial, — their last, as it turned out, for, with but one feeble exception, Lee never tried another general assault. Had he had as many men as Grant, I have but little doubt his fighting spirit would have inflamed him to repeat and re-repeat Malvern Hill and Pickett's charge. But this time Pickett was not with him — his immortalized division was at Petersburg looking after Butler; — nor could Alexander bring up his artillery, as on the famous day at Gettysburg, to shake the lines along the Brock Road. Could he have done so, the effect, I fear, would have been disastrous.

And now, facing east, those seasoned veterans of Antietam and Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Chickamauga, Second Bull Run, and Gettysburg, are all ready. Their line begins near the foot of the knoll that rises in the obtuse angle between the Brock and the old Germanna roads and extends southward clear to the unfinished railway. Brightened here and there and closely overhung by blooming dogwoods and innumerable throngs of spring-green leaves, on slender branches that gently brush faces and colors as the soft breezes sigh by, is the long line of gray, speckled at short intervals by the scarlet of torn banners. Little did those men dream as they stood there that Fate only a few hours before had sealed the fate of the Confederacy, that their cause was lost, and that the sacrifices they were about to be called on to make would be a waste.

On my visit to the field last May, I sat a while beneath the oaks on the knoll, — the spot is quite open and gloried with more of the stateliness of an oak forest than any point in the Wilderness, — and as my mind dwelt on those battle

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lines waiting for the command "Forward" that would blot out this world for so many of them, I felt one after another the tender throbs of human ties, which stretch back to the cradle and the hearth. I was on the point of yielding to their pathos, when the background of my meditations became a vast, murky-lighted expanse, and from a break in its sombre depths a figure — perchance it was Destiny — beckoned Imagination to come and look down on the brave combatants in their struggle-to-the-death. The spirit of the nation was standing there with anxious look, and at her side was a glowing face. I asked Imagination who that was, and she answered, that is the Future. After many days of hatred and suffering, lo! Goodwill knocked at the doors of Conqueror and Conquered, and she joined their hands in friendly grasp.

(To be continued.)

"THE GIFT OF FORGIVING GODS"

BY MARY BORDEN TURNER

THE sacred city of Benares lifted its mysterious face to the morning sun, smiling, mystic, wonderful. Its gleaming pinnacles and gorgeous towers swam through the shining white haze of an early sky. The sunlight, as yet untainted by the feverish heat of noon, poured down from the flashing tips of two slender minarets, sentinels of Mohammed's classic monument in the midst of a glowing Hinduism; poured down, deepened, and spread in a visible golden wash over the crowded buildings, over tier upon tier of stone steps, down to the edge of the blue Ganges. It flooded a molten stream of bronze bodies and brilliant *saris* that undulated up and down the long terraces, turned to fire a thousand brass vessels that glinted through the throng. Pure and kind and innocent, it penetrated into the haggard shrines that faced the holy river, touching gently the faces of barren women who knelt before the sacred lingum of Shivah and knocked their heads ceaselessly upon the stone pavement. Unconsciously merciless, it hung upon the mask-faces of ash-smeared fakirs, who squatted motionless by the water's edge, blinking back to the heavens, in blind self-satisfied fanaticism. Laughingly it danced through the sparkling wavelets of the Ganges, turning them to silver and sapphire; playfully it caressed the limbs of the river's devotees who came in hundreds to bathe and worship. Cool, limpid mother Ganges! Pure life-giving Sun-God!

An old woman stood knee-deep in the water, lifting her withered face and dimmed eyes to the sky. Slowly she raised her shriveled black arms above her head, and poured the sacred water from her brass jar, an offering to the sun. A group of plump Brahmin women scrubbed their clothing vigorously on the steps behind her, laughing and gossiping as they washed. A large austere man, under a straw umbrella, round

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like a gigantic mushroom, dipped water from where he sat on his raft and drank, then marked his forehead and arms with ashes, elaborately careful. Far up the river, to the pearl-gray smoke of the Burning-Ghat, rippled the bright line of worshipers, but no one noticed the old woman. She was protected from the eyes of the curious by the covering of her uncomely old age, and she was oblivious to them all, isolated in the fervency of her prayer. For a moment her sorrow-stricken face quivered to the sun, then bowed itself to the waters that lapped her shrunken body, "Gunga-Mai, Gunga-Mai," she repeated, feebly imploring.

A crow dropped from the white sky over her head, and lit upon something that floated a little beyond her. It was the stiff body of a child. The old woman shrank together suddenly, cowered shaking in the water, and half stretched out her arms to the little form. "*Piari — meri Piari!*" she cried tremulously, yearningly; but the current of the river carried its burden onward swiftly, and only the blue waves answered her, laughing. Slowly she turned and waded back to the dry stone steps. Slowly, feebly she wrung out the drenched end of her single muslin garment, turning a bewildered face this way and that in search of some one.

As she put the meagre fold of her *sari* over her gray head, and lifted her brass jar from the stone at her bare knotted feet, he came along the steps above her, her son for whom she was looking, a tall, somewhat loosely-built, awkward youth, with a mild subdued face. On his forehead was the freshly marked sign of Shivah. He had been bathing too, and his cotton skirt clung to his body in damp folds. He carried a bundle bound to his bare bronze shoulders and a staff in one hand. Without speaking, he put his arm through hers and urged her gently up the great flight of steps. Slowly and silently they mounted through the streaming sunlight, through the unnoticing, eddying throng, the mother leaning her frail body upon her son; and on the face of each was the leaden weight of sorrow.

"Will you rest here, Bhagwanti?" asked the young man when they finally reached the stone-flagged street at the top of the steps.

He looked into the old face patiently as he spoke, but she seemed not to hear. Her weak eyes strained beyond him to a shrine guarded by a sacred tree. A dissolute-looking man, with a red shawl flung defiantly over his shoulder, was striding around the tree, fiercely, as though he grudged the gods this atonement for his sins. Several melancholy little women crept around behind him, timidly, to atone for the sins of their husbands, around and around. Bhagwanti shook her old head.

"She had no need to do that for you," she murmured.

Her son's face contracted in a sudden twist of pain.

"Come, weary Mai-ji," he said, hurriedly yet kindly. "Come: we will seek first the Golden Temple and the Well of Knowledge. Then I will find for you sweet milk and a place to rest."

He pulled her with him down the shadowed mouth of a narrow street. She followed, mumbling.

"You were always a faithful son, yes, and a kind master to your house. 'T is your father's widow who has angered the gods. — Ah! Ram, Ram — Ram!" Her voice quavered off into silence as her bare feet slapped the dust behind her son's footsteps.

The man said nothing. He had never been one to eat many words, and of late years his labor in the fields had given him increased measure of silent patience. Since the gods had taken away the delight of his simple heart, the lustrous eyed Lakshmi, and their baby girl,

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the little Piari, he had never spoken of them, even to his mother. Her loneliness was querulous: for hours she would sit by the door of their thatched hut murmuring the name of the child, and clinging with both arms to her own empty shriveled breast; but he, it seemed, must bear his suffering like one of those poor dogs that hung sick and dumb about his lonely house in that far village whence they had come. It was for the woman's, his mother's, sake that he had made the weary pilgrimage to Benares. For him the prospect of worshiping by the sacred river held no solace; and why should he try to appease the anger of the gods?

A great crowd of pilgrims surged through the outer court of the Golden Temple, surged forward, were thrown back, and surged again about the Well of Knowledge. Thin, worn men and women they were, from far country villages, with dingy travel-torn garments, childlike hungry faces, bewildered by the clamorous clanging of temple bells, the lowing of sacred cows, the cries of peddlers who sold garlands, fruit, and glistening *ghee* for offerings. Passionately they pressed forward to drink of the blessed perspiration of Shivah, that half-filled the shiny stone basin of the well, and was doled to them in spoonfuls by a fat, squatting priest; then they tumbled past, to worship before the great red bull in the inner court. An insolent priest, with brutal, bloated face and protruding belly, stood guard by the huge head where the pilgrims knelt and left their offerings. One after another, they laid their foreheads to the stone, tossed sacred water over the beast's forefeet and dropped a coin which the priest swept contemptuously into his *chuddhar*.

Bhagwanti and her son received their portion of the blessed fluid and were swept on by the crowd. "Ai, ai," whimpered the old woman, terrified and bruised. The boy encircled her narrow shoulders with his arms, and lifted her down the steps to the pavement before the Bull, pressing four coppers into her withered hand. Trembling she knelt with her gray head to the ground. Her weary spirit groped confusedly through the clamorous strangeness of her surroundings. She had come a three days' journey on her aged feet. Her days were all but numbered, and her heart was fevered with a sickening sense of undefined sin. Somewhere she had offended, perhaps by clinging too happily to the cherished remnants of her old widowhood. Ah, if the great Shivah would but give her some sign of forgiveness!

She dropped the coins, praying piteously. With a harsh grunt, the priest tore her from her son's arm and hurled her across the stones of the court. She fell in a queer formless heap. The boy sprang to her swiftly. Silently he picked her up, and taking her in his strong arms disappeared in the throng, as a pebble drops through turbulent waters, leaving no trace of its path; and still the pilgrims scrambled like eager yet frightened children to worship the beast; and the priest turned to another woman who left too small an offering and beat her head to the stones with his heavy hand. And in all the passionately pulsating throng, only Shivah's bull stared straight ahead with sightless eyes, immovable.

The sun had risen slowly higher and higher, gathering feverish heat in its ascent, until it hung burning above the narrow winding streets of the city where the tide of life ran very low. All things seemed to have shriveled within themselves, except the blazing sunlight. The shadows cast by the awnings of fruit and food-shops shrank shamefacedly against the wall of high blistered buildings. Shopkeepers drooped shrunkenly as they crouched drowsing behind their

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wares. Even the gay silks that hung over the balconies of the great silk-store, the one with the sign in the language of the white sahibs, hung limp and pale in the still white heat of noon. The singing of a myriad infinitesimal insects made a thin vibrant sound that danced through the atmosphere, as though the dizzy shimmer of the sunlight were become audible.

Bhagwanti's son half-carried, half-led her across the burning market-place. Her old knees knocked against each other feebly as she tottered along. Her head shook miserably against his bare shoulder. Her breath came in little gasps. Now and then she lifted her thin reedy voice in a little heart-broken wail. In a secluded corner of the square he put her down gently, with her back against the shaded wall of a food-shop. The pungent odor of many spices rose slowly from lazily-steaming cauldrons, from piles of newly-made cakes still glistening and dripping with grease. In the shelter of his booth the shopkeeper slept, squatting on his heels. He was an elderly man, with thin pointed face and spectacles pushed up over his clean white turban. Bhagwanti shook her head feebly as he roused himself and prepared to serve her.

"Is there no milk?" she whimpered.

"Yes, there is milk, weak and weary one," answered the son soothingly.

A buffalo cow, goaded by a very small atom of humanity in a ragged shirt and red, tilted turban, was lumbering from the opposite mouth of an alley.

"*Ai, Dhuid-walā-ā-,*" called the full voice of the village lad. Lazily the distant atom prodded the huge rough side of the buffalo, languidly he pulled the long tail. They moved slowly across the square, and Bhagwanti held out her brass jar thirstily. The boy squatted beneath his great cow and coaxed a stream of sweet white milk into the jar with minute, deft fingers; handed the jar to the old woman; and, biting the coin which her son gave him, moved off again, lifting his voice shrilly in a nasal cadence of song and twisting the lumbering cow's tail abstractedly.

Bhagwanti sipped the fresh milk with trembling lips. She looked up at her son, questioningly. He had seated himself cross-legged on the platform of the shop, and was lazily rolling a betel-nut in a green leaf.

"You will finish the *puja?* The other gods —!"

Her eyes besought him timidly. He put the ball of betel-nut into his mouth and, slowly chewing, looked up and down the hot square. A moment he hesitated, took another pull at the long pipe which the shopkeeper offered him, and turned to her, mild, patient, apathetic as always.

"I will find you when the sun moves behind the temple tower." He unfolded his legs and stood before her. "We must take the road before evening." He moved away.

Bhagwanti settled back into her corner and sipped again, but she no longer felt any hunger, only great weariness. The shopkeeper was reading a book which he held between his toes. Now and then he chanted the words aloud to himself as he swayed backwards and forwards gently. A handsome Brahaminy bull paced majestically down the line of shops, helping himself here and there to choice bunches of turnips and carrots, unmolested. The square was deserted. Bhagwanti put the vessel of milk on the ground beside her. She drowsed. Her old head fell forward.

Suddenly the wail of a child pierced the hot noon silence close at hand. The old woman lifted her head with a start.

"Piari!" she murmured, half asleep.

"Die, thou wretched baby," sounded the not unkind voice of the shopkeeper.

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Bhagwanti blinked. A plump naked baby girl sat in the dust at her knee, clutching in her two hands the brass jar of milk. Her short legs stuck straight out from her round little belly. Her lower lip was drawn down, dangerously trembling. Two tears plumped into the milk. The shopkeeper twisted the jar from her chubby fists, and with a cry of hungry rage the little one pulled herself to her feet, clutching the old woman's knee.

"'T is the old Mai's milk, greedy puppy," remonstrated the man, putting the jar on the other side of the old woman.

Sobbing, the baby leaned her dimpled nakedness against the trembling old body, and dug a pair of fists into her eyes.

"Piari, little Piari!" murmured the lonely grandmother, dragging the child into her lap, and holding the milk to the quivering little mouth.

With a delighted gurgle, the baby drank, and when the last drop was drained, leaned her tousled head on the shrunken old breast and went to sleep.

"Piari!" whispered the woman again, beginning to croon the minor strain of a village song.

"What is this, foolish Mai-ji?" The voice of her son was wearied and almost impatient. His hand fell upon her shoulder a trifle heavily. He had been to one shrine after another, doing puja, patiently, hopelessly. He was very tired.

The withered face smiled up at him in utter contentment.

"It is Piari," she breathed.

For a moment he gazed at the baby, bewildered, then turned to the shopkeeper, questioning.

"It is seven days now," said the latter, looking over his spectacles at the child. "The old farmer who left her has never come back. He had the fever on him. Who knows what has come to pass?"

"You have taken her into your house?"

"Even so. The old man left some coppers to buy her milk, but we can keep her no longer. Already my house holds seven — five girls."

He sighed and looked from one to another quizzically.

Bhagwanti gazed at him bewildered. She seemed not to take in what he was saying.

"What will you do with her?" asked the son.

"Leave her in the temple. Some day she will be of use in the temple."

The man smiled knowingly.

At this the old woman scrambled to her feet, still holding the baby in her thin arms.

"Piari — a temple girl?" she cried huskily. "No! She is a sign from the gods, of forgiveness." She looked at her son intently.

"Take her with you," said the shopkeeper nonchalantly, turning to serve a customer. The son looked for a long minute at the poor worn figure of his mother, at the round baby asleep in her arms. Then an expression like the shadow of a flown joy crept over his mild, melancholy face.

"Perhaps it is — the little Piari," he said. "Come, Mai-ji." He put his arm through hers and led her away.

Before they reached the opposite side of the square, the shopkeeper saw him take the child from the woman and perch her astride his shoulder. The little one clung there sleepily. So the three left the sacred city of Benares.

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THE DECLINE OF POETIC JUSTICE

BY RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN

"JUST as might have happened in the old poetical-justice days," says a brilliant critic in a recent account of a drama. Is poetic justice, then, obsolete? Was it ever a legitimate element of dramatic art? How has it happened that a strict insistence on its laws has prevailed at certain times, and been abandoned at other times? These questions are not only of some importance in the historical interpretation of the drama, but may be thought to have a wider interest in connection with any effort to determine the relations between art and experience, or between fiction and the moral law.

If we should seek to try to track the dogma of poetic justice to its sources, it would lead us, like most other matters of dramatic theory, back to the *Poetics* of Aristotle. For while Aristotle said nothing about the doctrine explicitly, his view of poetry as dealing with the general or universal — as distinguished from historical narrative, which deals with particular events — furnished the chief basis for the kind of poetic justice demanded by the critics of the Renaissance. Poetry, he said, relates what "might be," rather than what "has been"; and by that which "might be" he means that which is "the probable or necessary consequence" of a prior event. If, therefore, a good citizen is accidentally killed by the fall of a statue, it is a matter for history to make note of, but suggests no tragic pleasure to the poet. But if the citizen is a murderer, and if the statue is that of the man whom he has slain (the illustration is Aristotle's own), then there is a special satisfaction — whether you call it moral or dramatic — in contemplating the relation of the accident to what has gone before. This is clearly poetic justice, or something very much like it.

Or, if one does not want to go back to Aristotle, there is Lord Bacon, who made a very similar observation (doubtless suggested by Aristotle) in *The Advancement of Learning*. Poetry he called "feigned history," and explained its noble charm by the fact that, while "history propoundeth the successes and issues of actions not so agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice," the greater art "feigns them more just in retribution and more according to revealed providence." So it gives "some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it"; for the world, said Bacon, is "in proportion" — that is, in symmetry or perfection of form — "inferior to the soul." A splendid and imperishable saying, and one which surely gives the best possible justification of poetic justice. For the essence of that device is this: in common experience we have seen the wicked in great power, spreading himself like a green bay tree, and we have not always been so fortunate as the Psalmist in learning that he "made a bad end." We have seen John Smith die when by rights he should have lived, and John Jones live when by rights he should have died. We have seen lives vanish into nothingness which were seemingly mov-

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ing toward well-determined and admirable ends, others that reaped where they had not sown, and still others that remained sterile, desultory, and meaningless, from beginning to end. What is poetry for, if not to give that "satisfaction to the mind" which such experiences fail to provide?

Now the critics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who tried to fit their judgments of all dramatic poetry to Aristotle's theories, found the ancient drama on the whole well calculated to satisfy the idea of poetic justice which they derived from such passages as those just considered. To be sure, they did not find that all those characters in Greek tragedy who suffered were very bad, and that those who attained some happiness were distinguishingly good; but they did find that the suffering hero had committed some fault or error which brought his trouble upon him in accordance with the will of supernatural powers. The fault might not be strictly within the field of morals; it might be due — like that of Œdipus — to ignorance; it might even have been forced upon the culprit by the very powers who were to avenge it; these things could be explained as peculiarities of the ancient religions. But the important thing was that one knew why the penalty had come, and saw that the chain of cause and effect was inviolably maintained.

But when they turned to Shakespeare, — admittedly the most powerful, if not the most artistic of modern dramatists, — the critics found a very different state of affairs. His tragedies seemed often to violate, not only the classical doctrine of "probable or necessary" consequences, but also the Old Testament doctrine of the intimate connection between suffering and sin. So, testing Shakespeare by these sacred rules, they found him wanting. There was Thomas Rymer, for example, now remembered chiefly by Macaulay's having pilloried him as the very worst critic that ever lived. In fact, he was very far from being so; he was only an extremely rigid and consistent theorist, with no warmth of imaginative sympathy to interfere with the exact application of his doctrines. The ancient writers of tragedy, he said, knew as well as any of us that virtue is often oppressed and wickedness triumphant, but they also knew that such facts are "unproper to illustrate the universal and eternal truths" which it is the business of art to set forth. And he quaintly adds, "For if the world can scarce be satisfied with God Almighty, whose holy will and purposes are not to be comprehended, a poet, in these matters, shall never be pardoned, whose ways and walks may without impiety be penetrated."

The tragedy of *Othello* was chosen — and very well chosen — by Rymer, to show the extreme results of neglecting this principle, on the part of the more or less barbarous Elizabethans. What unnatural crime had Desdemona committed, to bring such a judgment upon her? "What instruction can we make out of this catastrophe? . . . How can it work, unless to delude our senses, disorder our thoughts, addle our brain, pervert our affections, corrupt our appetite, and fill our head with vanity, confusion, tintamarre, and jingle-jangle?" Reading this, let us not abandon ourselves to invective — as most modern critics have done — against one who could so stultify himself as to make *Othello* the type of a bad play, but rather try seriously to conceive how a theorist, devoted to the orderly exhibition of poetic justice, must have been impressed by a dramatist who produced his most powerful effects by the presentation of suffering wholly undeserved, the result not only of malice but of trivial acci-

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dents, and horridly meaningless in its outcome. "Topsy-turvy," the word selected by Professor Saintsbury to characterize the prevailing impression produced on him by the tragedies of Ibsen, exactly expresses the similar impression produced in Rymer's day by the tragedies of Shakespeare.

Against this view Addison dared to protest, but whether more for the honor of Shakespeare or of his own *Cato*, it would be difficult to say. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, revering the author of *Lear* and *Othello* as heartily as any critic who ever lived, was forced to admit that he "makes no just distribution of good and evil," but "carries his personages indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care." Johnson's attitude was therefore taken by Schopenhauer as representative "in all its dullness" of that "Protestant-rationalistic, or peculiarly Jewish, view of life which makes the demand for poetical justice, and finds satisfaction in it." With Schopenhauer we are of course away at the opposite pole of criticism; and his interpretation of tragedy brings out vividly, by contrast, the insistent optimism of the dogma we are considering. For to this prince of pessimists "the true sense of tragedy is the deeper insight that it is not his own individual sins that the hero atones for, but original sin, — that is, the crime of existence itself." The satisfaction of the spectator, from this standpoint, is not that of such a purging pity as Aristotle dreamed of, but rather that of a fleeting glimpse into the eternal waste and vanity of the human lot.

So the old critics were right in condemning Shakespeare, having their view of the tragic art. In other words, they were right if they *were* right, — far righter than the moderns who hunt through these tragedies with a microscope for a "tragic fault," and assume that it must be hidden there, else they would not be legitimate drama at all. The old doctrine has warped and colored very much modern interpretation of Shakespeare, in many lands. The ordinary schoolmistress does not know that it has anything to do with Aristotle or Bacon, but has been taught that tragedy, like Providence, perfectly distinguishes the just from the unjust; and since Shakespeare can do no wrong, his plays are to be searched, like the ways of Providence, for this infinitely perfect discrimination. That another sort of tragedy may perhaps be founded upon the very inscrutability of the plotting of our lives, seems rarely to have been apprehended.

It is more than curious how we later folk, unwilling — like the men of Rymer's time and Dr. Johnson's — to condemn Shakespeare for what is not in his plays, have set ourselves to find it there; somewhat as the church fathers, concerned for the unreligiousness of the *Song of Songs*, supplied the lack by allegorical interpretation. The criticism gathering about *Othello*, as has already begun to appear, is particularly significant for our purpose. Of all our tragedies, perhaps, it leaves us with the most unrelieved and irreconcilable sense of suffering. So, despite its poetic splendor, Dr. Johnson exclaimed, after ending his annotation of the death-scene of Desdemona, "It is not to be endured!" And Dr. Furness adds his declaration: "I do not shrink from saying that I wish this tragedy had never been written." Now, to the unwarped reader, the story of *Othello* is that of two people who are well-nigh perfect both in their love toward each other and in their friendliness toward those about them, and whose fate is woven by malignant villainy, aided by mere circumstance; and, while villainy and circumstance are enabled to act as they do by virtue of

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certain well-defined traits of character in the victims, the entangling fate is in no obvious or natural sense the product of their characters. The intolerableness of the outcome is due to the fact that, not only does villainy overcome innocence, but the very stars in their courses seem to take sides with villainy.

But what have the critics made of all this? The answer is to be found in certain charitably inconspicuous pages at the back of Dr. Furness's *Variorum* edition. There is much industrious fumbling for the necessary "tragic fault." Is it in Othello or Desdemona that it can be found? Snider, author of a *System of Shakspere's Dramas*, discovers it in Othello, and accepts Iago's own theory that the Moor has been faithless to Desdemona and treacherous to his under-officer. And one gets a clear view of the reasoning in a circle which brought the writer to this extraordinary position: "Thus we see one of the fundamental rules of Shakespeare vindicated, — that man cannot escape his own deed; . . . while, *without the view above developed* [the italics are mine], he must appear as an innocent sufferer deceived by a malicious villain."

A German critic named Gensichen finds Othello unfaithful in a milder fashion. "Had Othello retained a trace of the gallantry of a lover, he would have picked up the handkerchief that Desdemona let fall. . . . It was through this neglect of a courteous act that Othello himself provided Iago with the weightiest proof of his wife's infidelity." Another example of the fact that for the most exquisite parody one must not go to the satirist but to the most serious of men.

Other interpreters, less gallant, turn to Desdemona for the source of trouble. Thus Héraud, in *Shakspere, his Inner Life*, after lightly assuming that Othello himself could not be innocent, or he would not so easily have disbelieved in innocence, finds that the tragedy was possible only through Desdemona's want of truthfulness. "Virtuous as she otherwise is, she has one foible, — a habit of fibbing." This fatal habit brings her to her death-bed, and persists to the moment when she tells Emilia that she has killed herself, — divine and glorious lie! (But these last words are not Héraud's.) Bodenstedt, on the other hand, finds Desdemona's guilt in her treatment of her father. "I am sure that here, as in *Lear*, it was the earnest purpose of Shakespeare to represent a serious wrong done by a child to a father; . . . and so long as family ties are held sacred, Desdemona will be held guilty toward her father by every healthy mind." Still others have hinted darkly that she earned retribution by daring to join white blood with that of different hue. This group of citations may be fitly closed by one from Ludwig, which, though not touching precisely the same matter as the others, exemplifies the same insistent desire to have the master poet mete out perfect justice in his ordering of human life. "In every character of every play," says this amazing writer, "the punishment is in proportion to the wrong-doing." Surely, one thinks, this is a hasty generalization; he has forgotten *Othello* and *Lear*. But no: "How mild is the punishment of Desdemona, or Cordelia, for a slight wrong; how fearful that of Macbeth!"! (The critic's point of exclamation here is quite insufficient; I therefore add another.)

But these are, of course, not typical critics, at least for English-speaking countries. They are representative only of the survival of a decaying formula. Others face the conditions more frankly, though not condemning Shakespeare on account of them; and of these some waver in their position,

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perplexed by the contrast between traditional theory and the facts, while some (like Schopenhauer) glory in the boldness with which the great poet faced the facts and threw poetic justice to the winds. Perhaps the prevalent tendency of criticism in our time is toward the belief that Shakespeare, at the period represented by the great tragedies, deliberately rejected all hopeful interpretations of the human lot, and dared to set forth the inscrutable spectacle of man prostrated by a will seemingly stronger but not kinder than his own.

It may be worth while to inquire why it is that the old dogma has been so largely rejected in both the theory and practice of recent literature. For that this is increasingly true there can be little doubt. In the cruder forms of literature, to be sure, on the stage or off, poetic justice always remains; for the child-mind, whether in actual childhood or older immaturity, persists in enjoying the frank and clear-cut distribution of awards, — the " lived happily ever after " for the good, and a vaguer but equally certain end for the bad. But latter-day ethics, having rebelled against the use of a system of rewards and punishments as the chief means toward spiritual safety, is dissatisfied with the morality of such pictures of life as throw these rewards and punishments into strong relief. If one should take the pains to examine the fiction prepared for juvenile reading in our time, comparing it with that bestowed upon earlier generations, the change would probably appear still more conspicuous than in literature of a more pretentious sort. At any rate I take to be typical an instance which has lately come under my eye, in a book designed for readers of a very tender age. It deals with a fine-frocked maiden who went walking in her Sunday hat, and suggests an impending moral, concerning which, however, we are presently undeceived.

> Her wise mamma called out to her,
> "My darling Mary Ella,
> Whene'er you take your walks abroad
> You must take your umbrella."
>
> That naughty girl she paid no heed
> To her dear mother's call;
> She walked at least six miles away,
> And it did n't rain at all!

Even the dreaming child, then, while we may still conceal from him the full grimness of the moral chaos, is nowadays denied the contemplation of an ideal world where every act bears prompt and visible fruit after its own kind.

And why this change? As a part, for one thing certainly, of the general advance of what we call Realism. The sense that he is drawing " the thing as he sees it " is the characteristic inspiration of the modern artist, and a similar sense of facing the realities without flinching inspires in like manner much of contemporary thought, almost to the point of bravado. From this standpoint we find a representative critic of the day lately writing: " The centuries of dreaminess have gone by, perhaps forever, and to-day man looks with keen, unclouded vision into the verities of his existence, asking no one to prophesy smooth things, but banishing illusions, uncovering nakedness, and facing with a certain hard composure . . . the ghastly facts that render human life so terrible." If this is what we have been slowly attaining, what wonder that poetic justice has steadily faded?

And here, as elsewhere, what we vaguely call Romanticism has joined with realism to the same end; for the two, though often quarreling between themselves, always join to make war upon the forces of conservatism. That spirit of daring which finds " relief from the commonplace " in so many diverse

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ways, frequently finds it in the inversion of the axioms of poetic justice. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" is one of those axioms which at times it is a real pleasure to turn upside down; at any rate, the harvests of those who reap where they have not sown are more unhackneyed and piquant. Hence a certain satisfaction in a chaotic world, — a satisfaction which, like all the romantic joys, comes as a reaction from the outworn classical joy in a world so well ordered as to be positively wearisome.

Nor can these literary movements be kept separate from the development of radicalism and increasingly "free" thought in regions of speculation and faith. To suppose, as some do, that our time is the most unbelieving which the race has known, is to be ignorant of or to forget the spiritual history of periods no more remote than the eighteenth century. But it is quite true that rebellion against traditional beliefs, at any rate among those speaking the English language, finds nowadays a more easy foothold and a freer air than formerly. And we are all familiar with a kind of anti-Calvinism which may either take the form of finding the universe a meaningless and ungoverned thing, or, going still further round the circle, may find it actually suggestive of predestined evil, — of a power not ourselves that makes for unrighteousness. Readers of literature are acquainted with this last phase in the writings of Mr. Thomas Hardy, whose pathetic human creations are driven before a malevolence too persistent and effective to be fortuitous. Here, I repeat, we have gone almost around the circle, and come to a sort of poetic injustice which may be thought to take the place of poetic justice as an orderly force making for tragic ends.

Certain of the tragedies of Ibsen illustrate, in very interesting ways, different phases of the development we have been considering. In *Ghosts* we seem to be not altogether remote from "the old poetical-justice days"; sowing and reaping are at any rate clear enough, though their relation is a larger one than that of the individual life, and the spirit of rebellion against old conventions appears also in the rejection of all mitigation of the tragic pain through the element of beauty. In *Hedda Gabler*, again, there is at least no complete triumph of injustice in the catastrophe; yet here, besides the intensified rejection of every vestige of tragic beauty, there is a further refusal to make the characters and their sorrows suggest some universal significance. The extraordinary individuality, not to say triviality, of the persons concerned seems designed to prevent us from thinking of them as other than passing motes and midges, dancing toward a destruction which has significance, if at all, for themselves alone. And in *The Wild Duck*, which both Ibsen and his disciples tell us marks a period of profound growth, beyond any of the other dramas, we have poetic justice treated to the process of *reductio ad absurdum*, and going down, amid the wreckage of truth, beauty, and idealism, in one ironic yet poignantly tragic crash. Over the dead body of the girl Hedvig, Molvik — representing the maudlin inanity of conventional consolation — repeats the words of Scripture: —

"The child is not dead, but sleepeth."

To which Relling — apparently standing for the clearsightedness of disillusion — replies, —

"Bosh!"

And the same character interprets the catastrophe with this conclusion of the whole matter: —

"Life would be quite tolerable, after all, if only we could be rid of the confounded duns that keep on pestering

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us, in our poverty, with the claim of the ideal."

Of course there is good reason furnished for the disillusion, — and it is no part of my present purpose to question the justness of Ibsen's view of those problems raised in the play; the point to be observed is that the petty absurdities of idealism, which for ages have been one of the great themes of comedy, are here made the very stuff of tragedy, when the vanishment of poetic justice is complete.

Let me instance a final and equally significant case of revolt against the conventionalism of the old school of poetic justice, in this case outside the drama but masked in the form of poetry, — *The Ordeal* of the late John Davidson. This extraordinary poem is the story of an innocent queen wrongly accused of sin, who demands the ancient trial of ordeal by fire, in perfect confidence that her vindication will follow. The king consents that the issue shall be left in the hands of God, and gives himself to prayer for a happy outcome:

> For even men of parts will pray
> Against the wrong instead of smiting it,
> Besotted with a creed.

Then the ordeal: —

> She placed her foot,
> Her naked, buoyant foot, dew-drenched and white,
> She placed it firmly on the first red edge,
> Leapt half her height, and with a hideous cry
> Fell down face-foremost, brained upon the next.
> They took her from among the smouldering blades,
> A branded corpse, and laid her on the bier
> Prepared. Alive or dead, the record told
> Of none who trod this fiery path uncharred.

Here, it will be seen, is the very negation of the ancient powers of poetry. Ideal truth goes down before particular fact. And the instance may be thought to exemplify a mingling of all three of the tendencies which we have been considering as antagonistic to poetic justice, — realism, romanticism, and skeptical radicalism. For the catastrophe was perhaps chosen because of the feeling, "This is what really happened"; or, perhaps, in order to avoid an outcome so conventional as to be triumphantly foreseen; or, again, perhaps in protest against the blind piety that sees a moral order in this immoral and disorderly world; — for any of these reasons, or for all three at once.

In presenting this account of the old-time poetic justice and of its modern antithesis, there has been no attempt to take sides for one or the other. It may rather be supposed that the account has been such as to be distasteful to the adherents of either extreme, since their respective weaknesses have been pretty clearly implied. But one may tentatively assume that here, as elsewhere with literary schools or dogmas, neither is right, and neither is wrong, unless it attempts to exclude the other and hold the field for itself alone; and further, as with other opposing forces, that the point of greatest sanity and safety is found where both are in equilibrium, rather than where either shows its extreme power. Certainly it is hard for us to believe that we shall ever get back to the standpoint of the eighteenth-century critics who held, like John Dennis, that in a good plot "the good must never fail to prosper, and the bad must always be punished; otherwise the incidents are liable to be imputed rather to chance than to sovereign justice." And, on the other hand, it is very likely that another generation will consider that those poets and dramatists of our time whose method has just been exemplified, have taken an equally distorted view of the functions of art. For, at its best, art has commonly been true both to the facts of experience, and to the desire to transcend experience in the interest of what some would call the larger hope and others dare to call the larger truth.

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This *via media* is exemplified, too, in the work of Shakespeare, — certainly in some of it, and perhaps even in that of the tragic period which we have seen has made so much difficulty for the critics. At any rate, that recent Shakespearean criticism which is probably soundest takes a different view of the great tragedies from that exemplified by either of the extremes which were noted above in connection with the problem of *Othello*. Professor Dowden, for example, admitting the unique painfulness of the play, hears behind it a high note of reconciliation and spiritual triumph. "To die as Othello dies is indeed grievous. But to live as Iago lives . . . is more appalling." There is a compensation for the ruin wrought by evil which does not depend upon the hope of a future life to make odds even. "Desdemona's love survived the ultimate trial. Othello dies 'upon a kiss.' . . . Goodness is justified of her child. It is evil which suffers defeat. It is Iago whose whole existence has been most blind, purposeless, and miserable." And this is precisely in harmony with the observations made by Professor Neilson concerning the alleged pessimism of the Shakespearean tragedy. To note only that good and bad go down in indiscriminate disaster is "to lose sight of the most profound distinction running through these plays, the distinction between the spiritual and the physical. . . . It is clear that Shakespeare hands over to natural and social law the bodies and temporal fortunes of good and bad alike; . . . but it is equally clear that he regards the spiritual life of his creations as by no means involved in this welter of suffering and death." Even in *Lear* and *Othello*, then, we may find in the moment of physical disaster "a moral purgation, a spiritual triumph."

So long, then, as the great poets and dramatists of the past are our guides, the arts which they developed are not likely to abandon the effort to set forth the universal significance and the veiled but indestructible beauty of the human lot. If the individual experience often seems to be at odds with everything but itself; if Job suffers for no reason such as can be stated in general terms; if Juliet and Romeo are the victims of the animosities of their parents, and the sins of a thousand fathers are visited upon their unconspiring children; if Desdemona dies because her little pitiful life has found a number of malignantly potent trifles looming so big for the moment as to shut from view any source of active justice, — in the presence even of these experiences poetry still seeks to universalize its material, if only in crying, —

> The glories of our blood and state
> Are shadows, not substantial things; —

and to idealize it, too, in presenting human spirits that dare war against such odds and remain essentially unconquered. In this last consideration we are certainly brought near to the reconciling element which, in the great tragedies, preserves the larger poetic justice, though the small and technical justice of the old critics be violated. If Job had cringed before God, and confessed a guilt he did not feel in order to escape affliction; if Cordelia had saved herself by going over to her father's foes; if the love of Desdemona had perished in the face of injustice and falsehood; then we should have had indeed a chaos of spiritual wreckage, a poetical injustice, for which no mere beauty of form could easily atone. But on the contrary, there remains in each case, amid the very crash and vanishing of all earthly hope, a spirit that transcends common humanity as far as its suffering has transcended common experience, proving anew through poetry that the world of the senses is "inferior to the soul."

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DANTE AND BEATRICE

A VARIETY OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

BY JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

THE definition of poetry as a "criticism of life" may be unhappily phrased, but its intention is sound. I doubt the dictum of Keats: a thing merely of beauty is not a sufficing joy forever. We have other than æsthetic emotions, other than emotional interests; and unless these also find their satisfaction in a poem, we are not, I think, wholly content with it. A supreme poem would respond to our whole nature; and in responding, reveal the poet's experience and judgment of life.

Dante's poetry is certainly, by this test, supreme. But while we cannot deny his many-sided responsiveness, we may perhaps question the significance of his responses for us. He looked at the world through glasses that no longer fit our eyes. Seen through them, life loses its accustomed perspective, and ordinary experience takes on prismatic colors which make it beautiful, but strange; so that out of his book of life we accept the poetry; the reality we question, or explain away. Most of all, we question, or explain away, the reality of his experience of love; that too must be reckoned as "poetry," which, if not merest allegory, seems at most an idealization as slightly in touch with reality as a toy-balloon tied to the ground by a thread.

Are we then, after all, reduced to the option of reading Dante as the, for us, idle dreamer of a day, not empty indeed, but past and gone, or as the diarist of men and things once, but no longer, living? Does he appeal only to our antiquarian and æsthetic sides? Did he speak more literally than he knew when he gave thanks solely for

> The good style, that has brought me honor?

We live in an empirical age; and the Pragmatist appears to be its prophet. Our test of reality, of truth, is human experience; and the highest truth for us is that which, verified by human experience, is of deepest import to humanity. We are, as Newman said, not to be converted by syllogisms: not that we need distrust reason, but that we know every nexus of deduction to depend ultimately upon a major premise undeduced and undeducible — save from experience. Supernatural revelation, even were we personally its recipients, would be discounted by us, because we know too well the possibilities of self-illusion, self-suggestion. But if a revelation were given to us, not supernatural, not alien to common experience, but verifiable therein, and of deepest import to humanity, assuredly we should be concerned to listen. And it is precisely such a revelation, I think, that Dante gives.

The one poem, of which the *New Life* and the *Divine Comedy* are parts, is the record of a religious experience. Its first crisis came in Dante's ninth year of age, when he first saw Beatrice, and heard in his heart the words, *Ecce*

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deus fortior me. The spiritual outcome of the experience is told in the last words of the *Divine Comedy:* —

To the high fantasy here power failed;
But already my desire and will were turned —
Even as a wheel revolving evenly —
By the Love that moves the sun and other stars.

Such is the redeemed soul; and of such is the kingdom of heaven. There the individual desire and will are not annihilated, not denied, but rather fulfilled; for if one really desires and wills only what omnipotence wills, there can be no disappointment. Such an one is able to say in sincerity with the blessed,

In His will is our peace.

Spontaneous self-surrender to the will of God is the goal of Dante's spiritual journey. Looking backward along the way, he was able to see the impulse to such surrender in his childish love; and writing the story long after the event, he could read into the mood of the child an intelligence beyond the capacity of any child. *Ecce deus fortior me:* it is "*lo spirito della vita,*" the spirit of life, the vital instinct of self, that is made to speak; therefore it is no violence to translate modernly, — Behold a god, Love, stronger than I, who am the instinct of self. And the occasion of this self-overcoming impulse, Beatrice, is forthwith recognized as his "*beatitudo,*" or blessedness, not for the delight she may give, but for the spirit of self-renunciation she calls forth. Thus the two extremes of his experience meet in one religious mood: the child is no otherwise moved by the little maiden than the man

By the love that moves the sun and other stars.

She is for him from the beginning the mouthpiece of God, and the means of salvation.

There is nothing abnormal, nothing mystical, in the situation. The instinctive altruism of love is no theory, but a fact of experience. Any small boy who, unintimidated, resigns the core of his apple to another small boy feels it after his fashion. Nancy Sykes dumbly devoted to her abominable Bill; the rake of de Musset's poem suddenly pitiful of his poor hired drab; St. Francis of Assisi renouncing all for the sake of an unseen Christ — the moods of all these are at least one in this impulse away from self.

Incredulity concerning Dante's childish love for Beatrice is thus based on a misunderstanding of what Dante meant. How, it has often been asked, could a nine-year-old boy, in whom the sex-instinct is not yet developed, experience such a passion? There is no question of sexual passion. There was never any question of that, so far as we may trust his word, between Dante and Beatrice. But whoever denies that small boys may "love" little girls adoringly, devotedly, may perform miracles of juvenile self-sacrifice for their sakes, is a person of singularly limited experience and observation. Whatever, if any, psychological distinction there may be between such "puppy love," and childish love for father or mother or nurse, at least the impulse of self-devotion, common indeed to both, is observably stronger in the former. Dante's child-love then is perfectly normal; that it was the beginning of a religious conversion he only recognized long afterward.

When recognized, this spontaneous altruistic impulse in love became the basis of Dante's religious experience, and the motive of all his poetry. To feel and follow the impulse is to be truly noble, to have a "*cor gentile,*" a gentle heart. To reveal it as the power within ourselves which makes for blessedness is the mission of the "sweet new style," the message which, as Dante says, —

. . . in that manner
Which love within me dictates, I go declaring.

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Dante's poetry is the story of this impulse implanted by love; of its growth from a casual and passing mood into a master passion reaching out, not to one other human being only, but to all humanity, and from humanity, by the leading of faith, to humanity's God. It is the saving grace: those who have not felt it, and only those, are damned. For all love, however base else, however dark its desire, yet in this impulse, so far looks to, leads to, the light. Therefore is Beatrice able to say that the "eternal light" shines through all love; and that,

> . . . if aught else lure your love,
> Naught is it save some vestige of that light,
> Ill understood, which there is shining through.
> *Paradiso*, v, 10–12.

Her assurance is no vagary of mediæval mysticism, no fallacy of a mind in vertigo, which as it spins blurs the real variety of things into a confused oneness; but a recognition of the observable psychological fact that there is in all love, highest and lowest, a stirring of generous emotion.

Precisely because the altruism of love is a spontaneous impulse, it is demonstrable only by experience, by involuntary experience. Only the lover understands the lover; hence Dante is continually declaring that he addresses those only "that have intelligence of love." Nor is he preaching love. The commandment, "Thou *shalt* love thy neighbor," is unconstitutional to our nature: we cannot love to order; we fall, not jump, in love. Dante's teacher, St. Thomas Aquinas, rightly distinguishes two psychological moments in love, a "*passio*" and a "*virtus*," an impression which evokes an expression. Both indeed are independent of our reason and will: of the impression we are passively receptive; in the expression our nature responds spontaneously, if at all. It is strange that Francesca da Rimini should plead to Dante for Love, that exempts no one beloved from loving. For did Dante himself find requital of his love from the living Beatrice? or did he blame her for her indifference to him? On the contrary, even when she denied him her salutation, — that which had been his "blessedness," and the mere anticipation of which had kindled "*una fiamma di caritate*," a glow of good-will towards all men, — even then, far from complaining or long repining, he came to find his still greater blessedness in the pure altruism of love which gives all, asking nothing. In her will is his peace.

With this mood of self-renunciation begins, as he himself tells, his true "new life," and "the matter new and nobler" of the "sweet new style." But although Dante is now withdrawn into himself, and asks no least response from his lady, his mood is far from the bastard Platonism of the Renaissance, as pithily summarized, for instance, in Michelangelo's quatrain: —

> Mentre ch'alla beltà ch'i'viddi in prima
> Apresso l'alma, che per gli occhi vede,
> L'immagin dentro crescie, e quella cede
> Quasi vilmente e senza alcuna stima.

Which may be roughly paraphrased: —

> While to the beauty which I first regarded
> I turn my soul, that through mine eyes perceiveth,
> Within my soul that beauty's image liveth,
> Itself as base and worthless is discarded.

Michelangelo means of course, that, possessing the idea of beauty abstracted from the particular beautiful thing, — woman or other, — we have no further use for the thing; we are not concerned to pull up after us the ladder we have climbed by. But Dante did not discard Beatrice as a thing "*senza alcuna stima*," nothing worth. He may have idealized the woman; but it was the woman still, though idealized, that inspired him. Her individual personality, her particular and unique beauty of body and soul, was for him the greatly precious thing in heaven as upon earth.

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She is for him no stepping-stone to higher things, which, having served its purpose, is left behind. His last word to her in heaven is a prayer to her as an immortal personality, close indeed to the Divine Personality, but not merged or lost in that. Platonic love, humanly speaking, is selfish: it envisages the one beloved as a provocative to its own contemplative raptures. There is something almost vampirish in this going about imaginatively sucking off the sweets of girls and things just to stock up one's own mental honeycomb. The very essence of Dante's love is its unselfishness. To mark the contrast after the manner of his own allegorical vision, it is not he that fed on Beatrice's beauty, it is she that fed on his heart, that absorbed his desire and will.

It does not appear that Dante ever asked or desired from Beatrice requital of his love; it does appear that he did desire and ask from other women requital of his passion. Boccaccio imputed to him an amatorious disposition; and there are those of his poems which bear out the imputation. He himself confessed and attempted to avoid scandal attaching to certain adventures. Those two ladies whom he professes to have used as "screens" to conceal his ideal love for Beatrice, doubtless did so — by being real loves; and that lady compassionate who consoled him a while after Beatrice's death probably turned his thoughts from heaven in a way not unheard of before or since. Beatrice's caustic rebuke on the summit of the Mount of Purgatory may well have been for other fallings-off also, — Dante's words almost always carry double, — but it invited most, I think, his last and most intimate purgation, by penitence, of the cardinal sin against the very principle of redemption, — pure and unselfish love. Yet the admission of these impure loves is no bar to belief in a pure love coexistent. Even a Paul Verlaine may profess in his *Sagesse* sincere adoration of the Virgin, along with profanest passion in his *Parallèlement*.

Within this earthly temple there's a crowd;

and some sanctify the temple as a house of prayer, and some make it a den of thieves.

The disinterestedness of Dante's love for Beatrice does not, however, reduce it to friendship or hero-worship. He felt the subtle appeal of sex also, but as an appeal for his consciousness translated wholly into terms of tenderness and self-devotion. Let me emphasize again the sanity of his mood over against the essential morbidness of most so-called "Platonic love," or "courtly love," or "chivalric love." The motive common to these social and literary fashions, so widely current in the Middle Ages and Renaissance, is, broadly speaking, a desire to have your dance without paying the fiddler, to devise ways and means of playing with fire without getting burned. Philandering was never dreamed of in Plato's own philosophy; and the mood of philandering is almost always morbid, when it is not merely sensualism in masquerade. But Dante tells no tale of self-indulgence in luxurious emotional titillation, of *entretiens d'amour* — or "damfoolishness." His homage is not that of obsequious vassal to capricious lord, but of the redeemed to the Saviour; for it was she that evoked in him the spirit of sacrifice which is the beginning of redemption.

In the *Divine Comedy*, indeed, it would at first sight seem that he at least imaginatively assumes requital of his love: the transfigured Beatrice condescends to him, lovingly uplifts him. "Love moved me," she tells her messenger, Virgil. Yet Dante, as he proceeds, shows clearly that moving love to be not personal, not the yearning of the individual soul to the in-

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dividual soul, but a saintly charity, responsive by its nature to all, directed to him only because of his especial appeal to her in his need. Indeed, in her high place in heaven beside the ancient Rachel, she had even been oblivious of his need, until Lucia, sent by the Virgin herself, mother of charity, "meridian torch of charity," pleaded with her in his behalf. He is to her but her "friend," her "brother," in Christ. Or if a warmer impulse is awakened in her, it is that of motherhood, womanly spontaneous at the call of need: —

> . . . She after a pitying sigh,
> Her eyes directed towards me with that look
> A mother casts on a delirious child.
> *Paradiso*, i, 100–102 (Longfellow).

To her he turns as a little tired child to its mother: —

> Oppressed with stupor, I unto my guide
> Turned like a little child who always runs
> For refuge there where he confideth most;
>
> And she, even as a mother who straightway
> Gives comfort to her pale and breathless boy
> With voice whose wont it is to reassure him,
>
> Said to me, etc.
> *Paradiso*, xxii, 1–7 (Longfellow).

Symbolic of their spiritual relationship is the aspect of their physical ascent:—

> Beatrice upward gazed, and I on her.
> *Paradiso*, ii, 22.

Very different from this almost hieratic condescension is Margaret's intimate gladness at Faust's redemption. Margaret sees her lover returned, not merely to goodness, to God, but to herself, for herself to love and cherish and serve in heaven as on earth, only more perfectly and forever. The *Mater Gloriosa* has not to plead for him with her; it is she who makes passionate appeal to the *Mater Gloriosa:* —

> Incline, O Maiden,
> With Mercy laden,
> In light unfading,
> Thy gracious countenance upon my bliss!
> My loved, my lover,
> His trials over
> In yonder world, returns to me in this! . . .
> Vouchsafe to me that I instruct him!
> Still dazzles him the Day's new glare.

And the Virgin advises her: —

> Rise, then, to higher spheres! Conduct him,
> Who feeling thee, shall follow there!
> *Faust*, Part ii, Act v, Scene 7 (Taylor).

In those higher spheres, Faust is presumably to be reunited forever with Margaret. Not so may Dante hope. Once her saving mission accomplished, Beatrice also rises to her own higher sphere, where she is forthwith, Dante once more forgotten, rapt in contemplation wholly of God.

> . . . She, so far away,
> Smiled, as it seemed, and looked once more at me;
> Then unto the eternal fountain turned.
> *Paradiso*, xxxi, 91–93 (Longfellow).

Beatrice in heaven, then, remains for him what she had been on earth — a mover of personal love, herself unmoved by personal love. The same spirit of *caritate*, of loving-kindness, with which he, enamoured, identified her, living, is the principle of his apotheosis of her, dead. The real Beatrice may have merited the apotheosis, may have been such an incarnation of loving-kindness, or not — who can say? Dante, loving her, thought so, — even as every Jack in love thinks his Jill. The illusion is primal. But the only tragedy of illusion is disillusionment; and in the chance for disillusionment is the risk of requited love. For that blessedness in renunciation which Dante declared "cannot grow less," there is also a cynical justification: who renounces union with one beloved assures himself against that contempt which familiarity may — though of course need not — breed. Indeed, if Dante himself was altogether innocent of the cynicism, he must have been singular in his time. The time held woman the inferior animal, to whom man must rationally condescend, could not rationally look up. It soberly believed, as Leopardi later, that

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. . . that which is in gentle hearts inspired
By her own beauty, woman dreams not of,
Nor yet might understand.

There may be serious question, therefore, if Dante's religious experience of love could for him have remained religious had Beatrice proved kind. A Lovelace in a modern French play, being informed by his married mistress that, suddenly widowed, she is now ready to marry him, exclaims in consternation, "*Mais, madame, je vous aime en homme du monde!*" One feels, not intending irreverence, that Dante must have answered Beatrice, yielding, "*Mais, madame, je vous aime en homme d'autremonde!*" Tennyson's idealization in *The Princess* of love in domesticity, love in harness pulling toward a common goal of ideal good, was hardly thinkable for Dante. The reason was not, I think, that the code of "chivalric love," by Andreas Capellanus, redactor of the code, had declared "*amorem non posse inter duos jugales suas extendere vires*," love to be incapable of extending its power over the wedded. Dante never bowed to code or dogma — even highest dogma of the Church — without question; for him ever

. . . springs up, in fashion of a shoot,
Doubt at the foot of truth.
Paradiso, iv, 130, 131. (Longfellow.)

For him, behind the code must appear the sanction; and at least one sanction of Andreas's code was experience. As a fact of experience, marriage in the Middle Ages was not of a nature to justify Tennyson's idealization. There may be question if marriage is altogether commonly so yet.

In one sense, then, the inaccessibility, the "splendid isolation," of Beatrice was a fortunate accident. Because of it, Dante's religious experience of love was saved from possible disillusionment. Experiencing the instinctive altruism of love, he was able, uninhibited, to project the color of his own mood into her nature who had evoked his mood. For Dante explicitly concedes nobleness of impulse to woman, while he denies to her reasoned and seasoned virtue. In his ode on true nobility, he declares, —

Gentlehood is wherever there is virtue,
But virtue not wherever gentlehood;
Even as the heaven is wherever is the star,
But not the converse holds.
And we in women and in youthful age
Discern this saving grace,
So far as they are held to be shamefast,
Which yet 's not virtue, —

but is — as he explains in his commentary on the ode — "*certa passion buona*," an estimable emotion. Such in Beatrice was that *caritate*, unreflective, passional, the essence of her womanliness, her spiritual beauty. Awakened by her in him, the emotion becomes through his masculine reflection self-conscious, understood; and so is translated from an instinctive emotion to a rational virtue. This virtue his reason recognizes as identical in principle with "*la prima virtù*," the supreme virtue of God, —

The love that moves the sun and other stars.

In this sense, Beatrice the woman is for Dante the symbol of the lovable God. She is no mere allegory, in which truth is infolded "in covert veil" by the poet's own ingenuity. She has religious significance as a symbol, precisely as the Communion when the "Real Presence" is admitted: God lovable is "truly, really, and substantially" contained in her, as after the consecration of the bread and wine, Christ is "truly, really, and substantially contained under the species of those sensible things." Hence the symbolism of the *New Life* — the association of Beatrice with the mystic number nine, "of which the root is the Blessed Trinity"; the esoteric significance of her name, as "Blessedness"; the daring intimation of her identity with the Christ

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Himself — this symbolism is not poetic fantasy or amorous hyperbole, but spiritual truth. In her presence he is as in the presence of God; and therefore his own visions and tremblings and swoonings and exaltations, morbid or incredible in a mere human lover, are normal and familiar in the religious convert of all ages.

Dante's was a time of peculiar religious sensibility; but turning instead to the matter-of-fact nineteenth century and the prosaic United States, consider the conversion, the "new life," of the young Methodist Bradley, cited by William James in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*. The confession of the obscure young American throws a strange backward light on that of the great Florentine poet. "At first," Bradley says, "I began to feel my heart beat very quick all on a sudden, which made me at first think that perhaps something is going to ail me, though I was not alarmed, for I felt no pain. My heart increased in its beating, which soon convinced me that it was the Holy Spirit from the effect it had on me." So at first sight of Beatrice, Dante's heart beat "*fortemente*," and he recognized the coming of the "*deus fortior me*," — which was divine love, even as the Holy Spirit is love.

Bradley continues: "I began to feel exceedingly happy and humble, and such a sense of unworthiness as I had never felt before. I could not very well help speaking out, which I did, and said, Lord, I do not deserve this happiness, or words to that effect, while there was a stream (resembling air in feeling) came into my mouth and heart in a more sensible manner than that of drinking anything, which continued, as near as I could judge, five minutes or more, which appeared to be the cause of such a palpitation of my heart. It took complete possession of my soul, and I am certain that I desired the Lord, while in the midst of it, not to give me any more happiness, for it seemed as if I could not contain what I had got. My heart seemed as if it would burst, but it did not stop until I felt as if I was unutterably full of the love and grace of God . . . and all the time that my heart was a-beating, it made me groan like a person in distress, which was not very easy to stop, though I was in no pain at all."

Compare with this singular ecstasy Dante's declaration, in the eleventh chapter of the *New Life*, of the effects upon himself of Beatrice's salutation: how a flame of charity possessed him which made him pardon whosoever had offended him; how he could answer any one who spoke to him only "love!" with a countenance clothed in humility; how when she actually saluted him, at the unbearable beatitude, his body many times fell like a heavy lifeless thing. The similarity of emotional experience is obvious.

Even Dante's proneness to visions and to intercourse with spiritual presences finds its counterpart in Bradley: "And while I lay reflecting, after my heart stopped beating, feeling as if my soul was full of the Holy Spirit, I thought that perhaps there might be angels hovering round my bed. I felt just as if I wanted to converse with them, and finally I spoke, saying, 'O ye affectionate angels! how is it that ye can take so much interest in our welfare, and we take so little interest in our own.'"

And lastly, the resulting mood for Bradley, as for Dante, was a passionate desire for release from self, and an expansive impulse of altruism. In the morning, continues Bradley, "I got up to dress myself, and found to my surprise that I could but just stand. It appeared to me as if it was a little heaven upon earth. My soul felt as completely raised above the

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fears of death as of going to sleep; and like a bird in a cage, I had a desire, if it was the will of God, to get release from my body and to dwell with Christ, though willing to do good to others, and to warn sinners to repent." So saying, he but says more crudely:

> . . . Already my desire and will were turned —
> Even as a wheel revolving evenly —
> By the Love that moves the sun and other stars.

I have dwelt on this curious analogy, because it seems to me to refute the contention that the extremes of sensibility in the *New Life* are to be taken as mere amorous and literary convention. Of course, Dante employed the parlance of his masters in love-poetry, just as he must, drawing an angel, have produced a figure which we should call Giottesque. A conventionalized phraseology does not imply necessarily an unoriginal thought any more than a conventionalized frock-coat implies necessarily an unoriginal man. Originality is not the same thing as eccentricity. The "sweet new style" was, in the first instance, simply the old garment covering a new man; as the man grew and expanded, doubtless the garment was little by little altered to fit.

In the *New Life* Beatrice is the symbol of the lovable God; in the *Divine Comedy*, she is still this, and more. She is the symbol of God's omniscience as well. To love her had been to love God; now to know her is to know God. Again, she is no mere allegory of theology, no personified abstraction like the innumerable didactic phantoms — "Lady Meed" or "Dame Sapience" or "Sister Rightwiseness" — of mediæval evocation. With the woman's body she has put off the woman's limitations. Illuminated by the divine reason, her passive goodness has developed into active virtue, *knowing* the good which it desires and wills. Therefore at the last, Dante is justified in saying to her in heaven what he would have thought it fantastic to say to any woman on earth: —

> Of whatsoever things I have beheld
> I recognize the grace and potency,
> Even through thy power and thine excellence.
> *Paradiso*, xxxi, 82–84.

Of course, as need hardly be said, Dante is here imaginatively projecting his own illuminated intelligence into the mind of his immortal lady, as in the *New Life* he had projected his mood of charity into her mortal heart. It was in each case an act of loving faith. If she really lived here on earth, she may have been what he believed her to be. In any case, the burden of disproof, both of her existence and of her excellence, is upon him who doubts. At present, there is no evidence against, and there is some evidence for, her being Bice Fortinari, a real Florentine girl and woman. I cannot but hope that the present interpretation of Dante's love for her may relieve their possible relations of any seeming unnaturalness, and at the same time explain how it came to pass that this love grew for him into a religious experience, leading him to conversion and confidence of ultimate redemption.

Experience of the spontaneous altruism of love, — this alone is the major premise of his whole syllogism of life. It is in all love: neither Dante nor, for that matter, Goethe asserts that only the "woman-love" leads us upward. But as sex-love is the most intense, perhaps the only intense, love that mankind at large normally experiences, it is most, or only, in sex-love that the still, small voice of *caritate*, of self-devotion, is heard. Finally, therefore, it is as the supreme expression of this religious experience, in a phase at once most universal and most intense, that Dante's poetry is a "criticism of life," not mediæval life, but human life.

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THE ENGLISH OF THE MOUNTAINEER

BY HENDERSON DAINGERFIELD NORMAN

ONCE upon a time I read an essay having the alarming title, *Are We Losing Shakespeare?* The author suggested that Shakespeare's English was already practically obsolete. I felt rather unhappy about it at the time, but five years spent in the Cumberland mountains have served to reassure me on this point. In that time, I have often wished that some scholar would undertake a careful, sympathetic study of the mountaineer's English. I myself bring to the task no scholarship and only such familiarity with Elizabethan English as is imbibed in a home where Shakespeare followed close upon Mother Goose. I remember washing jam-sticky fingers and repeating with great zest, "Out, damned spot, out, I say!"

My life in the hill-country, however, has brought Shakespeare's English daily to my ears. This "mountain dialect," which seems as a rule to be taken humorously by "furriners," appears to me rather archaic than uncouth, a survival rather than a corruption. I hold no brief for the mountaineer, but I do believe that the language keeps its vigor longest where it is used for simplest, plainest service. Every student knows that the old forms linger among the masses when bookmen and polite society have lost them.

These "contemporary ancestors," as President Frost has called them, live in an almost inconceivable isolation. A few of them have never seen "yon side" the cove in which they were born. Close to the unproductive soil they live, hard by their own firesides they hold, and speak as their grandfathers spoke when they came out of England.

A mountain child and I were climbing a steep path together when a snake darted across our way. The boy threw a stone at it, and the ugly creature flattened its head and puffed out its throat until the brownish skin looked mottled. "Lo' ye, hit's right pied," said the boy. Richard Grant White tells us that a hundred years ago "hit" was a form of the pronoun still often heard. Throughout Appalachian America, so far as I know it, this very pronoun is Shibboleth. The young mountaineer, returned from college in the low country, will carefully silence that *h*, but in unguarded moments it comes to his lips. And why not? Haply his forefathers left England before that aspirate, with others, was drowned in the clang of Bow Bells.

"His schoolin' holp him mightily," says the satisfied father. "I have been holpen in a many troubles by that thar word," says the mountain woman. "Thou hast holpen thy servant," says the psalmist. "Let him thank me that holp to send him thither," says King Richard.

"Hit's the truth, p'int blank," assents the woodsman, if your remark hits the white.

Just why these neighbors say "whar" and "thar" and "p'int" I do not know. I don't defend it, but I like it. The old Virginia gentleman, whose forbears were noblemen of England, and who himself was graduated from old William and Mary, where, tradition says,

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they think in Greek and Latin, will tell the stranger, "Over thar is Gloucester P'int." I don't know the reason, but I assume it is a good one.

The mountaineer is conservative and brief in conversation. As I drive down to the water's edge, the ferryman hails me. "Want over?" he says. I wonder if "I'll in" is the proper response as in the days of chivalry, but answer more at length, "I'd like to drive across if the ford is safe. Can I get over all right?" My ferryman answers guardedly, "You mought, and ag'in you mought n't."

We are apt to smile, or frown, at whatever is not our own usage. "Two negatives make an affirmative," quotes the schoolma'am glibly. "Don't say a-doing," admonishes the mother, "say doing or being done." Yet Shakespeare and the mountaineer make plain to a sympathetic understanding that the double negative may make for emphasis, not contradiction; and that which is a-doing moves forward more stoutly than that which is being done.

"I ha'e n't ne'er a thing to play with," complains the mountain child. The writer of tales in "mountain dialect" ignores the legitimate contractions — left in the low country to the Scot or the poet — and writes uncouthly, "I haint nary thing."

When the small neighbor tells me, "I come on a arrant," I am tempted to criticise the noun, but bethink me of Sir Walter Raleigh's command, —

> Go, soul, the body's guest,
> Upon a thankless arrant.

The farther one goes from a railroad, the quainter sounds the English. Forty miles on horseback bring one near to Chaucer's time. The hospitable householder calls from his cabin door, "Light, and hitch your beastie."

If the "beastie" one rides be a hobby, there is always danger that it will carry him too far. I have heard it argued that when the Highlander says, as he frequently does, "She been a-punin'," "we been hearty," he means, not "she *has* been ailing," "we *have* been well," but we are so; and the idiom is that of the song from *Cymbeline*. It may be so, but elisions are common, and we must judge by the ear alone, so I have not felt that this was a safe conclusion. But I should love to believe it.

The stranger is apt to be puzzled when the mountain mother tells him that "Sairy and Tom air a-talkin'." Yet I take it the phrase is used in just that sense in *Lear*, when Regan says jealously, "Edmund and I have talk'd." I told a dear old neighbor that my guest, Miss Blank, could not come to say good-by, as she had planned, because she was packing her trunk. "Ain't thar ne'er a man about?" asked Aunt Polly, scandalized. "That child ain't stout enough to pack a trunk no piece."

"Those girls are of a favor," says my mountaineer, and so does Shakespeare. "I come to pass the time of day," says my neighbor. "Good time of day unto my gracious lord," says Hastings to King Richard. When Baptista tells Petruchio that Kate "is not for your turn," I think he uses the expression as does the mountain mother who says her child is "ill-turned," or "has a mannerly turn," as the case may be. "I never seen a child that took so much dinging," says the mother. One knows the word, of course, since one's first acquaintance with little Tommy Green and big Bill Stout; but I have only lately come upon Alexander Hume's lines about the cock: —

> With claps of joy
> His breast he *dings*.

The mountaineer says "afeared"; so does Shakespeare. A worthless fellow is "a sorry fellow," by both authorities. In *King Richard III*, which I quote oftener than another play only

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because I read it yesterday, are these phrases, any one of which I have heard repeatedly among my mountain neighbors: "Domestic broils *clean-over-blown*"; "Then he is more beholden to you than I"; "A care-crazed mother to a many sons"; "Full as long a-doing"; "Yet from my dug she drew not this deceit"; "Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy."

A "tetchy" child, by the way, and not a sick one, is, in our hill-country, an "*ill* child."

The newcomer in the mountains hears these words as gleanings, but if the kind ones take you into their home life so far as to let you sit quietly at the fireside while they talk of the day's work, it is like listening to another and a stronger language than our twentieth-century English.

In such a home, the wife is "my woman," the husband, his wife's "man"; and it seems an earnest that here in the hills there is a survival of the times when, forsaking all others, married folk clave only to each other, as long as they both should live. As the family gathers in at twilight, the daughter tells how little this evening's milking yielded, "though I dribbed and dribbed." The father accuses the neighbor lad who drove up the cows as "a sorry cowherd." The mother, suckling the "least one" of the children, tells of the oldest daughter's progress in the art of weaving: "She can warp off every grain as good as ever I could; I aim to learn her to gear the loom to-morrow." The child on the floor plays with "hits puppet."

In a dark windowless little cabin the people gathered one evening for a prayer-meeting. A woman prayed in an agonized, hysterical voice for "a special blessing, Lord, a very special blessing." When her voice died away, an old man, with a long white beard, knelt stiffly with rheumatic knees and prayed in these words: "Lord, we know mighty little. You know our need-cessities. Bless us to suit yourself. Amen."

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WILLIAM IN "AS YOU LIKE IT"

OTHER authors display their pearls where they may be easiest seen; Shakespeare often hides his in his oysters. There is such a pearl in such an oyster, in *As You Like It*. We hear much of Rosalind, Jaques, Touchstone, etc., but no one, so far as we know, has dilated upon that wonderful creation known simply as William.

In *As You Like It*, William appears but once, and then in the last act. There seems to be no particular reason for his appearance, and yet what a priceless photograph would be lacking from the great artist's gallery, had he not, as it were, strayed upon the stage, looked blinkingly about him, and hurried back to the side-curtains! He speaks but forty-four words. If we subtract the nine times that he uses "sir," there are left but thirty-five words in which to reveal the depths of his character. Yet these thirty-five words are more than enough to lay bare the psychological areas of William's being.

When he gets lost, and finds himself in the scene, Touchstone is making love to Audrey, a maid whom William

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loves with all the placid reaches of his soul. He knows Touchstone is breathing words of devotion to the one dearer to him than life, but, superior to the jealousy of lesser men, tranquil in the mental adjustment of relative distances, an intellectual achievement which nowadays goes under the name of "higher thought," William says, "Good even to you." There he stands with hat off, till Touchstone bids him be covered, the type of emotionless philosophy.

Touchstone asks him his age. Is William angry at this impertinence? No, he has already provided himself with an inductive religion, a religion that includes the flowers and birds, sin and an eternal state of vibration, as in light-molecules. Yet, though he appreciates the unreality of matter, and the subjectivity of time, he adapts his language to the ears of his own day. He answers that he is twenty-five.

This answer tells us more than the superficial fact that William is slow to take offense, that he is gentle and forbearing. It tells us something of the workings of Shakespeare's genius. Romeo, in the fiery intensity of his passion, dwells in the hazy atmosphere of indefinite youth. Othello, on the other hand, is essentially a man who has seen much of the world. William does not appear impetuously young, nor inexorably old. He is twenty-five. We feel instinctively that he could not have been younger or older than twenty-five. His age seems fixed, unalterable.

Notice his response when Touchstone asks him if he was born in the forest. William says, "Ay, sir, I thank God." He cares nothing for the vain life of rushing cities, for the show and tinsel at court. His philosophy has gone far beyond that. He still, however, clings to the idea of God, and, as if to explain this primitive faith rooted in so wise a character, we are instructed that he was born in the forest. Close to nature's heart, the song of streams and birds, the rushing of the wind, the coming of spring and the going of autumn, have well fitted him to become their interpreter.

The inquisitive Touchstone next inquires, "Art rich?"

William says, "So so."

At first the response jars upon us, for it seems to partake of the improbable. We had not expected worldly wisdom in this man of twenty-five, who thanks God that he was born in the forest. His "So so" is crafty, almost to canniness. Of course it proves that he was not very rich, else he would have said plainly that he had nothing. But why this avoidance of a plain answer? It is in such touches as this that Shakespeare shows his knowledge of human nature. No man is consistent at all times. No man is merely one man. He partakes of separate natures; the inheritance from many ancestors has left him essentially complex. This "So so" is an outcropping, in the natural field, of an alien stratum, which, nevertheless, is bedded in its rightful soil.

Touchstone asks, "Art wise?" and William says, "Ay, I have a pretty wit." From William's former words we would not have suspected this fact, now announced so succinctly. The young man has appeared as a philosopher, but a rather dull one; as an original thinker, dwelling close to nature, and possibly partaking of nature's unalertness. He has seemed slow. But all this misconception arose from the fact of our too easily assumed impressions. William has a pretty wit, and as we meditate upon his confident assertion, we see deeper and deeper into the justice of his claim. It is true that he has not exhibited any signs of his possession; but his very wit has kept him from betraying his wit. It is no time to make a display of one's wit, when

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one's sweetheart is being courted by a successful rival. Under these circumstances, William could not be jaunty; a forced gayety would not become him. And yet, for us to grasp his character in all its roundness, it is necessary for us to know that wit is one of his qualities of mind. And it is essential that William himself should assure us of this unlooked-for characteristic. Had Rosalind or the Duke assured us that William was witty, we could not have believed the statement. Only William knows the truth, and it is for him to give it to us from the fullness of his knowledge.

Touchstone at last puts the vital question to which all others have been leading. The time is come for William to bare his secret to the eyes, not only of Audrey, but of the inquisitive and unfriendly public, as typified in Touchstone. The question is put: "You do love this maid?" It is now that William reveals that sublimity of self-restraint which we have already divined. There is no quiver of emotion in his tone, no flash in his eye. If Orlando had been asked if he loved Rosalind, he would have replied in many a rounded couplet; he would have carved the answer on the trees, and sung it to the brook. William's words are, "I do, sir." That is all. He loves Audrey; he proclaims the fact; his manner of making the assertion is calm, respectful, even cold. And that is the end of the matter. Nothing is so great as love; and nothing can be added to love. There it is, William would say. Behold it! I will not paint the lily.

Such absolute stoicism, such admirable repression, angers Touchstone; he commands William instantly to depart; not only so, but he mocks him, he ridicules his passion. Audrey — unkindest cut of all! — turns upon her noble lover, unable to appreciate those finer qualities of his spirit which Touchstone's lacks, and she says, "Do, good William!"

William says nothing of Audrey's want of appreciation; he does not reproach her for her contempt of his love. He says to her nothing at all. But he turns to Touchstone, and with a cheerful nobility that is saturated with the essential essence of the sublime, he says, "God rest you merry, sir." The rest of William's life-history is expressed in one small word in italics, a word that, in its universality, embodies the final story of every man, be he king or peasant, philosopher or blockhead, an Orlando or a William, — *exit*. Such is the life, and such the man. William's last name we are not to know. He appears in the play when he is not wanted, he vanishes before we have ceased to wonder why he came. When everybody marries somebody in the last scene, nobody marries William. He loved much, but was himself unloved.

THE PHILOSOPHER OF THE GATE

I KNOW a story of another Scotch laddie who was asked what he wanted? what would make him happy? and promptly he answered, "Cream parritch and cream to them, and to swing on a yett (gate) a' day."

This story was told by a man who was once a boy in a beautiful Scotch village himself, and who used to stir up the cows when they were chewing their cud, and drive them off, and warm his bare toes in the grass heated by their bodies; he used to kneel on the edge of a stream, and feel with his hands under the bank, and find a big fish, and pass his fingers gently all over it, feeling its whole smooth form, while it lay quite still. And sometimes of course he would close his hands and lift out a salmon for dinner. He used to crouch in the track of a running hare, and the scared creature, with its eyes turned back,

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looking for trouble behind, would run right into his arms — " and we often had hare soup."

A man who was so close to nature as that would be truthful — at least so we are taught, and I suppose cows and fish are more clearly nature than men and women. So the truth of the story is demonstrated, if that is any addition to it.

Whether it is true or not, it is a very important story, for surely we may all have cream parritch — ay, and cream to them, and swing on gates till our heads swim, if we are sure we want to. Happily we do not all want to, or there would not be half enough gates to go round. There is no accounting, the proverb says, for tastes. I have heard of certain people who went a great distance to church. The service was long. The sermon lasted more than an hour, and there was another service in the afternoon, with another sermon. There was not time for these worshipers to go home and return for the afternoon service, so they took their lunch and ate it in church, and spent the entire day there. Need I say this also was in Scotland?

Our Puritan ancestors — not so long ago — used to sing a hymn beginning thus: —

> There is a dreadful hell
> Of never-ending pains,
> Where sinners do with devils dwell
> In darkness, fire, and chains.

The tune is as dreadful as the words. Surely no higher critic would have the heart — if he had the power — to rob these believers of a hell at once so awful and so amusing? They lavished all their gifts of imagination on it, and made it as perfect as they could; it needed only their own presence there to be an ideal hell. They would have repudiated with horror the idea that they enjoyed it, but doubtless all the good it ever did was in the uncomprehended thrill it gave them. Stand aside and let them swing their gates to their hearts' content; for if you try to stop them or slow them down, who knows but they may show you the utter and quite demonstrable silliness of your continuing to practice on your 'cello, or crossing the ocean every year to look for an hour at the Nattier which has enslaved you so that you know no peace?

" On n'apprend pas en s'amusant," says a schoolmaster severely to dear Monsieur Sylvestre Bonnard. " On n'apprend *qu'en* s'amusant " retorts that philosopher. When I was a child I was so fortunate as to go to a school where we were allowed to enjoy our lessons. When Washington or any of his generals won a battle, we sprang to our feet and cheered — indeed I think I remember Eugene leaping on to his desk, but this was at a crisis of great emotional fervor — a sudden wrenching of victory from defeat — a triumph artfully led up to by a great teacher. We were allowed to choose our own punishments, and were not punished at all if we did not think we had been bad. I wish I could tell with modesty how well we all came out. Some of us are famous, — or about to be, — and we are all of course highly developed individualities. One of that class, a boy, has painted and drawn animals all his life, so lovingly that now the world loves his animals too. A lady heard him mention Oxford, and with a stern ambition to learn from one who knew, she asked him what he had admired most in that ancient seat of learning (and had her tablets ready). The artist's eyes grew dim with the memory of beauty. " I saw a golden-haired sheep in Oxford," he said softly. He was swinging on his own gate as he has done all day, and let us hope the cream parritch are coming to him — with cream to them.

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"I care not who knows it," says the greatest story-teller of them all, "I write for the general amusement." And it is because he amused all the world, beginning with himself, so well, that his fellow men have loved him so much (and after the perverse unhumorous way of mankind, have made a classic of him, and force their children to read him — with notes). But funnily enough, a little boy I know of happened to get the most education out of his books in quite another way. He used to pass a bookseller's shop in Edinburgh, and stopped to gaze at the first page of a book exposed to view in the window; he became absorbed, and stood with his eager little face pressed against the glass till he had devoured every word on the two pages, and then walked reluctantly on to school. But the bookseller, who happened to be a very human being, had seen the greedy little eyes, and he turned the leaf, so that on the way home the boy read two pages more of the story; and every day four more until he had read the whole book.

It was *Waverley*, and of course it was "part of his education," though he did not think so. Who would not be educated by loving those gentle females with "ringlets betwixt brown and flaxen," and those brave simple knights and very royal kings? Many admirable things are told in the life of the great romancer, but best of all is the fact that when he came into the room his children and their friends (notwithstanding that the young of the human race are the shyest and most suspicious of all the wild animals) never stopped playing leap-frog, or flirting, or any other game they were engaged in; he was permitted to join if he felt like it, or to look on, but the game never stopped — and this when he was honored by the world as something between a god and a great prince; when he had invented the art of romantic fiction and almost created a country. No wonder so many ladies proposed to him, though he was old and lame and in broken financial circumstances. Here was the ideal man, who had the world at his feet, and who could come into the room and join in the fooling of the young people without (I can think of no better expression than my brother's, though they may have had a different word for it at Abbotsford) — without "gumming" the party. The ladies did right to marry him if they possibly could.

I do not know what became of my lad of definite desires. Certainly he got what he wanted. He may be a great philosopher or a good gardener; he may be only a millionaire if his aim continued to be as narrowly material; but is there not in the unprofitable longing to swing everlastingly on a gate, the germ of a hope that he may have become a poet?

THE DOMESTIC PESSIMIST

THE pessimist, as a friend or neighbor, is not a problem. He is rather a relief to the monotony of life. His lamentations that all is wrong with the nation and the church and the world may be somewhat depressing at first hearing, but presently they come to be appreciated as an agreeable provocative to one's sense of humor. Mrs. Mundy, in Mr. E. F. Benson's *Paul*, is a delightful example. This lady, in painting a water-color of a Mediterranean bay, had managed to infuse something of her own melancholy into the radiant Italian sunshine. "One felt that it might begin to rain any minute."

But the pessimist within the home is another matter. Here it is not a question of an occasional conversation, but of a persistent obsession. When some one to whom we are bound by close

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relationship and strong affection looks invariably upon the dark side of every plan that affects the fortunes of the family, it becomes more than a joke. The ethical textbooks, so generous in their advice concerning rare predicaments, give us little or no help in this everyday perplexity.

The situation I have in mind is not one in which the pessimist possesses the deciding authority or can even cast a vote. If his opinion were law, the result might be painful, but our course would be clear. The difficulty arises when there is involved no consideration of obedience, but rather the avoidance of friction. Perhaps the most frequent instance is that of parents who have somehow contracted a fixed idea that the children they have brought into the world are doomed to be unlucky or unwise in everything they attempt. This feeling may not reveal itself, or even exist, during the disciplinary period; it begins to appear when the sons and daughters acquire their independence and take their own place in the world. The apprehension of evil is thus the more pathetic because it goes with an absolute helplessness to modify the programme which causes such grave forebodings.

Sometimes, as in Mr. Gosse's *Father and Son*, this anxiety is produced by divergence in religious belief. In the case of R. L. Stevenson, the strained relations due to this cause were complicated by disagreement as to the choice of a career. "The father," Dr. Kelman tells us, "had apparently taken it for granted that every generation of Stevensons would accept its destiny in engineering and the Northern Lights. The son had other views, and cared for nothing but literature." The temporary adoption of "the uncongenial compromise of the law" only resulted in the disappointment of both the parties to it. As regards professions, it may be accepted as a general rule that no father holding what is practically a life appointment can easily be persuaded to look other than gloomily upon the prospects of a son who disregards security of tenure for the sake of the greater opportunities offered by a free career. Or perhaps it is a marriage that converts into a certainty the parent's growing suspicion that his children will never acquire the capacity of sound judgment. I once knew the head of a large household who so much resented the marriage of his sons and daughters that he refused to attend the wedding of any one of them. Yet he was so far from being pessimistic about matrimony in general, that he was accustomed to advocate a tax on bachelors.

When the cloud of apprehension has once settled down, everything that happens only darkens its hue, and no rift is possible through which the silver lining may be seen. The other day a young man of my acquaintance thought it worth while, before embarking on a somewhat strenuous enterprise, to get himself overhauled by a physician. He was told, to his disappointment, that his general health was by no means so robust as he had supposed, and that he would do well to adopt certain precautions, if not to give up his projected scheme. The comment of his father, on hearing of the medical report, was: "I wish you had seen another doctor as well. He might have — detected some additional symptoms."

But where, you will ask, is the ethical problem? It is not the mere difficulty of cultivating a cheerful mood when one's own discouragements are reflected back, so to speak, by the mirror of a pessimistic friend. That is a trouble, no doubt; but there are well-known alleviations of it within reach. The real embarrassment has to do, not with our own comfort or peace of mind, but with our friend's. We know

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that to acquaint him with certain facts concerning ourselves — facts that in our judgment are not discreditable — will cause him suffering. Shall we make them known to him, or shall we withhold them? Not every one can screw his courage up to so bold a course as was taken by the late Sir James Seeley. For many years, it is reported, he concealed and even denied the authorship of *Ecce Homo*. A well-known literary critic has testified to having heard him deny it on three separate occasions during one evening. This was deliberately done out of consideration for the susceptibilities of his father, a strict Evangelical. After his father's death Seeley avowed the book as his own.

The case would be a great deal simpler if it were simply a question of reserve in communicating the story of one's blunders and failures. But a little experience is enough to show the need of caution in reporting successes also. The domestic pessimist has an amazing capacity for peculiar interpretation. You must beware of raising his standard of expectation too high. This month, perhaps, you are exhilarated by an exceptional stroke of good fortune, and you pass on the news of it in the hope that it may do something to induce a more cheerful outlook. That is all very well, but if you are not able to produce next month an equally gratifying piece of intelligence you will learn that you are on the down-grade. How a normally pessimistic attitude may be made more gloomy by an occasional streak of irrational optimism, followed by an inevitable disappointment, is illustrated in the experience of a friend of mine, who not long ago was appointed assistant manager of a certain business. At the time, the manager himself was in failing health, and would clearly need a successor before long. My friend's appointment — a quite satisfactory one in itself — carried with it, however, not the least prospect of promotion; and indeed the peculiar circumstances of the business made it in the highest degree unlikely that his own qualifications would be thought sufficient for the higher post. Presently he discovered by accident that his father, an inveterate pessimist, had somehow got it into his mind that this appointment meant the reversion of the managership at the first vacancy. By dint of repeated and detailed explanations, my friend dispelled, as he thought, the erroneous conclusions the old gentleman had drawn. After a year or two the manager resigned. No applications were invited, and an outsider was promptly chosen to fill his place. The assistant manager felt no grievance at being passed over. But the father's reception showed that, in spite of all the argument, his unfounded expectations had continued with him all the time. The disappointment was so severe that it made him actually ill.

If there can ever be such a thing as a dilemma, it surely arises in circumstances of this kind. A policy of reserve or accommodation is hateful. It makes the conscience uneasy with the suspicion that in the course we are pursuing we are sailing perilously "near the wind." Can we diverge even to this extent from absolute truthfulness without injury to our self-respect? There is a risk, too, in some cases that the disturbing news may reach our friend after all from some other source, with the inevitable result of our being reproached with lack of candor, and the possible result of an alienation of sympathies. On the other hand, there is the certainty that complete frankness will disturb the peace of mind of those we love and esteem, without doing either them or us any good. And, if we do tell them the facts, shall we really be telling them the truth, after all? For

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we know that our story will have to pass through the distorting medium of their gloomy imaginations before it makes its impression upon them, and that, whatever we say or refrain from saying, it is flatly impossible to produce upon their minds a fair picture of the real situation. Here we are evidently entangled in a casuistical thicket. Will some professional moralist, who is also a man of the world, be good enough to extricate us?

SHRINKAGE IN DIET

THIS is a leaf from my Book of Lamentations, offered to all "contributors" who, like myself, know too much. A cryptic mole by nature, I am in the full blaze of latter-day investigation. I live with the most fearless and gallant rider of a hobby on our planet of curios — a Pure-Food Expert. He rides it bareback; and at times it rears its front hoofs broncho-wise, and with its hind ones stirs a dust to tease the eyes of non-quadrupedantic oncomers. I was formerly one. I footed it, hugging my illusions and defying Science. It was an impious challenge. I was doomed to know, — I who should have come to my own, in the morning twilight of the world, when the haze was on the hills. Time was when I felt the exhilaration of the road; when with pores open, digestion good, I was the yokel of cheerful Ignorance. I am no longer a wise fool. I have given hostages to health — I who had it without seeking. By "taking thought," I have parted from my twin, Contentment. My body still jogs on the road, but my mind is dizzying on an aeroplane. I have married the rider of the hobby!

When a girl, I played the rôle of fair Ellen carried off by young Lochinvar. We decamped on a saw-horse. It was symbolic of my fate. For the hobby sometimes takes that wooden and industrial form. Then I mount it too. We make up in noise what we lack in speed, and many are deceived thereby. We shout and spur and apply the cudgel as Stevenson did to his donkey, and seem to be going somewhere. We do not get there, but that is to my liking. I am neither a coming woman nor a going one, but just stationary. The saw-horse phase suits my timorous nature and my home-keeping wits. I am not dispositioned to ride a Rosinante or a Pegasus, at each of which classics the hobby takes a turn. Then I am left low — as to my tenement of clay. I sit a groundling with my soul elate, and watch the flying feet of the courser without a desire to shout, "Whoa!" I am afraid of a live horse — there, it is out! — and I live with the least cowardly equestrian of my time. Let me prove it.

Before this present age, so blinding with superfluous light, I sat me down to a rasher of bacon, a steak smothered in onions, or a Deerfoot sausage in a snowdrift of mashed potato, with the gustatory innocence of a Bobo. So blissful was my ignorance that wisdom seemed to me the supreme folly. But the serpent came into my garden and proved me a daughter of Eve. Having tasted of the tree, I sought Adam and found him in a Socratic state of mind. He had already mounted his high horse Interrogation, and was sniffing afar the field upturned by the rake, when Chief Wiley blew his bugle.

> Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
> Away went hat and wig;
> He little dreamt, when he set out,
> Of running such a rig.

No; I'll say that for my rider — "'t was sore against his will" that he made the dinner wait to be inspected and certified. To that pass it soon came in our once cheerful home. Then for a season, repose for horse, rider, and pedestrian, under the protective symbols "U. S."

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But as a deluded soldier thinks the victory won, and wrapped in Old Glory lies down to pleasant dreams, only to be rudely awakened by the blast of war, so we. That grim phantom, "Infected Beef," whether "a spirit of health or goblin damned," has crossed our threshold, and banished from our board the juicy rib-roast and the merry soup-bone. Old Mother Hubbard would feel at home in our cupboard.

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

The little pig vanished first, leaving his footprints in memory — a veritable dream-child. The hindquarters of the lamb capered after, on purely sentimental grounds.

Mary loved the lamb, you know.

In a hapless hour I pastured with the sheep and fed them by hand. I saw the trustful lambkins lured to their death and carted bleating to the shambles. Henceforth I could eat no mutton or chops while the world stands.

I do not know where this contraction of edibles will end. The turkey-gobbler once wrung his own neck, so to speak, in a morning serenade. But I have recently seen the comedy of young turkeys going to roost, and I cannot bear the thought of turning so cheerful a play into a tragedy. As to the chicken, I am not yet a total abstainer, but temperate; like the woman who so loved birds that she wore only the wings. The hen, apart from that age-limit which renders all veterans immune in our dietary, has a feminine idiosyncracy of indecision that so endears her to my halting and shifty mind at the street-crossing, that I no longer inquire curiously into her strength of sinew and the number of her days, but give her the benefit of the doubt. The speckled trout, the pink-gilled salmon, I have loved and lost. Fishermen Walton and Van Dyke may jeer at me, and point the finger of science at the diminishing phosphorus in my brain, already too little to make a good lucifer match; but were it as rare and as precious as radium, I would not obtain it from an "inameled trout."

I am laying bare my foible. I am a sentimentalist. And I am yoked to a practical reformer on whose table of the law is written, "Thou shalt eat no canned goods while benzoate of soda preserveth the wicked." Him I have promised to obey!

Between my weakness and his strength, our dietary long since reached the limit of expansion — the crinoline stage — and is like the present fashion in gowns, slim and unlovely, adapted only to the lean and lank. Game is ruled out: by me because the bird is in my heart; by Adam because it is in cold storage. The egg remains — that one perfect object in the world, which yet cannot stand alone — so like woman! But our diet is steadily contracting, and I foresee the day when we shall insist on a supply from one hen, government-inspected, and warranted never to set when she can lay.

NIGHT

THE campfire had died down to a bed of waning coals. Overhead, the sky was moonless and without a cloud. The trees were about me, and darkly mysterious in the mountain night. The ravine where I had camped was quiet and slumberous, and neither night-bird nor coyote called through the silence. It seemed as if I alone of all the animals of the universe were sleepless and sentient in the night. Yet it was a peaceful insomnia which possessed me; it could be nothing else with the great suns and unfathomed reaches of stars above me, with the night and the trees for my shield and cloak, and the eye of the fire to keep me company. All that day I had been dreaming

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dreams and planning the future, and, what with my long tramp over the mountains and my continuous exalted mood of hope and unreasoned satisfaction, when I came to roll myself in my blankets by the fire I found myself sleepless and eager. My mind would not cease its activity, my nerves were highstrung and taut, and my heart beat passionately. Nor could I compose myself to rest, struggle as I would. The longer I lay, the more wakeful and energetic grew my mind, and Sleep, the benign goddess, was unconquerable and distant.

Sleeplessness, too, as well as Sleep, is to be courted, and welcomed when she comes in gentle guise. But too often she is terrible and Medusa-crowned, one of the unseen Eumenides, more feared than Morpheus or any old deity of nightmare and unconsciousness. Night after night, week after week, I have lain with wide eyes, staring deep into the void dark, my body composed and still only by a constant muscular effort, while the curse of insomnia dragged on my nerves. Through the chained hours I would brood upon the evenings of childhood, when, healthily tired, thoughtless, contented, I would be put to bed at dusk and on the instant vanish, and appear again in the morning, so that for many years night and darkness were hardly even names to me, and their sensations were altogether unknown. But with insomnia came bitter knowledge, made all the more unhappy by a clear, even a vivid, recollection of childish peace and ignorance. I have experienced nightmares the most harrowing, but there can be no nightmare whose terror equals the terror of prolonged insomnia. Oh, the waking dreams and the memories, the illusions, fears, morbidities, the quick-changing black thoughts and fancies, the helpless waitings and tossings, — the utterly helpless waitings and tossings, — the myriad, Janus-faced elves and gnomes of the night, that dance on our pillows! The long, snail-crawling, almost eternal moments! And, through the days, weakness, lassitude, a drowsiness verging on elusive sleep, but starting awake at a nod; and the mingled hope and fear for the coming night! The Chinese torture of dripping water is no more tormenting than this torture of insomnia. Yet one must know the disease even faintly to realize the great boons of sleep and coma and non-existence.

Horrid and Gorgonian, snake-locked indeed, is the goddess Insomnia; but there is also another deity of Sleeplessness, gentle-faced and tender and full of wisdom and rest. How variant she from her torturing sister! To be awake and contented, watchful, hearkening, filled with peace and quietude, in the still, calm, everlasting night of space! There is neither disease nor hardship in this; rather it is a thoughtful pause on our life's journey, a contemplative night snatched from hurrying existence, a rest by the way. Life flares, a fiery comet, and shortly whirls out. In the rush and roar and combustion, rare intervals of midnight wakefulness fall as benedictions indeed, for only then we have time to ourselves, time to stop and breathe and look about us and contemplate the eternity through which we are for a moment hurrying. In the daylight we belong to the world; sleep snatches us from and restores us to it. Our feet shuffle the pavements of life with what pleasures and agonies, — but always hurriedly, feverishly, as if the pursuing moment were armed to strike us down, — while we weave in and out through crowded humanity. This is the buzz and swarm and agitation of the gnat-cloud, hovering and dancing above a summer pond. But night is the pond itself, whence the darting and the turmoil breed and emerge

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and vanish again; always hushed, brooding, creative, always calm and dead under the flutter of life.

Night was a cathedral of rest, where I lay museful and sleepless. A cathedral built of the canopied stars and the stretched skies, of far-towering rock-ribbed walls of mountain, and aisles and long reaches of pines hidden in darkness, with an incense-laden air, drowsed by green perfumes, and at my feet the altar-eye with its pillared smoke. I threw off my blankets and put new logs on the dying fire; and in a moment an infantile tongue of flame licked up the rough bark, and fell, and struck again like a snake. Underneath the heavy dead wood, the bed of ashes glowed ruddier, and trembling sparks trooped through it. A log snapped, the red flames leaped suddenly under a fusillade of reports, and hot sparks flew upward in a starry stream. About me the dusky night sharply shut, and grew black and closely environing, while a circle of flaring light pushed it back and held it, and built for me there in the heart of the darkness a walled cavern. Last, the pitch-pine stump that I had laid upon the logs caught and hissed and glared, and a white flaring light filled my unsubstantial realm and made of the walls of darkness sable hangings bellying and blowing about me.

This was my fire-built chapel in the cathedral of night, where I might muse, and by wordless emotion communicate with the gods. Here I might rest by the way. With the others of my kind, — with the flies, and the swallows and the human men, — I too had been hurrying I knew not where, feverishly fluttering and darting down the high-road, intent on doing something, on gaining somewhat, on achieving some unknown, upon reaching the yawning goal. I had had no time to look about me, no time to pause on the road, no time to stray away over the green slopes and gather pleasures, no time for anything but death. I had been hurrying down the way in anticipatory eagerness. I could not bear to stop in the pleasant pavilions of night until now, when favoring Sleeplessness brought me to the chapel by the way, — to the *caravanserai* of darkness, the pilgrim-house of monastic night, — and I looked about me at the strange world that I had before never found time to view. So I saw for once the beautiful land of Faerie, through which the white, dust-laden road runs to my tomb. But here I could rest, for was not this, in very truth, the felicity to which I was hurrying?

This peaceful, dead, thoughtless, and majestic Night is the goal of men and planets and suns and universes, and all are hurrying thither pell-mell, crowding and racing and eager to be received into darkness. This is the Alpha and Omega, the mother and the tomb. It was to this alone that I had been so strenuously tramping, and to which, whether I would or not, I must yet journey. And, sitting there in the sleepless silence, the goal seemed for the moment very desirable, and filled with an unimaginable felicitous peace. The drear burden of personality, the agony of life and of memory, here they will wither into darkness, I dreamed, and into the supreme happiness of Nirvana. In that hour, alone in the mountains, I fancied that I tasted an anticipatory draught of the nectar of death, I dreamed that I rested for a prophetic moment in the soul of the infinite, and, drunk with night, I found the haven inexpressibly desirable.

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